

Christ
in
Song





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CHRIST IN SONG

(REVISED AND ENLARGED)

For All Religious Services

NEARLY ONE THOUSAND

BEST GOSPEL HYMNS, NEW AND OLD

With Responsive Scripture Readings

THE LARGEST GOSPEL SONG AND STANDARD TUNE COLLECTION

COMPILED AND PUBLISHED BY F. E. BELDEN

Author of ILLUSTRATED OBJECT LESSONS AND SONGS ON THE LIFE OF CHRIST, for the Bible Kindergarten in the Home and School; THE GOSPEL SONG SHEAF; ECHOES OF LIBERTY; CHRIST IN ART; SONGS OF FREEDOM; SPECIAL GOSPEL SONGS FOR THE HOME AND CHOIR, etc.

.... SOLD BY

REVIEW & HERALD PUBLISHING ASSN., WASHINGTON, D. C.

CONTRIBUTORS

The value of this collection is in its list of over 500 of the best writers and their nearly 2,000 hymns and songs of tested merit. No expense has been spared to make "Christ in Song" superior to all other books, even as His name is above all other names.

Good singers should judge not alone for themselves, but for the multitudes less capable of rendering the difficult harmonies in some of the "Special Selections" indexed on pages xi and xii. Easier grades predominate in the book, and thus all classes are supplied with pleasing and enduring songs, and devotional and stirring hymns.

The average Sunday School song book contains about 200 numbers. The average Church Hymnal contains about 500 numbers. "Christ in Song" contains 950 numbers, being a Church Hymnal and a Sabbath School Hymnal with 250 songs added especially for the Young People's Society.

It combines **THREE BOOKS IN ONE**. This is of special benefit to the youth because of the higher grades of church and special music thus placed before them with the hope of leading away from the musical cheapness more or less common to modern S. S. collections.

The standard tunes and hymns are set in smaller type because only an occasional glance is required in order to sing the most of them. Thus we are enabled to offer the largest and the best collection in the world at about one-half the price of the average church hymnal containing half the number of songs, and at a price not much above that of the ordinary S. S. books having only one-third or one-fourth the number of musical compositions, which collections must be soon displaced because of their limited number of enduring songs.

Frequent changing from one book to another finally entails large expense on the school, the young people's society, or the church, and without the satisfaction to be found only in the use of a standard compilation prepared at large expense. "There is no excellence without great labor," and no satisfaction without excellence.

Authors and publishers are so prone to speak highly of their own works, that no apology is necessary for presenting here the following commendatory words from some of the best gospel music judges, showing that "Christ in Song" is a non-sectarian collection of **TESTED SONGS OF ENDURING MERIT**.

The late Rev. J. E. Rankin, author of "God Be With You Till We Meet Again," summarized the facts thus: "It is a very superior book. I am sure it will be useful and popular. There is an enormous amount of valuable matter in it, and yet the pages are clear and easily read."

W. G. Fischer, composer of "I Love to Tell the Story," wrote: "I very seldom give my opinion; but your work

covers so much, it would be good as the regular church hymnal; and it has such a variety, too. I am very much pleased with it."

W. L. Thompson, composer of "Softly and Tenderly Jesus Is Calling," "Come Where the Lilies Bloom," etc., says: "You ought to receive thanks from the public for this addition to Christian song. It is a great collection."

The late James McGranahan, perhaps the greatest of modern gospel composers, wrote personally to the compiler of "Christ in Song": "I like the swing of your music and the ring of your words."

Fanny Crosby, the most eminent modern hymn writer, says: "I am sure your book will be a success. It contains a great many beautiful things."

The foregoing words referred to the original, first edition of "Christ in Song," which contains 416 pages and 700 numbers; but the commendations are still more true of the present enlarged and revised book of 576 pages and nearly 1,000 numbers.

The exhaustive character of "Christ in Song" is indicated by the fact that it contains over 30 of Fanny Crosby's best hymns, 27 of Dr. Doane's best songs, 19 by the Rev. Robert Lowry, 20 by W. J. Kirkpatrick, 12 by John R. Sweney, 13 by Ira D. and I. Allan Sankey, 11 by Geo. C. Stebbins, 8 by Geo. F. Root, 8 by P. P. Bliss, 7 by James McGranahan, 14 by John B. Dykes, 8 by H. P. Main, 30 by W. B. Bradbury, 40 by Lowell Mason, etc. These are the cream of their writings, and only the best by others have been chosen.

The oblong, flat-opening book has two advantages of importance: two persons use it together more handsily than the upright shape, and the oblong page also permits the use of four to eight tunes of the same meter side by side (see numbers 111 to 114, 115 to 118, 319 to 326, 619 to 626, 636 to 643, etc.), so that all classes may choose which tune to sing to any one of the four or more hymns under the eye at the same time.

Another convenience is the possibility of bending leaves backward or forward to bring together tunes and hymns on widely separated pages. For instance, bending leaf No. 640 backward, the easy tune "Autumn" comes next to No. 636, a difficult tune to many people. This feature of importance belongs to this book only. In order to know what hymns may be used interchangeably, observe the meter of tunes shown under their titles.

The directness and completeness of the Indexes will also be found unusually helpful, page iii being a quick guide into the nine pages of Topical Index, and these guiding into the 950 hymns. Without page iii, much time would be spent searching through the nine pages of Topical or Subject Index.

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PART I.

Invitation and Repentance.

1

CHRIST OR BARABBAS?

"Whether of the twain will ye that I release unto you? They said, Barabbas. Pilate said unto them, What shall I do then with Jesus, which is called Christ?"—Matt. 27: 21, 22. F. E. BELDEN.

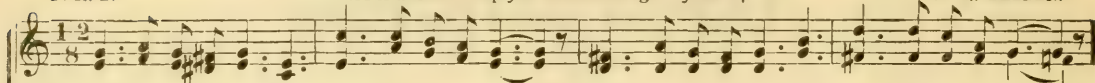
1. What shall I do with Je-sus? He stands be-fore me now, Wear-ing the robe of pur-ple, And thorns up-on His brow.
2. Shall I re-lease the rob-ber, The car-nal man of pride? Sin or a sin-less Sav-iour?—O which shall be de-nied?
3. Sol-emn and aw-ful question! How still the bal-ance stands! Mer-cy a mo-ment lin-gers, It trem-bles in her hands.
4. Self on the seat of judgment, Dare you the world de-ny? Loud-er and loud-er call-ing, "A-way!" and "Cru-ci-fy!"
5. Not to the sin-ner on-ly, The ques-tion comes with pow'r; Hear it, ye halt-ing Christians, In ev-'ry tri-al hour.

REFRAIN.

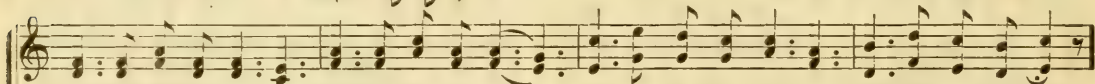
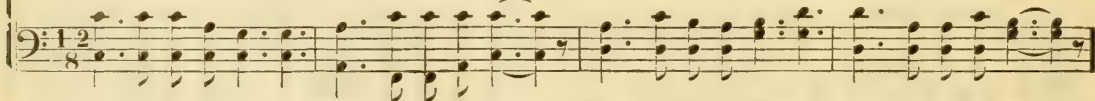
This is the ques-tion now; What shall the an-swer be? Shall I cru-ci-fy King Je-sus, And set Bar-ab-bas free?
(Final.) I will cru-ci-fy Bar-ab-bas, And set King Je-sus free.

WHITE LEAVES.

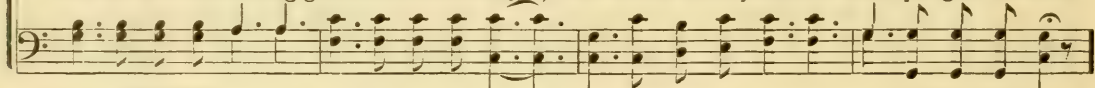
"A just man falleth seven times and riseth again."—Prov. 24: 16. "Hope thou in God."—Ps. 42: 5.
F. E. B. "He is able to keep you from falling."—Jude 24. F. E. BELDEN.



1. White pages be-fore us, thank God this is so; Past er-rors for-giv-en, wash'd whiter than snow;
2. For - giv - en, for-got-ten, Christ covers from view, And strength for the future, gives daily a - new;
3. De-spond-ent one wounded by treach-er-ous foe, In mo-ment un-guard-ed by sin smit-ten low;
4. Then faith-ful in serv-ice, from hour un-to hour, By full con-se-cra-tion draw ful-ness of pow'r;



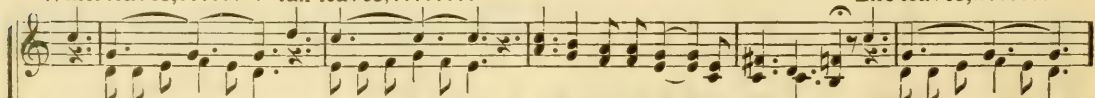
O'er sin-blotted rec-ord why sor-row-ing more? Con-fess to the Fa-ther, white leaves are before.
All of-fers He free-ly for thy sin-ful heart: This, this must be yielded, all, all, not a part.
De-feat-ed; yet never surrender Christ's name, Take courage and speak it, de-liv-er-ance claim.
His oil of love burn-ing gives out the true light, The life to Him yield-ed hath pa-ges of white.



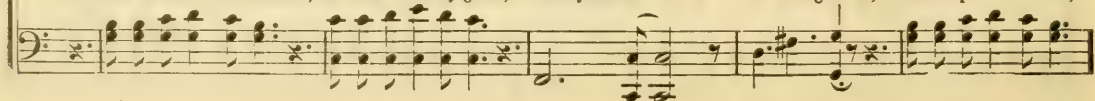
CHORUS.

White leaves,..... fair leaves,.....

Life leaves,.....



Beau-ti-ful leaves from heav'n, Moments in mercy giv'n, New days of tri-al for him who grieves; One more probation hour,



WHITE LEAVES.—CONCLUDED.

free leaves,.....

rit.

Musical score for 'WHITE LEAVES.—CONCLUDED.' featuring a treble and bass staff. The melody is in G major, 2/4 time. The lyrics are: 'Promise of ho-ly pow'r. What shall be written on life's new leaves? What shall be written on our white leaves?..... the snow-white leaves?' The piece concludes with a 'rit.' (ritardando) marking.

3

WELCOME! WANDERER, WELCOME!

HORATIUS BONAR.

"This my son was dead, and is alive again."—Luke 15, 24.

IRA D. SANKEY.

Musical score for 'WELCOME! WANDERER, WELCOME!' featuring a treble and bass staff. The melody is in G major, 4/4 time. The lyrics are: '1. In the land of strangers, Whither thou art gone, Hear a far voice call-ing, "My son! my son!" 2. "From the land of hun-ger, Fainting, famished, lone, Come to love and gladness, My son! my son! 3. "Leave the haunts of ri - ot, Wasted, woe-be - gone. Sick at heart and wea - ry. My son! my son! 4. "See the door still o - pen! Thou art still my own; Eyes of love are on thee, My son! my son! 5. "Far off thou hast wandered; Wilt thou farther roam? Come, and all is par-doned, My son! my son! 6. "See the well-spread table, Un - for - got - ten one! Here is rest and plen - ty, My son! my son! 7. "Thou art friend-less, homeless, Hopeless, and undone; Mine is love un - chang-ing, My son! my son!"

p CHORUS.

Musical score for the Chorus of 'WELCOME! WANDERER, WELCOME!' featuring a treble and bass staff. The melody is in G major, 4/4 time. The lyrics are: '"Welcome! wand'rer, welcome! Welcome back to home! Thou hast wandered far away; Come home! come home!"

DRIFTING AWAY FROM THE SAVIOUR.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

"I will heal their backsliding, I will love them freely."—Hosea 14: 3.

I. ALLAN SANKEY.

1. Drift-ing a-way from the Sav-iour, Cast-ing re-proach on the Lord;
 2. Drift-ing a-way from the Sav-iour, Slighting and grieving His love;
 3. Drift-ing a-way from the Sav-iour, Lone-ly and helpless thou art;
 4. Drift-ing a-way from the Sav-iour, He who has showed you the way;
 5. Drift-ing a-way from the Sav-iour, Still He is mind-ful of thee.

Drift-ing a-way from His
 Drift-ing a-way from the
 Drift-ing a-way from His
 Drift-ing a-way from His
 Come un-to Him and be-

REFRAIN.

tem - ple, Heed-ing no long-er His word.
 man-sions He is pre-par-ing a - bove.
 peo - ple, Ev - er so dear to His heart.
 teach-ing, Far-ther and far-ther each day
 liev - ing, Pardon'd thro' grace thou shalt be.

Drift-ing a - way,..... drift-ing a -
 Drifting a - way,

way, (drifting a - way), Drift-ing a - way from the Sav - iour, Drifting, still drifting a - way.

SHALL YOU? SHALL I?

"Strive to enter in at the strait gate; for many will seek to enter in, but shall not be able."—Luke 13: 24.

G. M. J. (Subject from M. E. I.)

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. Some one will en - ter the pearl - y gate By and by, by and by, Taste of the glo-ries that
 2. Some one will glad-ly his cross lay down By and by, by and by, Faithful, approved, shall re-
 3. Some one will knock when the door is shut By and by, by and by, Hear a voice say-ing, "I
 4. Some one will sing the triumphant song By and by, by and by, Join in the praise with the

there await, Shall you? shall I? Shall you? shall I? Some one will travel the streets of gold, Beauti- ful
 ceive a crown, Shall you? shall I? Shall you? shall I? Some one the glo-ri- ous King will see, Ev - er from
 know you not," Shall you? shall I? Shall you? shall I? Some one will call and shall not be heard, Vainly will
 blood-bought throng Shall you? shall I? Shall you? shall I? Some one will greet on the golden shore, Loved ones of

visions will there behold, Feast on the pleas-ures so long foretold: Shall you? shall I? Shall you? shall I?
 sor-row of earth be free, Happy with Him thro' eter - ni - ty: Shall you? shall I? Shall you? shall I?
 strive when the door is barred, Some one will fail of the saints re-ward: Shall you? shall I? Shall you? shall I?
 earth, pain and parting o'er, Safe in the glo-ry for ev - ermore: Shall you? shall I? Shall you? shall I?

NAILED TO THE CROSS.

"Who his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree, that we being dead to sin, should live unto righteousness."—1 Peter 2 : 24.

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.

GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.

DUET. *Ad lib.*

1. There was One who was willing to die in my stead, That a soul, so un-wor-thy, might live,
 2. He is ten - der and lov - ing and pa - tient with me, While He cleanses my heart of its dross,
 3. I will cling to my Saviour and nev - er de - part—I will joy - ful - ly jour - ney each day,

And the path to the cross He was will - ing to tread, All the sins of my life to for - give.
 But "there's no condemnation"—I know I am free, For my sins are all nailed to the cross.
 With a song on my lips and a song in my heart, That my sins have been tak - en a - way.

REFRAIN.

They are nailed to the cross, They are nailed to the cross, O how much He was willing to bear!

NAILED TO THE CROSS.—CONCLUDED.

rit.

With what au-guish and loss, Je - sus went to the cross! And He car - ried my sins with Him there.

7

THE VERY SAME JESUS.

L. H. EDMUNDS.

"This same Jesus."—Acts 1: 2.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Come, sinners, to the Liv-ing One, He's just the same Je-sus As when He raised the widow's son, The ver-y same Je-sus.
2. Come, feast up-on the "liv-ing bread," He's just the same Je-sus As when the mul-ti-tudes He fed, The ver-y same Je-sus.
3. Come, tell Him all your griefs and fears, He's just the same Je-sus As when He shed those lov-ing tears, The ver-y same Je-sus.
4. Come un-to Him for clear-er light, He's just the same Je-sus As when He gave the blind their sight, The ver-y same Je-sus.
5. Calm 'midst the waves of trouble be, He's just the same Je-sus As when He hush'd the rag-ing sea, The ver-y same Je-sus.
6. Some day our raptured eyes shall see He's just the same Je-sus; O bless-ed day for you and me! The ver-y same Je-sus.

CHORUS.

The ver-y same Je-sus, The won-d-er working Je-sus: O praise His name! He's just the same, The ver-y same Je-sus.

JESUS IS CALLING.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

"Arise, he calleth thee."—John 11: 28.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Je - sus is ten - der - ly call - ing thee home—Calling to - day, call - ing to - day; Why from the
 2. Je - sus is call - ing the wea - ry to rest— Calling to - day, call - ing to - day; E - ing Him thy
 3. Je - sus is wait - ing, oh, come to Him now— Waiting to - day, wait - ing to - day; Come with thy
 4. Je - sus is pleading, oh, list to His voice—Hear Him to - day, hear Him to - day; They who be -

REFRAIN.

sunshine of love wilt thou roam Farther and farther a - way?
 burden, and thou shalt be blest; He will not turn thee a - way.
 sins, at His feet low - ly bow; Come, and no lon - ger de - lay.
 liev on His name shall rejoice; Quickly a - rise and a - way.

Call - ing to - day,.....
 Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day;

call - ing to - day;..... Je - sus is call - ing, is ten - der - ly call - ing to - day.
 Calling, calling to - day, to - day; Je - sus is ten - der - ly call - ing to - day,

OVER THE LINE.

MRS. N. K. BRADFORD.

"That they should seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after him, though he be not far from every one of us."—Acts 17:27.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. O ten - der and sweet was the Father's voice, As he lov - ing - ly called to - me, "Come o - ver, the
2. "But my sins are so man - y, my faith so small,"—Lo! the answer came quick and clear, "Thou need - est not
3. "But my flesh is so fee - ble," with tears I said, "And the path - way I can - not see; I fear if I
4. The world is so cold I can - not go back, Press for - ward I sure - ly must: I'll lay my weak

mf CHORUS *p*

line, it is on - ly a step, I'm waiting, my child, for thee."
trust in thy - self at all, Step over the line, I'm here."
try I may sad - ly fail, And thus dis - hon - or thee."
hand in his wound - ed palm, Step over the line and trust.

"O - ver the line," hear the sweet re - frain,

Angels are chanting the heaven - ly strain; "O - ver the line,"—Why should I re - main With a step between me and Jesus?
(4th) I will not remain, I'll cross it and go to Jesus.

I AM THE WAY.

G. M. J.

"I am the way, the truth, and the life"—John 14: 6.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. Like wand'ring sheep o'er mountains cold, Since all have gone a- stray; To "Life" and peace with- in the fold,
 2. Be- wil-dered oft with doubt and care, To God I fain would go; While ma - ny cry "Lo here! lo there!"
 3. To Christ the Way, the Truth, the Life, I come, no more to roam; He'll guide me to my "Fa- ther's house,

CHORUS.

How may I find the way? "I..... am the way,..... the truth,..... and the life:.....
 The Truth how may I know?
 To my e-ter-nal home. } "I am the way, I am the way, I am the way, the truth and the life;

I..... am the way,..... the
 No man com-eth un-to the Fa-ther but by Me. I am the way,..... I am the way,.....
 I..... am the way,..... the

I AM THE WAY.—CONCLUDED.

truth..... and the life;.....

I am the way,... the truth, and the life; No man cometh un - to the Fa - ther but by me."

truth..... and the life;.....

11

ONLY TWO WAYS.

(Duet or quartet for male voices. For ladies' voices, altos sing bass notes an octave higher.)

F. E. B. "Enter ye in at the strait gate; for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction."—Matt. 7:13. F. E. B.

1. There are two ways for trav'lers, on - ly two ways: One's a hill pathway of bat - tle and praise; The oth-er leads
 2. There are two guides for trav'lers, on - ly two guides: One's the Good Shepherd, e'en thro' the death tides; The oth-er,—the
 3. There are two homes for trav'lers, on - ly two homes: One's the fair cit - y where e - vil ne'er comes; The oth-er,—sin's
 4. Quick - ly en - ter the strait way, lead - ing to life; Shun the wide gate-way of fol - ly and strife. The Spir - it in-

downward; tho' flow'ry it seem, Its joy is a phantom, its love is a dream, Its love is a dream, 'tis on - ly a dream.
 ser-pent, be - guiling with sin Whose beau-ty ex - ter - nal hides poi - son with-in, Hides poi - son with-in, death poison with-in.
 wag - es, e - ter - nal and dread, The fate of the lost ones, the doom of the dead, The doom of the dead, the sorrowful dead.
 vites you this moment to come; The Sav - iour is wait - ing to welcome you home; To welcome you home, to welcome you home.

“WHOSOEVER WILL.”

“Whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely.”—Rev. 22 : 17.

P. P. B.

P. P. BLISS

Joyfully.

1. “Who-so-ev-er heareth,” shout, shout the sound! Send the blessed ti-dings all the world a-round;
 2. Who-so-ev-er com-eth need not de-lay, Now the door is o-pen, en-ter while you may;
 3. “Who-so-ev-er will,” the prom-ise se-cure, “Who-so-ev-er will,” for ev-er must en-dure;

Spread the joy-ful news wher-ev-er man is found: “Who-so-ev-er will, may come.”
 Je-sus is the true, the on-ly Liv-ing Way: “Who-so-ev-er will, may come.”
 “Who-so-ev-er will,” Tis life for ev-er-more: “Who-so-ev-er will, may come.”

CHORUS.

“Who-so-ev-er will, who-so-ev-er will,” Send the proc-la-ma-tion o-ver vale and hill;

"WHOSOEVER WILL."—CONCLUDED.

'Tis a lov-ing Fa-ther calls the wand'rer home: "Who-so-ev-er will, may come."

13

YET THERE IS ROOM.

HORATIUS BONAR.

"Yet there is room."—Luke 14 : 22.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. "Yet there is room!" The Lamb's bright hall of song, With its fair glo-ry, beck-ons thee a-long;
 2. Day-light de-clines, The sun is sink-ing low; The shadows lengthen, light makes haste to go:
 3. The bri-dal hall is fill-ing for the feast: Pass in! pass in! and be the Bride-groom's guest:
 4. It fills, it fills, that hall of ju-bi-lee! Make haste, make haste; 'tis not too full for thee:
 5. Yet there is room! Still o-pen stands the gate, The gate of love; it is not yet too late:
 6. Pass in, pass in! That banquet is for thee; That cup of ev-er-last-ing love is free:
 7. All heaven is there, all joy! Go in, go in; The an-gels beck-on thee the prize to win:
 8. Soon night will close that gate and seal thy doom: Then the sad cry, "No room for me, no room!"

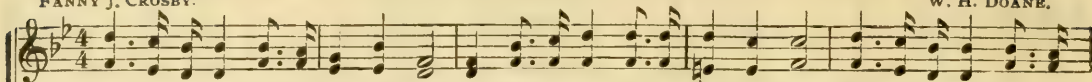
REFRAIN.

Room, room, yet there is room; Come, come, come while there's room.

"Sound an alarm! for the day of the Lord cometh; for it is nigh at hand."—Joel 2 : 1.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

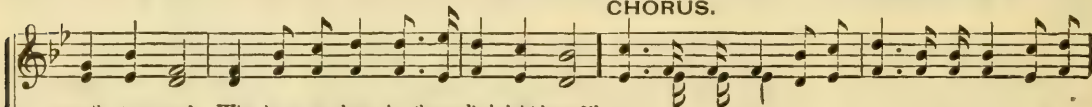
W. H. DOANE.



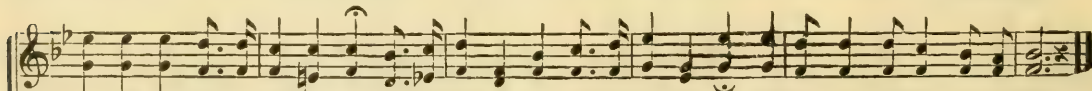
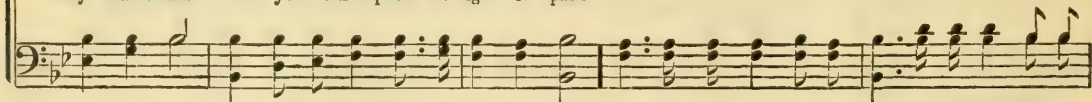
1. Sound the a-larm! let the watch-man cry,—“Up! for the day of the Lord is nigh; Who will es-cape from the
2. Sound the a-larm! let the cry go forth, Swift as the wind, o’er the realms of earth; Flee to the Rock where the
3. Sound the a-larm on the mountain’s brow! Plead with the lost by the way-side now; Warn them to come and the
4. Sound the a-larm in the youth-ful ear, Sound it a-loud that the old may hear; Blow ye the trump while the



CHORUS.



wrath to come? Who have a place in the soul’s bright home?”
 soul may hide! Flee to the Rock! in its cleft a-bide. } Sound the a-larm, watchman, Sound the a-larm! For the
 truth em-brace; Urge them to come and be saved by grace.
 day-beams last! Blow ye the trump till the light is past!



Lord will come with a conqu’ring arm; And the hosts of sin, as their ranks advance, Shall with-er and fall at His glance.



G. H. S. "Repentance toward God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ."—Acts 20 : 21.

G. H. SANDISON.

1. In dark-ness I lin-gered 'mid doubt and de-spair, Sin's bond-age long held me a cap-tive to care; But Je-sus de-
 2. The world and its pleasures did tempt me to stray, I saw not the dan-ger that lurk'd on the way; The toils elos'd a-
 3. The path-way to Cal-v'ry is toil-some and hard, Yet tread it, O faint one, and find thy re-ward; Here lay down thy
 4. Re-pent while He calls thee, while yet it is day, Take with thee His gift of free par-don a-way; Take Christ for thy

CHORUS.

liv-ered my soul from its chains, His pre-cious blood cleans'd me from sin's guilty stains.
 round me. I knew no re-lease, But Je-sus has found me and giv'n me His peace.
 burden, and wash in the stream That flows like a foun-tain thy soul to re-deem. } Get right with God! His par-don is free,
 Saviour, Redeemer, and Friend, His love will sus-tain thee se-cure to the end.

Get right with God, He's waiting for thee; Our Je-sus is call-ing, 'Oh, come un-to me!' Take Him, O sin-ner, and get right with God.

"COME UNTO ME."

F. E. B.

"For my yoke is easy and my burden is light."—Matt. 11:30.

F. E. BELDEN.

SOPRANO AND ALTO.

1. O heart bowed down with sorrow! O eyes that long for sight! There's gladness in ba-liev-ing; In
 2. Earth's fleet-ing gain and pleas-ure Can nev-er sat-is-fy: 'Tis love our joy doth measure, For
 3. Di-vin-est con-so-la-tion Doth Christ the Healer give; Art thou in con-dem-na-tion? Re-
 4. His peace is like a riv-er, His love is like a song; His yoke's a bur-den nev-er; 'Tis

Four measures for prelude.

REFRAIN.

Je-sus there is light. "Come un-to me, all ye . . . that la-bor,
 love can nev-er die,
 pent, be-lieve and live.
 ea-sy all day long. Come, O come, come un-to me, Come, O come, all ye that labor;

and are heavy la-den, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke up-on you, and
 Come, O come, heavy laden souls, I . . . will give you rest. Come, O come, come, take my yoke,

"COME UNTO ME."—CONCLUDED.

rit.

learn . . . of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls."
Come, O come, come, learn of me; I am meek and

17

LORD, I'M COMING HOME.

"But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him."—Luke 15: 20.
W. J. K.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I've wandered far a-way from God, Now I'm coming home; The paths of sin too long I've trod; Lord, I'm coming home.
2. I've wasted many precious years Now I'm coming home; I now repent with bitter tears; Lord, I'm coming home.
3. I'm tired of sin and straying, Lord, Now I'm coming home; I'll trust Thy love, believe Thy word; Lord, I'm coming home.
4. My on-ly hope, my only plea, Now I'm coming home; That Jesus died, and died for me; Lord, I'm coming home.
5. I need His cleansing blood I know, Now I'm coming home; O wash me whiter than the snow; Lord, I'm coming home.

CHORUS.

Coming home, coming home Never-more to roam; Open wide Thine arms of love; Lord, I'm coming home.

JUST ONE TOUCH.

"She touched the hem of his garment: and he said unto her, daughter, be of good comfort: thy faith hath made thee

BIRDIE BELL.

whole."—LUKE 8 : 44, 48.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

SOLO. *Slow, with expression.*

1. Just one touch as He moves a-long, Pushed and press'd by the post-ling throng, Just one touch and the weak was strong,
 2. Just one touch and He makes me whole, Speaks sweet peace to my sin-sick soul, At His feet all my bur-dens roll,—
 3. Just one touch and the work is done, I am saved by the bless-ed Son, I will sing while the a-ges run,
 4. Just one touch and He turns to me, O the love in His eyes I see! I am His, for He hears my plea,
 5. Just one touch; by His might-y pow'r He can heal thee this ver-y hour, Give sweet peace, tho' the tem-pests low'r,

CHORUS.

Cared by the Heal-er di-vine. Just one touch as He pass-es by, He will list to the
 faint-est cry; Come and be saved while the Lord is nigh, Christ is the Heal-er di-vine.
 di-vine.

A CLEAN HEART.

REV. WALTER C. SMITH.

"Create within me a clean heart, O God."—Ps. 51: 10.

FRED H. BYSHE.

1. One thing I of the Lord de-sire, For all my paths have mir-y been, Be it by wa-ter or by fire,
 2. If clear-er vi-sion Thou im-part, Grateful and glad my soul shall be; But yet to have a pur-er heart,
 3. Yea, on-ly as this heart is clean May larg-er vis-ion yet be mine, For mirrored in Thy life are seen
 4. I watch to shun the mir-y way, And stanch the springs of guilt-y thought, But watch and strug-gle as I may,

rit. REFRAIN.
 O make me clean, O make me clean.
 Is more to me, Is more to me. So wash me Thou, without, with-in, Or purge with fire, If that must
 The things divine, The things di-vine. Wash me, Thou, with-out, with-in, Or purge with fire, If
 Pure I am not, Pure I am not.

rit.
 be, No mat-ter how, if on-ly sin die out in me, die out in me.
 that must be, An-y-how, if on-ly sin die out in me, die out, die out in me.
 Die in me,

SHALL I LET HIM IN?

H. R. P. "Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me."—Rev. 3: 20. H. R. PALMER.

1. Christ is knocking at my sad heart; Shall I let him in? Pa - tient-ly plead-ing with
 2. Shall I send him the lov - ing word? Shall I let him in? Meek-ly ac - cept-ing my
 3. Yes, I'll o - pen this heart's prou-door, Yes, I'll let him in. Glad-ly I'll wel-come him

my sad heart; O shall I let him in? Cold and proud is my heart with sin, Dark and
 gracious Lord, O shall I let him in? He can in - fi - nite love im-part, He can
 ev - er-more; O, yes, I'll let him in. Bless - ed Sav-iour, a - bide with me, Cares and

cheerless is all with - in; Christ is bid-ding me turn un - to him; O shall I let him in?
 par - don this reb - el heart; Shall I bid him for - ev - er de - part, Or shall I let him in?
 tri - als will light - er be; I am safe if I'm on - ly with thee, O, bless - ed Lord, come in!

REV. J. B. ATCHINSON.

"If any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him." Rev. 3:20.

E. O. EXCELL.

1. There's a Strang-er at the door, Let - - - him in; - - - He has been there
 2. O - pen now to him your heart, Let - - - him in; - - - If you wait he
 3. Hear you now his plead-ing voice? Let - - - him in; - - - Now, O now make
 4. Now ad - mit the heav'n-ly guest, Let - - - him in; - - - He will make for

Let the Sav-iour in, let the Saviour in;

oft be - fore, Let - - - him in; - - - Let him in, ere he is gone, Let him
 will de - part, Let - - - him in; - - - Let him in, he is your friend, And your
 him your choice, Let - - - him in; - - - He is stand-ing at the door, Joy to
 you a feast, Let - - - him in; - - - He will speak your sins for - giv'n, And when

Let the Saviour in, let the Saviour in;

in, the Ho - ly One, Je - sus Christ, the Father's Son, Let - - - him in. - - -
 soul he will de - fend; He will keep you to the end, Let - - - him in. - - -
 you he will re - store, And his name you will a - dore, Let - - - him in. - - -
 earth-ties all are riv'n, He will take you home to heav'n, Let - - - him in. - - -

Let the Saviour in, let the Saviour in.

"Then began he to upbraid the cities wherein most of his mighty works were done, because they repented not."—Matt. 11: 27.

CAROLINE SAWYER.

D. B. TOWNER.

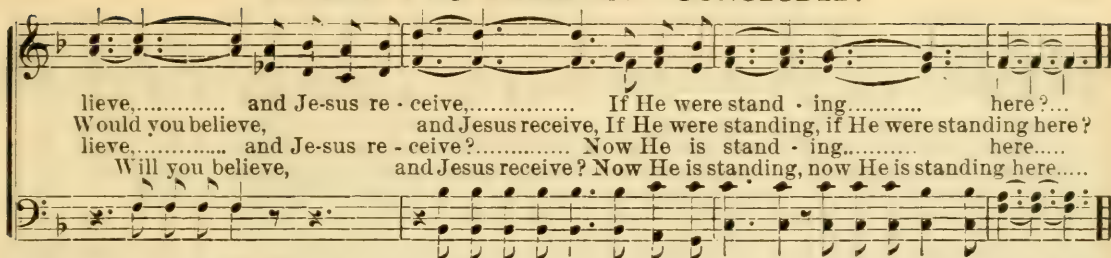
1. If you could see Christ standing here to- night, His thorn-crown'd head and pierced hands could view; Could see those
 2. If you could see that face so calm and sweet, Those lips that spake words only pure and true; Could see the
 3. He whispers to your heart, turn not away, For He's be-side you, in your narrow pew; If you will

CHORUS.

eyes that beam with heav'n's own light, And hear Him say, "Beloved, 'twas for you:" } Would you believe,.....
 nail-prints in His ten-der feet, And hear Him say, "Beloved, 'twas for you:" } Would you believe,
 lis - ten, you will hear Him say In loving tones "Beloved, 'twas for you." } 3. Will you believe,.....
 Will you believe,

and Je-sus re-ceive..... If He were stand - ing here?..... Would you be
 and Jesus receive, If He were standing here, were standing here;
 and Je-sus re-ceive?..... Now He is stand - ing here?..... Will you be-
 and Jesus receive? Now He is standing here, is standing here;

WOULD YOU BELIEVE?—CONCLUDED.



lieve..... and Je-sus re - ceive..... If He were stand - ing..... here?...
 Would you believe, and Jesus receive, If He were standing, if He were standing here?
 lieve..... and Je-sus re - ceive?..... Now He is stand - ing..... here.....
 Will you believe, and Jesus receive? Now He is standing, now He is standing here....

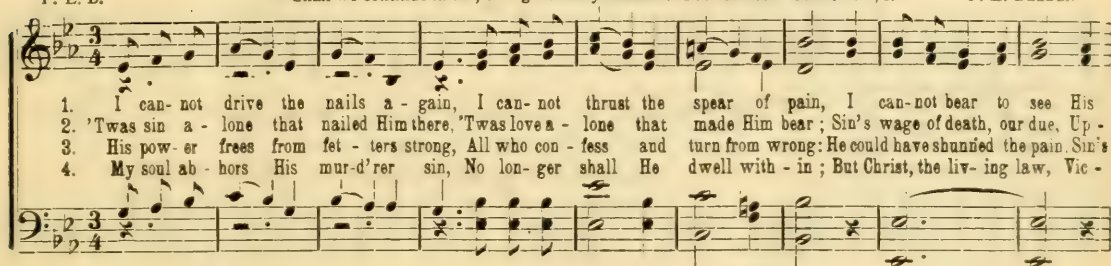
23

REPEATING CALVARY.

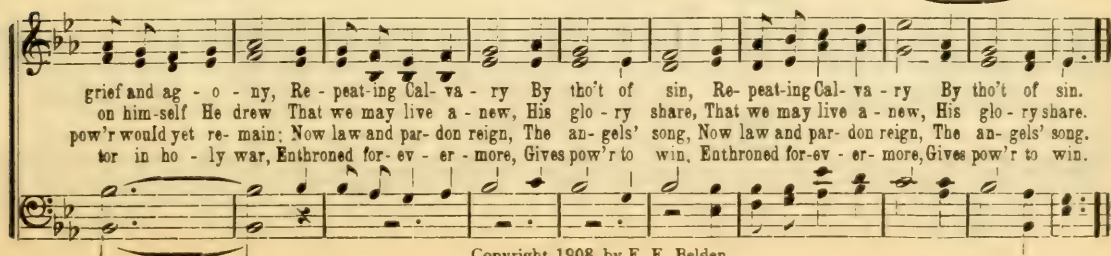
F. E. B.

"Shall we continue in sin, that grace may abound? God forbid."—Rom. 6: 1, 2.

F. E. BELDEN



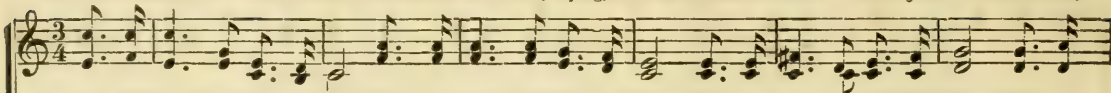
1. I can-not drive the nails a - gain, I can-not thrust the spear of pain, I can-not bear to see His
 2. 'Twas sin a - lone that nailed Him there, 'Twas love a - lone that made Him bear; Sin's wage of death, our due, Up -
 3. His pow-er frees from fet - ters strong, All who con - fess and turn from wrong: He could have shunned the pain. Sin's
 4. My soul ab -hors His mur-d'rer sin, No lon-ger shall He dwell with - in; But Christ, the liv - ing law, Vic -



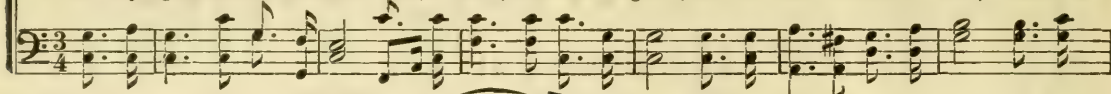
grief and ag - o - ny, Re - peat-ing Cal - va - ry By tho't of sin, Re - peat-ing Cal - va - ry By tho't of sin.
 on him-self He drew That we may live a - new, His glo - ry share, That we may live a - new, His glo - ry share.
 pow'r would yet re - main; Now law and par - don reign, The an - gels' song, Now law and par - don reign, The an - gels' song.
 tor in ho - ly war, Enthroned for - ev - er - more, Gives pow'r to win, Enthroned for - ev - er - more, Gives pow'r to win.

CHRIST RECEIVETH SINFUL MEN.

Arr. from NEUMASTER. "The Pharisees and scribes murmured, saying, this man receiveth sinners."—Luke 15: 2. F. E. BELDEN.



1. Sing it o'er and o'er a-gain, Glorious message, clear and plain; 'T is to-day the same as then, Christ re-
2. "Seek and find," and "look and live;" Grace is free! proclaim to all Who the heav'nly pathway leave, All who
3. Years of sin condemn us not, Pure be-fore the law we stand; Je-sus' blood removes each spot, Sat - is -
4. He will take the sin - ful - est, Make the scarlet white and pure; Come, and he will give you rest; Trust his
5. In Thy righteous robe to shine, Lord, I come, and rest forgiv'n; Self is lost in love di-vine, Death in



CHORUS.

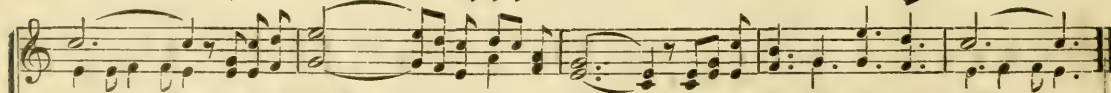
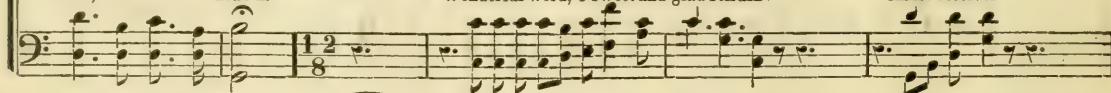


ceiv-eth sin - ful men.
lin - ger, all who fall.
fies its full de-mand.
word, for-ev-er sure.
life, and earth in heav'n.

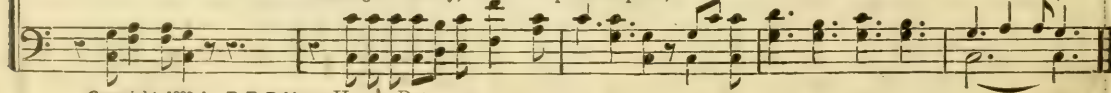
Wonderful word, - - O sweet re - frain! Christ re - ceives - - sin-ful

Wonderful word, O sweet and glad refrain!

Christ receives



men (I praise his name!) Message of mer - - cy, clear and plain, — Christ re-ceiv-eth sin-ful men (praise his name!)
Message of mer-cy, clear and pure and plain,

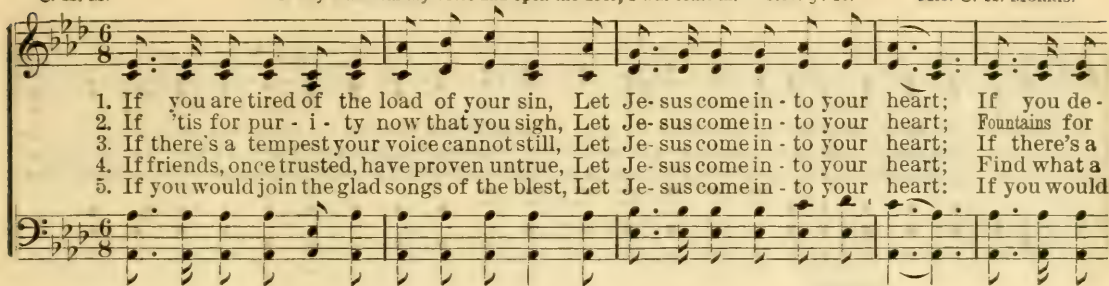


LET JESUS COME INTO YOUR HEART.

C. H. M.

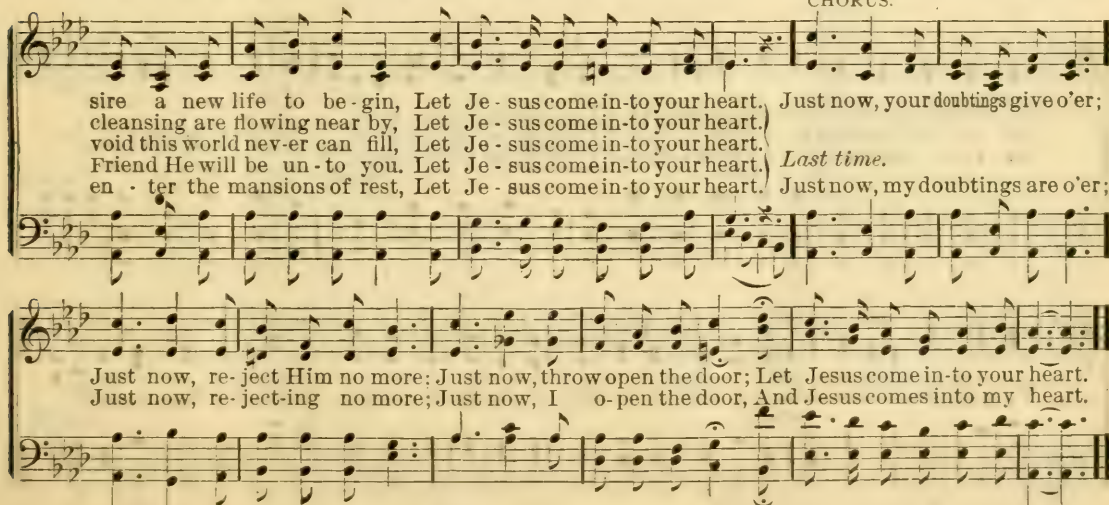
"If any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in."—Rev. 3 : 20.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



1. If you are tired of the load of your sin, Let Je-sus come in - to your heart; If you de-
 2. If 'tis for pur - i - ty now that you sigh, Let Je-sus come in - to your heart; Fountains for
 3. If there's a tempest your voice cannot still, Let Je-sus come in - to your heart; If there's a
 4. If friends, once trusted, have proven untrue, Let Je-sus come in - to your heart; Find what a
 5. If you would join the glad songs of the blest, Let Je-sus come in - to your heart: If you would

CHORUS.



sire a new life to be-gin, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart. Just now, your doubtings give o'er;
 cleansing are flowing near by, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart.)
 void this world never can fill, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart.
 Friend He will be un-to you. Let Je-sus come in-to your heart. *Last time.*
 en - ter the mansions of rest, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart. Just now, my doubtings are o'er;

Just now, re-ject Him no more; Just now, throw open the door; Let Jesus come in-to your heart.
 Just now, re-ject-ing no more; Just now, I o-pen the door, And Jesus comes into my heart.

YE MUST BE BORN AGAIN.

W. T. SLEEPER.

"Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God."—John 3: 3.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. A rul - er once came to Je - sus by night, To ask Him the way of sal - vation and light; The
 2. Ye children of men, at - tend to the word So sol - emn - ly ut - tered by Je - sus the Lord, And
 3. O ye who would en - ter that glorious rest, And sing with the ransom'd the song of the blest, The

CHORUS.
 Master made answer in words true and plain, "Ye must be born a - gain."
 let not this message to you be in vain, "Ye must be born a - gain."
 life ev - er - lasting if you would obtain, "Ye must be born a - gain."
 again, again,

Ye must be born a - gain, I ver - i - ly, ver - i - ly, say un - to thee, Ye must be born a - gain.
 again, a gain.

L. E. J.

"As many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God."—John 1: 12.

L. E. JONES.

1. Would you be free from your burden of sin? There's pow'r in the blood, pow'r in the blood; Would you o'er-e- vil a
 2. Would you be free from your passion and pride? There's pow'r in the blood, pow'r in the blood; Come for a cleansing to
 3. Would you be whiter, much whiter than snow? There's pow'r in the blood, pow'r in the blood; Sin stains are lost in its
 4. Would you do service for Jesus your King? There's pow'r in the blood, pow'r in the blood; Would you live dai-ly His

CHORUS. >

vic - to-ry win? There's wonderful pow'r in the blood. There is pow'r, pow'r, won-der-working pow'r in the
 Cal- vary's tide, There's wonderful pow'r in the blood.
 life-giving flow, There's wonderful pow'r in the blood.
 praises to sing? There's wonderful pow'r in the blood. There is pow'r,

blood of the Lamb; There is pow'r, pow'r, wonder-working pow'r In the precious blood of the Lamb.
 In the blood of the Lamb; There is pow'r,

WHITER THAN SNOW.

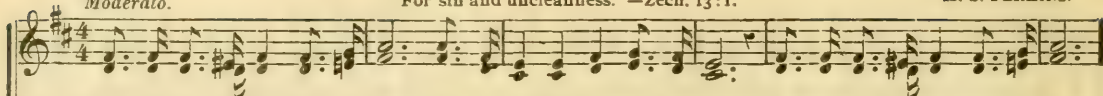
E. R. LATTI.

(BLESSED BE THE FOUNTAIN.)

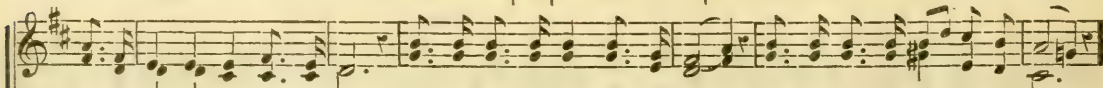
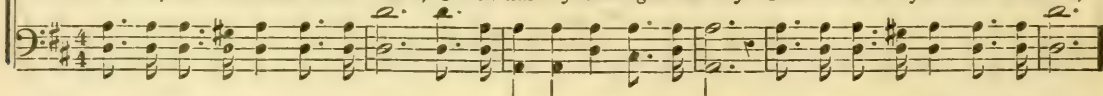
H. S. PERKINS.

Moderalo.

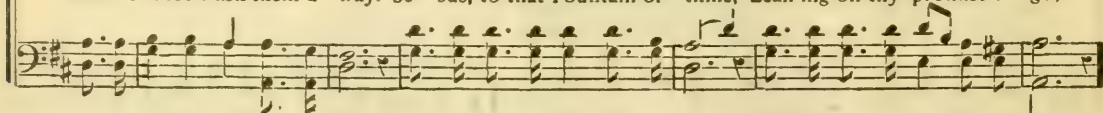
"For sin and uncleanness."—Zech. 13:1.



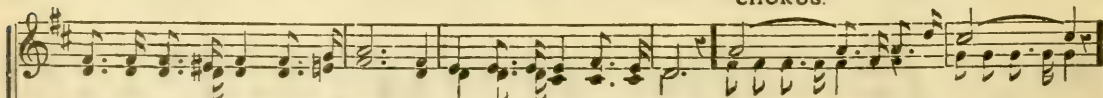
1. Bless - ed be the Fountain of blood, To a world of sinners re-vealed; Bless-ed be the dear Son of God;
2. Thorny was the crown that he wore, And the cross his bod-y o'er came; Grievous were the sorrows he bore,
3. Fa - ther, I have wandered from thee, Oft-en has my heart gone astray: Crim-son do my sins seem to me,



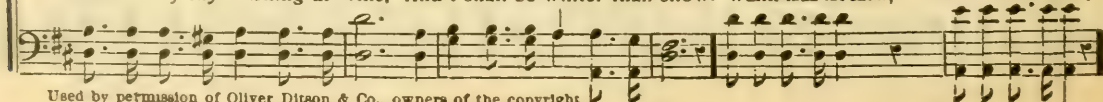
Only by his stripes we are healed. Tho' I've wandered far from his fold, Bringing to my heart pain and woe,
But he suffered thus not in vain. May I to the Fountain be led, Made to cleanse my sins here below;
Water cannot wash them a - way. Je - sus, to that Fountain of thine, Lean-ing on thy promise I go;



CHORUS.



Wash me in the blood of the Lamb, And I shall be whiter than snow. Whit - - er than the snow, . . .
Wash me in the blood that he shed, And I shall be whiter than snow.
Cleanse me by thy washing di-vine, And I shall be whiter than snow. Whiter than the snow, whiter than the snow,



WHITER THAN SNOW.—CONCLUDED.

rit.

Whit - - er than the snow, . . . Wash me in the blood of the Lamb, . . . And I shall be whiter than snow.
Whiter than the snow, whiter than the snow, of the Lamb, than snow.

29 RING THE BELLS OF HEAVEN.

Rev. WM. O. CUSHING.

"Joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth."—Luke. 15: 7.

GEO. F. ROOT.

FINE.

1. { Ring the bells of heav-en! there is joy to-day, For a soul, re-turn-ing from the wild; }
 { See! the Fa-ther meets him out up-on the way, Wel-com-ing His wea-ry, wand'ring child. }
 2. { Ring the bells of heav-en! there is joy to-day, For the wanderer now is rec-on-ciled; }
 { Yes, a soul is res-cued from his sin-ful way, And is born a-new a ransomed child. }
 3. { Ring the bells of heav-en! spread the feast to-day, An-gels, swell the glad triumphant strain. }
 { Tell the joy-ful ti-dings! bear it far a-way! For a pre-cious soul is born a-gain. }

D.C.—'Tis the ran-somed ar-my, like a migh-ty sea, Peal-ing forth the an-them of the free.

CHORUS.

D.C.

Glo-ry! glo-ry! how the an-gels sing; Glo-ry! glo-ry! how the loud harps ring;

ABLE TO DELIVER.

REV. J. B. ATCHINSON.

"Our God whom we serve is able to deliver us."— Dan. 3: 17.

EMMA L. MORTON.

1. A - ble to de - liv - er! sound it far and near; A - ble to de - liv - er who - so-e'er will hear;
 2. A - ble to de - liv - er! can it real - ly be? Is there an - y pow - er can de - liv - er me?
 3. A - ble to de - liv - er! courage, trembling one! Are you serving Je - sus? he will save his own.

From the fier - y furnace, from the sin - ner's doom, Je - sus will de - liv - er who - so-e'er will come.
 Tell me, tell me tru - ly, is the Christ once slain A - ble to de - liv - er me from Satan's chain?
 Fear not Satan's pow - er, cling to Je - sus' hand, Cease your fear and doubt - ing, bold - ly for him stand.

CHORUS.

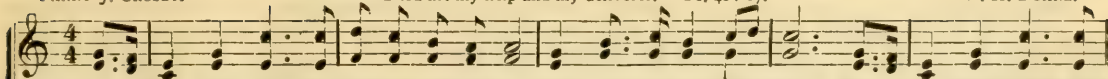
A - ble to de - liv - er, A - ble now to save, When you are, my brother, A - ble to be - lieve.

COME, GREAT DELIVERER, COME.

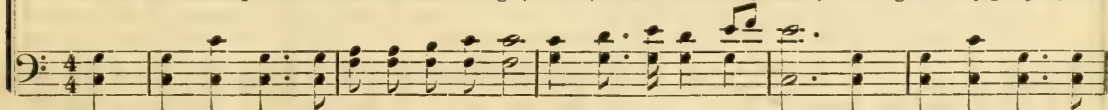
FANNY J. CROSBY.

"Thou art my help and my deliverer."—Ps. 40: 17.

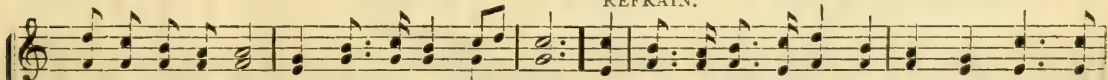
W. H. DOANE.



1. O hear my cry, be gracious now to me, Come, Great Deliv'rer, come; My soul bowed down is
2. I have no place, no shelter from the night, Come, Great Deliv'rer, come; One look from Thee would
3. My path is lone, and wea-ry are my feet, Come, Great Deliv'rer, come; Mine eyes look up Thy
4. Thou wilt not spurn contrition's broken sigh, Come, Great Deliv'rer, come; Re - gard my prayer, and

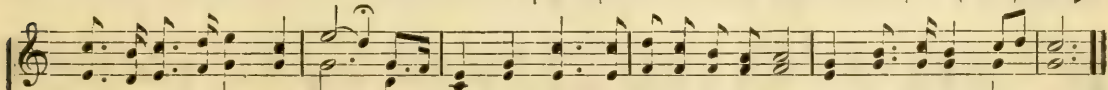
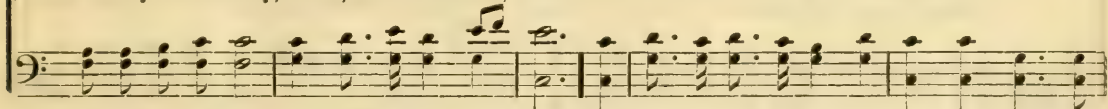


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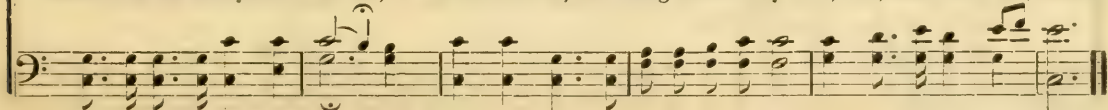


longing now for Thee, Come, Great Deliv'rer, come,
 give me life and light, Come, Great Deliv'rer, come.
 loving smile to meet, Come, Great Deliv'rer, come,
 hear my humble cry, Come, Great Deliv'rer, come.

I've wander'd far away o'er mountains cold, I've



wander'd far away from home; O take me now, and bring me to Thy fold, Come, Great Deliv'rer, come



BUILD ON THE ROCK.

"Whosoever heareth these sayings of mine, and *doeth* them, I will liken him unto a wise man, which built his house upon a rock: and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house: and it fell not:

F. E. B.

for it was founded upon a rock."—Matt. 27: 24, 25.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. We'll build on the Rock, the liv-ing Rock, On Je-sus, the Rock of A - ges; So shall we a-bide the
 2. Some build on the sink-ing sands of life, On vis - ions of earth-ly treas-ure; Some build on the waves of
 3. O build on the Rock, for ev-er sure, The firm and the true foun- da-tion; Its hope is the hope which

CHORUS.

fear-ful shock, When loud the tem-pest ra - ges. We'll build on the Rock, We'll
 sin and strife, Of fame, and world-ly pleas-ure. We'll build on the Rock, on the sol - id Rock, We'll
 shall en - dure, — The hope of our sal - va - tion.

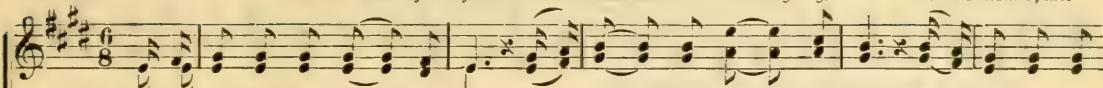
build on the Rock; We'll build on the Rock, on the sol - id Rock, On Christ, the mighty Rock.
 build on the Rock, on the sol-id Rock;

BUILDING FOR ETERNITY.

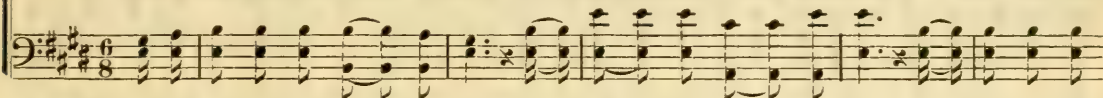
N. B. S.

"The fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is."—1 Cor. 3: 13.

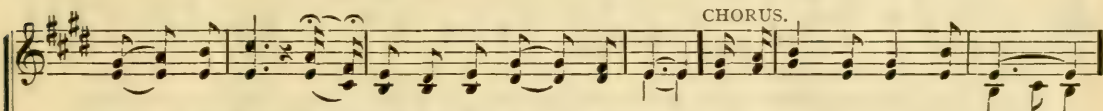
N. B. SARGENT, arr.



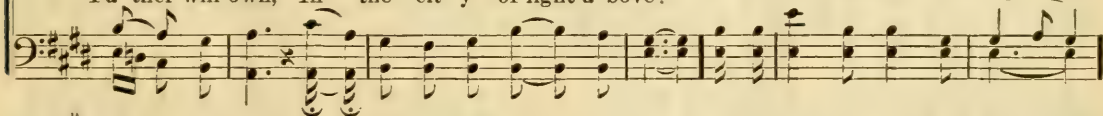
1. We are building in sor-row or joy A tem-ple the world may not see, Which time can-not
 2. Ev-'ry tho't that we've ev - er had, Its own lit - tle place has fill'd; Ev-'ry deed we have
 3. Ev - 'ry word that so light - ly falls, Giving some heart joy or pain, Will shine in our
 4. Are you building for God a-lone? Are you building in faith and love, A tem - ple the



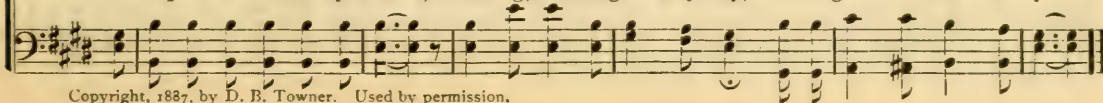
CHORUS.



mar nor de-destroy: We build for e - ter - ni - ty.
 done, good or bad, Is a stone in the tem-ple we build. } We are building, ev - 'ry day.....
 tem - ple wall, Or ev - er its beau - ty stain. } We are build - ing, build - ing ev - 'ry day.
 Fa-ther will own, In the cit - y of light a-bove?



A temple the world may not see; Building, building ev - 'ry day, Building for e - ter - ni - ty!

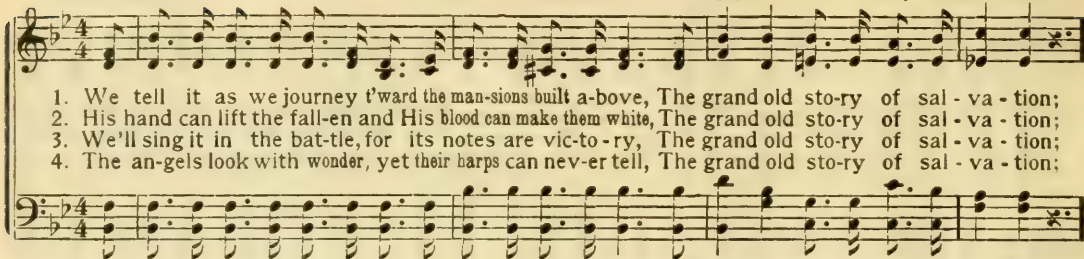


34 THE GRAND OLD STORY OF SALVATION.

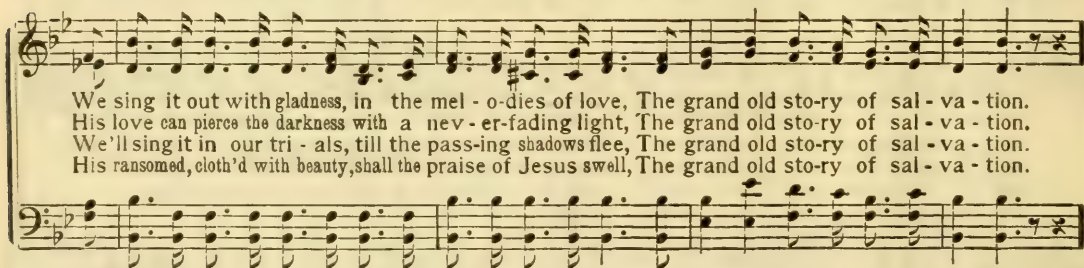
E. E. HEWITT.

"We will rejoice in His salvation."—Isa. 25: 9.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

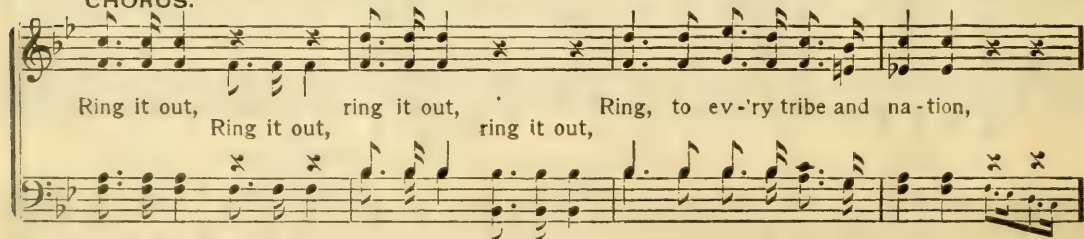


1. We tell it as we journey t'ward the man-sions built a-bove, The grand old sto-ry of sal - va - tion;
 2. His hand can lift the fall-en and His blood can make them white, The grand old sto-ry of sal - va - tion;
 3. We'll sing it in the bat-tle, for its notes are vic-to-ry, The grand old sto-ry of sal - va - tion;
 4. The an-gels look with wonder, yet their harps can nev-er tell, The grand old sto-ry of sal - va - tion;



We sing it out with gladness, in the mel - o-dies of love, The grand old sto-ry of sal - va - tion.
 His love can pierce the darkness with a nev - er-fading light, The grand old sto-ry of sal - va - tion.
 We'll sing it in our tri - als, till the pass-ing shadows flee, The grand old sto-ry of sal - va - tion.
 His ransomed, cloth'd with beauty, shall the praise of Jesus swell, The grand old sto-ry of sal - va - tion.

CHORUS.



Ring it out, Ring it out, Ring it out, Ring, to ev-'ry tribe and na-tion,
 Ring it out, ring it out,

THE GRAND OLD STORY OF SALVATION.—CONCLUDED.

Ring it out, ring it out, The grand old sto-ry of sal-va-tion.
Ev-'ry-where, ev-'ry-where,

35

KNOCKING, KNOCKING.

Mrs. H. B. STOWE, arr.

(FOR MALE OR MIXED VOICES)

F. E. BELDEN.

1. Knocking, knocking, who is there? Waiting, waiting, O how fair! 'Tis a Pilgrim, strange and kingly, Nev-er
2. Knocking, knocking, still He's there, Waiting, waiting, won-drous fair; But the door is hard to o - pen, For the
3. Knocking, knocking, -what! still there? Waiting, waiting, grand and fair; Yes, the wounded hand still knocketh, And be-

such was seen be-fore; Ah! my soul, for such a won - der Wilt thou not un-do the door? Wilt thou not un-do the door?
weeds and i - vy vine With their dark and clinging ten-drils Ev - er round the hin-ges twine, Ev - er round the hin-ges twine.
neath the thorn-wreath'd hair Beam the patient eyes, so ten - der. Of thy Sav-ior wait-ing there; Wilt thou keep him waiting there?

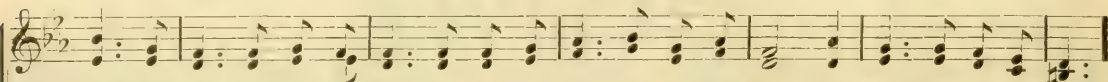
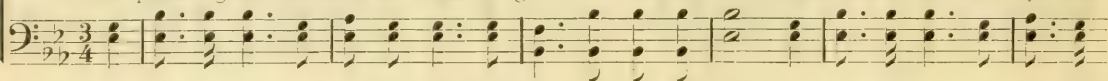
P. P. B.

"Ask, and ye shall receive."—John 16: 24.

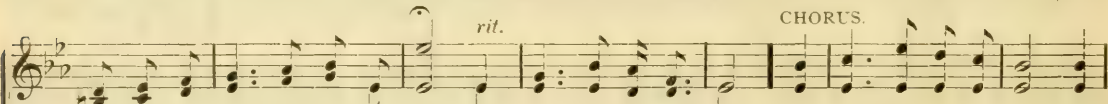
P. P. BILHORN.



1. 'Twas in the days of careless youth, when life was fair and bright, And ne'er a tear, and scarce a
2. I thought but lit - tle of it then, tho' reverence touch'd my heart, To her whose love sought from a -
3. I wan - der'd on, and heed - ed not God's oft re - peat - ed call To turn from sin, to live for
4. That plead - ing heart, that soul so tried, has gone in - to her rest, But still with me for aye shall



fear o'er - cast my day and night, As, in the qui - et e - ven - tide, I pass'd her kneeling there,
 bove for me the bet - ter part; But when life's stern - er bat - tles came with many a sub - tle snare,
 Him, and trust to Him my all; But when at last, convinced of sin, I sank in deep de - spair,
 be the mem - ry of her trust. And when I cross the Jor - dan's tide, and meet her o - ver there.



That just one word, my name, I heard my name in mother's pray'r.
 Oft that one word, in thought I heard my name in mother's pray'r.
 My hope a - woke, when mem'ry spoke my name in mother's pray'r.
 We'll praise the Lord, who bless'd that word, my name in mother's pray'r. } My name in mother's pray'r, My



MY NAME IN MOTHER'S PRAYER.—CONCLUDED.

ad lib. rall.

My name in mother's pray'r, That just one word, my name I heard. I heard my name in mother's pray'r.
My name

37

ETERNITY!—WHERE?

"He that believeth in the Son hath everlasting life; and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life"—John 3: 36.

Jno. R. SWENEY.

1. "E - ter - nity!—where?" It floats in the air: A-mid clam-or or si-lence it ev - er is there.
2. "E - ter - nity!—where?" Oh! E - ter - ni-ty!—where? With redeemed ones in glory! or lost in de-spair.
3. "E - ter - nity!—where?" Oh! how can you share The world's gid-dy pleasures, or heed-less-ly dare.
4. "E - ter - nity!—where?" Oh! friend, have a care; Soon God will no lon-ger His judgment for-bear.
5. "E - ter - nity!—where?" Oh! E - ter - ni-ty!—where? Friend, sleep not, nor take in the world an-y share.

rit. e dim.

The ques-tion so sol-emn—"E - ter - ni-ty!—where?" The question so solemn—"E - ter - ni-ty!—where?"
'Tis one or the oth - er—"E - ter - ni-ty!—where?" 'Tis one or the oth - er—"E - ter - ni-ty!—where?"
Do aught till you set - tle—"E - ter - ni-ty!—where?" Do aught till you set - tle—"E - ter - ni-ty!—where?"
This day may de-cide your "E - ter - ni-ty!—where?" This day may de-cide your "E - ter - ni-ty!—where?"
Till you answer this question—"E - ter - ni-ty! where?" Till you answer this question—"E - ter - ni-ty!—where?"

THE PASSOVER.

F E B

Slow, with feeling.

"When I see the blood, I will pass over you."—Ex. 12: 13. "Christ our passover
is sacrificed for us."—1 Cor. 5: 7.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. The day is dead, and Egypt's night re-turn - ing, Is dark and still in death's prophet-ic gloom.
2. The Lamb is slain, the Sac - ri - fice im-mor - tal, Whose life received cre - ates the soul a - new;
3. Not there? not there? no crimson on the lin - tel? De - lay! de - lay! O thou de-destroy-ing One!
4. Art safe, my soul?—rest not in thy sal - va - tion, Else thou art not like Him who came to die;

Cres.
The world sleeps on, but Israel's lamp is burn-ing; At mid - night sounds the'oppressor's note of doom.
His blood is shed,—but is it on the por - tal? O haste and see! doth it a - vail for you?
Give grace! give grace! it must be more than men - tal: My heart! my heart! let there thy work be done.
In love go forth with mer-cy's in - vi - ta - tion, A - wake the world! death's angel pass - es by.

REFRAIN. *p*

"I will pass o - ver you, when I see the blood:" I will pass o - ver you,—'tis a sav - ing flood.

THE PASSOVER.—CONCLUDED.

rit. *p*

“I will pass o - ver you, when I see the blood,” The pre-cious blood of Je - sus.

39

IN THE SILENT MIDNIGHT WATCHES.

REV. A. C. COKE, Arr.

“Behold I stand at the door and knock.”—Rev. 3:20.

GEO. F. ROOT.

1. In the si-lent midnight watches, List—thy bosom's door! How it knocketh, knocketh, knocketh, Knocketh, ever - more!
 2. Death comes down with reek-less foot-steps, To the hall and hut; Think you death will tar-ry knock-ing, When the door is shut?
 3. Vain-ly thou wilt stand en-treat-ing Christ to let thee in, At the gate of mer-cy beat-ing, Waiting for thy sin!

Say not 't is thy pul-ses beat-ing, 'T is thy heart of sin; 'T is thy Saviour knocks, and cri-eth, “Rise and let me in!”
 Je - sus wait-eth, waiteth, waiteth; But the door is fast; Grieved away thy Sav-iour go-eth, Death breaks in at last
 Nay! a - las, O guilt-y sin-ner! Hast thou then for-got? — Je - sus wait-ed long to know thee, Now he knows thee not!

TELL ME THE STORY OF JESUS.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

"While we were yet sinners Christ died for us."—Rom. 5: 8.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus, Write on my heart ev - ry word, Tell me the sto -
 2. Fast - ing, a - lone in the des - ert, Tell of the days that He passed, How for our sins
 3. Tell of the cross where they nailed Him, Writhing in an - guish and pain; Tell of the grave

CHO.—Tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus, Write on my heart ev - 'ry word, Tell me the sto -

FINE.

ry most pre - cious. Sweetest that ev - er was heard; Tell how the an - gels, in cho - rus,
 He was tempt - ed, Yet was triumph - ant at last; Tell of the years of His la - bor,
 where they laid Him, Tell how He liv - eth a - gain; Love in that sto - ry so ten - der,

ry most pre - cious, Sweet - est that ev - er was heard.

D. C. for Cho.

Sang as they welcomed His birth,—Glory to God in the high - est, Peace and good tidings to earth.
 Tell of the sor - row He bore, He was despised and af - flict - ed, Home - less, re - ject - ed and poor.
 Clear - er than ev - er I see; Stay, let me weep while you whisper, Love paid the ransom for me.

MIGHTY TO SAVE.

"Who is this that cometh from Edom, . . . traveling in the greatness of his strength? I that speak in righteousness, mighty to save."—Isa. 63:1.
 Rev. R. W. TODD. HARRY SANDERS.

1. O who is this that com - eth From Edom's crim - son plain, With wounded side, with garments dyed? O tell me now thy
 2. O why is thine ap - par - el With reek - ing gore all dyed, Like them that tread the wine - press red? O why this bloody
 3. O bleeding Lamb, my Saviour! How could'st thou bear this shame? With mercy fraught, mine own arm brought Salvation in my

name. "I that saw thy soul's distress, A ran - som gave; I that speak in righteousness, Mighty to save."
 tide? "I the wine - press trod a - lone, 'Neath dark'ning skies; Of the peo - ple there was none Mighty to save."
 name; I the bloody fight have won, Con - quer'd the grave, Now the year of joy has come, —Mighty to save."

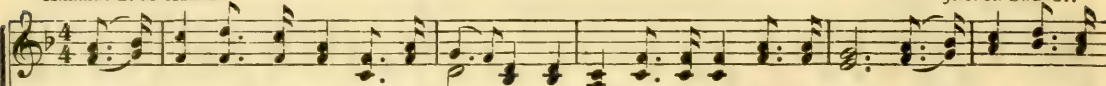
REFRAIN.
 Mighty to save, Mighty to save, Mighty to save; Lord, I trust thy wondrous love, Mighty to save.
 Mighty to save, Mighty to save,

HOW SHALL WE STAND IN THE JUDGMENT ?

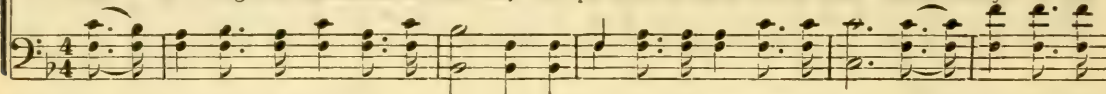
"He will gather the wheat into his garner; but the chaff he will burn with unquenchable fire."— Luke 3 : 17.

HARRIET B. M'KEEVER

JNO. R. SWENEY.



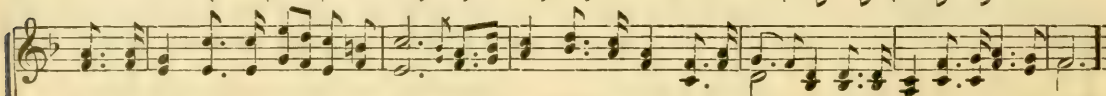
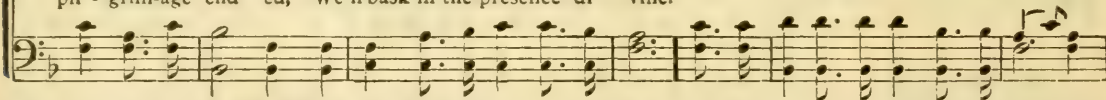
- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. When Je - sus' shall gath-er the nations, | Be- fore him at last to ap-pear, Then how shall we |
| 2. Shall we hear, from the lips of the Saviour, | The words "faith-ful serv-ant, well done," Or trembling with |
| 3. He will smile when he looks on his children, | And sees on the ransom'd his seal; He will clothe them in |
| 4. Then let us be watching and waiting, | With lamps burning steady and bright; When the Bride-groom shall |
| 5. Thus liv - ing with hearts fixed on heav - en, | In pa-tience we wait for the time When the days of our |



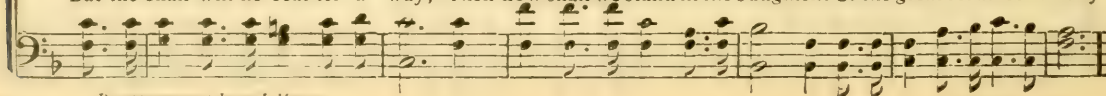
CHORUS.



stand in the Judgment,	When summon'd our sentence to hear?	
fear and with an-guish,	Be banished away from his throne?	
heav - en - ly beau - ty,	As low at his footstool they kneel.	He will gather the wheat in his garner,
call to the wedding	O may we be read - y for flight!	
pil - grim-age end - ed,	We'll bask in the presence di - vine.	



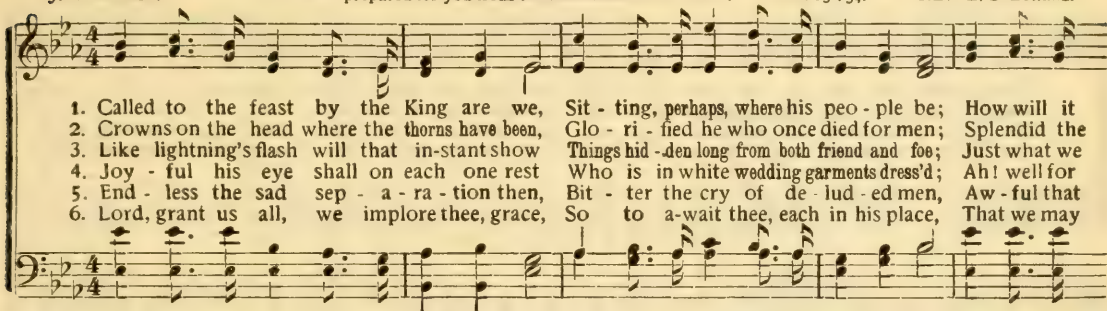
But the chaff will he scat-ter a - way; Then how shall we stand in the Judgment Of the great resurrection day!



WHEN THE KING COMES IN.


"Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."—Matt. 25 : 34. REV. E. S. LORENZ.

J. E. LANDOR.



1. Called to the feast by the King are we, Sit - ting, perhaps, where his peo - ple be; How will it
 2. Crowns on the head where the thorns have been, Glo - ri - fied he who once died for men; Splendid the
 3. Like lightning's flash will that in-stant show Things hid - den long from both friend and foe; Just what we
 4. Joy - ful his eye shall on each one rest Who is in white wedding garments dress'd; Ah! well for
 5. End - less the sad sep - a - ra - tion then, Bit - ter the cry of de - lud - ed men, Aw - ful that
 6. Lord, grant us all, we implore thee, grace, So to a - wait thee, each in his place, That we may

REFRAIN.



fare, friend, with thee and me When the King comes in?
 vis - ion be - fore us then, When the King comes in.
 are will each neighbor know, When the King comes in. When the King comes in, broth - er,
 us if we stand the test, When the King comes in.
 mo - ment of an - guish when Christ the King comes in.
 fear not to see thy face When thou com - est in.

When the King comes in! How will it fare with thee and me When the King comes in?

THERE'S ROOM FOR YOU TO ANCHOR.

F. E. B.

"In my Father's house are many mansions: I go to prepare a place for you."—John 14:2.
(Duet, with Quartet Chorus.)

F. E. BELDEN.

*Dolce.**cres.**dim.*

1. There's room for you to an-chor With - in the port of rest, Where tempests all are o - ver,
2. There's room for you to an-chor; The ship is wait - ing now,—The ship of God's pre-par-ing,
3. The same dear friends shall meet us That we have loved be - low; The same sweet voic-es greet us
4. O heav - ing, swell - ing billows, Bear on-ward to my home! Be - yond these dreary headlands

p

And calms no more mo - lest; How sweet to wea - ry voya-gers This pre - cious promise giv'n:
O ask not why nor how. His boundless love and mer - cy No tongue can ev - er tell,—
As in the long a - go. Then hush! ye murm'ring wa - ters, Ye tem - pests, cease to blow!
I see its shin-ing dome. There, there my faint-ing spir - it No more for rest shall sigh;

REFRAIN.

*f**dim.**m*

There's room for you to an - chor Safe in heav'n!
If you but trust his promise, All is well. There's room (for you), there's room (for you);
I al - most hear the mu - sic Soft and low.
'Tis there I hope to an - chor, By and by.

THERE'S ROOM FOR YOU TO ANCHOR.—CONCLUDED.

mf *f* *dim.* *p*

There's room (for you), there's room (for you); There's room for you to an - chor Safe in heav'n.

45

WHILE JESUS WHISPERS.

WILL E. WITTER. "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—Matt. 11:28. H. R. PALMER.

1. While Je - sus whispers to you, Come, sinner, come! While we are praying for you, Come, sin-ner, come!
 2. Are you too heav-y la-den? Come, sinner, come! Je - sus will bear your burden, Come, sin-ner, come!
 3. O hear his tender pleading, Come, sinner, come! Come and receive the blessing, Come, sin-ner, come!

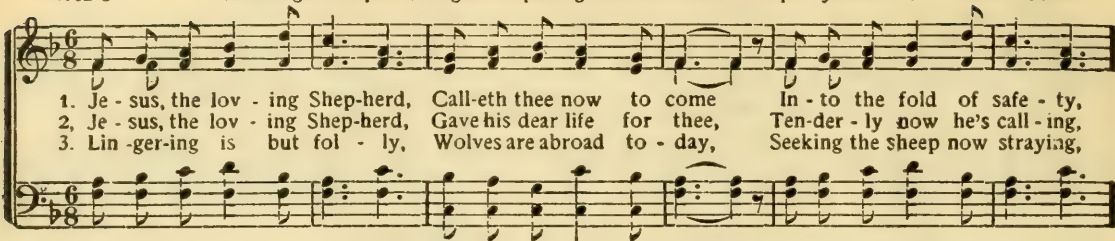
Now is the time to own him, Come, sin - ner, come! Now is the time to know him, Come, sin - ner, come!
 Je - sus will not deceive you, Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus can now re-deem you, Come, sin - ner, come!
 While Jesus whispers to you, Come, sin - ner, come! While we are pray-ing for you, Come, sin - ner, come!

LOVINGLY, TENDERLY CALLING.

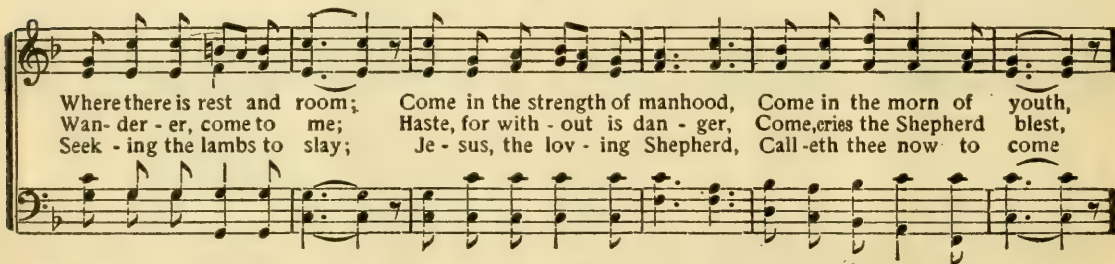
W. A. O.

"I am the good Shepherd, the good Shepherd giveth his life for the sheep."—John 10:11.

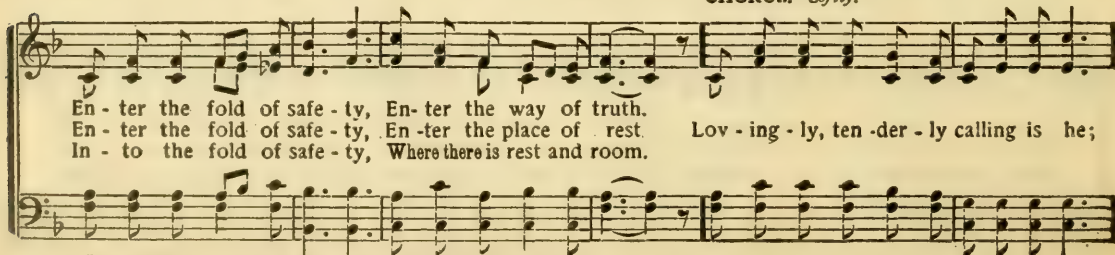
W. A. OGDEN.



1. Je - sus, the lov - ing Shep-herd, Call-eth thee now to come In - to the fold of safe - ty,
 2. Je - sus, the lov - ing Shep-herd, Gave his dear life for thee, Ten - der - ly now he's call - ing,
 3. Lin - ger - ing is but fol - ly, Wolves are abroad to - day, Seeking the sheep now straying,



Where there is rest and room; Come in the strength of manhood, Come in the morn of youth,
 Wan - der - er, come to me; Haste, for with - out is dan - ger, Come, cries the Shepherd blest,
 Seek - ing the lambs to slay; Je - sus, the lov - ing Shepherd, Call-eth thee now to come

CHORUS. *Softly.*


En - ter the fold of safe - ty, En - ter the way of truth.
 En - ter the fold of safe - ty, En - ter the place of rest. Lov - ing - ly, ten - der - ly calling is he;
 In - to the fold of safe - ty, Where there is rest and room.

LOVINGLY, TENDERLY CALLING.—CONCLUDED.

Wanderer, wanderer, come un - to me, Pa-tiently standing there, waiting, I see Je-sus my Shepherd di - vine.

rit.

47

NOT IN THE HOUR OF DEATH.

"For in death there is no remembrance of thee; in the grave who shall give thee thanks?"—Ps. 6:5.
 F. E. BELDEN. (SOLO OR QUARTET.) FRANZ ABT. Arr. by F. E. B.
Slowly.

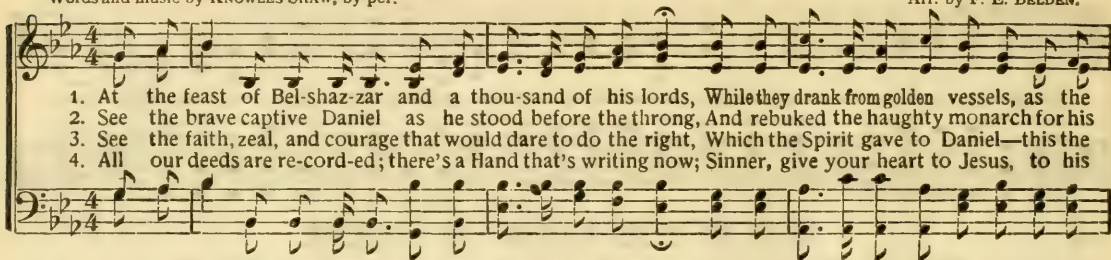
1. Not in the hour of death, Not when the pulse is low, Not with the failing breath, Not when you fear to go;
 2. Not when the frost of time Has changed the gold to gray; Come in the golden prime Of manhood's summer day.
 3. Not when the noon of care Has robbed the flow'rs of dew; Come in the morning fair, Of life's glad spring-time new.

REFRAIN. *cres. dim. rit. pp*

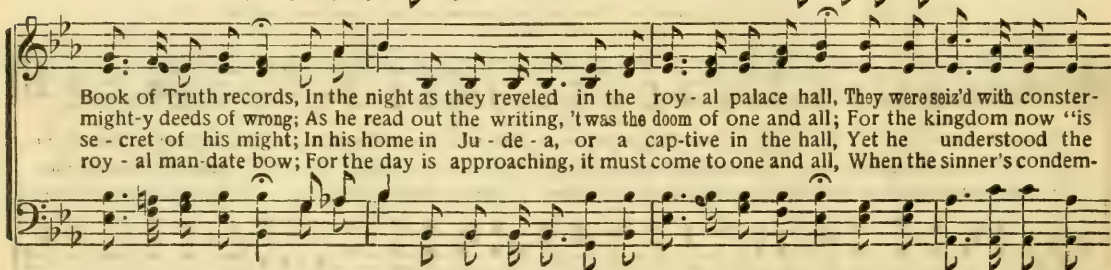
Come to Him now, come. Come to Him now. Jesus can save, O come to him now; Jesus will save, O come to him now.

THE HANDWRITING ON THE WALL.

"And the same hour came forth fingers of a man's hand, and wrote upon the plaster of the wall of the king's palace."—Dan. 5:5.
 Words and music by KNOWLES SHAW, by per. Arr. by F. E. BELDEN.

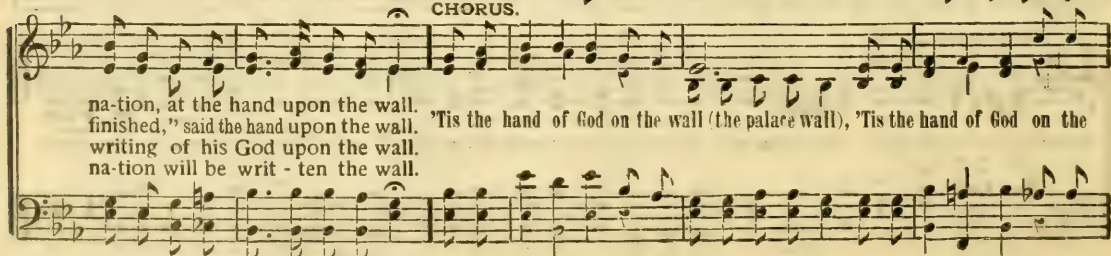


1. At the feast of Bel-shaz-zar and a thou-sand of his lords, While they drank from golden vessels, as the
 2. See the brave captive Daniel as he stood before the throng, And rebuked the haughty monarch for his
 3. See the faith, zeal, and courage that would dare to do the right, Which the Spirit gave to Daniel—this the
 4. All our deeds are re-cord-ed; there's a Hand that's writing now; Sinner, give your heart to Jesus, to his



Book of Truth records, In the night as they reveled in the roy-al palace hall, They were seiz'd with con-ster-
 might-y deeds of wrong; As he read out the writing, 'twas the doom of one and all; For the kingdom now "is
 se-cret of his might; In his home in Ju-de-a, or a cap-tive in the hall, Yet he understood the
 roy-al man-date bow; For the day is approach-ing, it must come to one and all, When the sinner's condem-

CHORUS.



na-tion, at the hand upon the wall.
 finished," said the hand upon the wall. 'Tis the hand of God on the wall (the palace wall), 'Tis the hand of God on the
 writing of his God upon the wall.
 na-tion will be writ-ten the wall.

THE HANDWRITING ON THE WALL.—CONCLUDED.

p *m* *f* *p* *rit.*
 wall writing on the wall.
 the palace wall. Shall the record be "Found wanting," Or shall it be "Found trusting," While the hand is writing on the wall? (the palace wall.)
 on the

49

WEIGHED AND WANTING.

F. E. B.

Slow.

"Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting.— Dan. 5:27.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. When the Judges shall weigh our motives, For e - ter - nal gain or loss, Shall we stand as gold be - fore him?
 2. Shall we hear the glad words spok - en: "Faithful servant," and "Well done," Or the dread and awful sentence,
 3. Shall we heed the Spir - it's plead - ing, While for mer - cy we may call, Or de - lay till God's handwriting

REFRAIN.

Or as vile and worthless dross? { Weigh'd in the balance of the Lord, Weigh'd, weigh'd, and want-ing; }
 "Thou art wanting," sinful one? { Weigh'd by the standard of his word, (Omit.) - - - - } Weigh'd, weigh'd, and wanting.
 Seals the fi-nal doom of all?


THE BEST FRIEND IS JESUS.

"A friend that sticketh closer than a brother."—Prov. 18: 24.

P. P. B.


DUET.

P. P. BILHORN.




1. Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus, When the cares of life up - on you roll, He will
 2. What a friend I have found in Je - sus! Peace and comfort to my soul He brings; Lean - ing
 3. Tho' I pass thro' the night of sor - row, And the chil - ly waves of Jor - dan roll, Nev - er
 4. When at last to our home we gath - er, With the faithful who have gone be - fore, We will

Organ or Piano.



heal the wounded heart, He will strength and grace impart; Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus.
 on His might-y arm, I will fear no ill nor harm; Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus.
 need I shrink nor fear, For my Sav-iour is so near; Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus.
 sing up - on the shore, Praising Him for-ev - er more; Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus.

CHORUS. *Spirited.*


The best friend to have is Je - sus, The best friend to have is Je - sus,
 Je - sus ev - 'ry day, Je - sus all the way,

THE BEST FRIEND IS JESUS.—CONCLUDED.

He will help you when you fall, He will hear you when you call; Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus.

51 I SURRENDER ALL.

J. W. VANDEVENTER.
SOLO.

"Yield yourselves unto God."—Rom. 6: 13.

W. S. WEEDEN.
CHORUS.

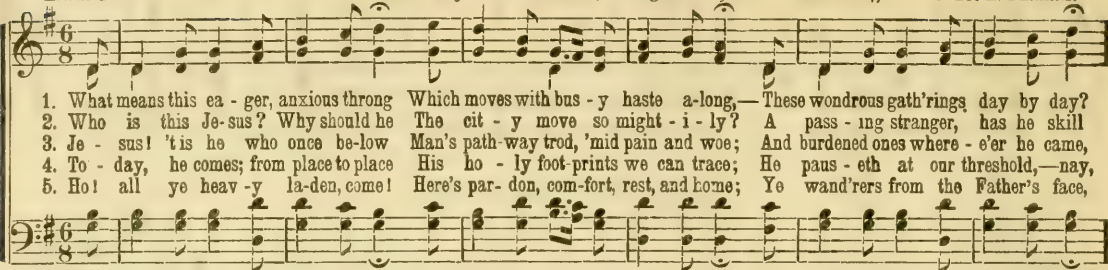
1. { All to Je - sus I sur - ren - der, All to Him I free - ly give; }
 { I will ev - er love and trust Him, In His presence dai - ly live; }
 2. { All to Je - sus I sur - ren - der, Hum - bly at His feet I bow; }
 { World - ly pleasures all for - sak - en, Take me, Je - sus, take me now; }
 3. { All to Je - sus I sur - ren - der, Make me, Sav - iour, whol - ly Thine; } I sur - ren - der
 { Let me feel the Ho - ly Spir - it, Tru - ly know that Thou art mine; }
 4. { All to Je - sus I sur - ren - der, Now I feel the sa - cred flame. }
 { O the joy of full sal - va - tion! Glo - ry, glo - ry to His name! }

all, I sur - ren - der all; All to Thee, my blessed Saviour, I sur - ren - der all.
 I surrender all, I surrender all,

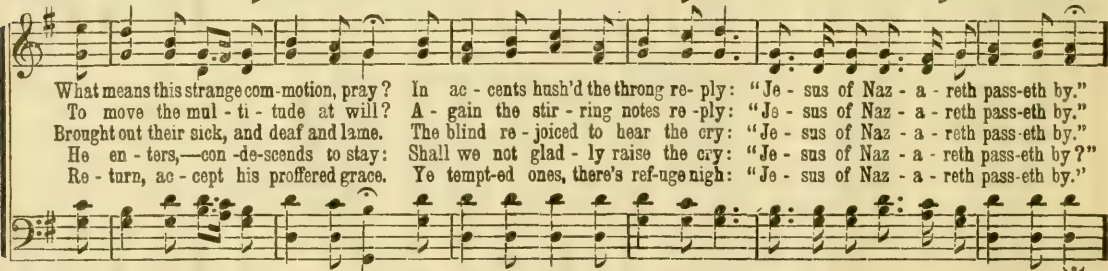
EMMA CAMPBELL.

"When he heard that it was Jesus of Nazareth, he began to cry out."—Mark 10: 47.

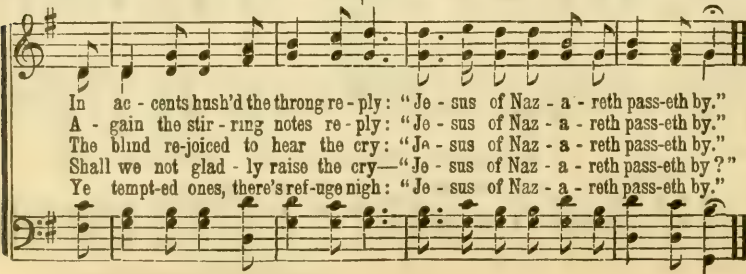
THEO. E. PERKINS.



1. What means this ea - ger, anxious throng Which moves with bus - y haste a-long, — These wondrous gath'ringa day by day?
 2. Who is this Je - sus? Why should he The cit - y move so might - i - ly? A pass - ing stranger, has he skill
 3. Je - sus! 'tis he who once be-low Man's path-way trod, 'mid pain and woe; And burdened ones where - e'er he came,
 4. To - day, he comes; from place to place His ho - ly foot-prints we can trace; He paus - eth at our threshold,—nay,
 5. Ho! all ye heav - y la-den, come! Here's par - don, com-fort, rest, and home; Ye wand'ers from the Father's face,



What means this strange com-mo-tion, pray? In ac - cents hush'd the throng re - ply: "Je - sus of Naz - a - reth pass-eth by."
 To move the mul - ti - tude at will? A - gain the stir - ring notes re - ply: "Je - sus of Naz - a - reth pass-eth by."
 Brought out their sick, and deaf and lame. The blind re - joiced to hear the cry: "Je - sus of Naz - a - reth pass-eth by."
 He en - ters,—con - de-scends to stay: Shall we not glad - ly raise the cry: "Je - sus of Naz - a - reth pass-eth by?"
 Re - turn, ac - cept his proffered grace. Ye tempt-ed ones, there's ref-uge nigh: "Je - sus of Naz - a - reth pass-eth by."



In ac - cents hush'd the throng re - ply: "Je - sus of Naz - a - reth pass-eth by."
 A - gain the stir - ring notes re - ply: "Je - sus of Naz - a - reth pass-eth by."
 The blind re-joiced to hear the cry: "Je - sus of Naz - a - reth pass-eth by."
 Shall we not glad - ly raise the cry: "Je - sus of Naz - a - reth pass-eth by?"
 Ye tempt-ed ones, there's ref-uge nigh: "Je - sus of Naz - a - reth pass-eth by."

6. But if you still this call refuse,

And all his wondrous love abuse,

At last he'll sadly from you turn,

Who now his invitation spurn.

¶: "Too late! too late!" will be the cry—

"Jesus of Nazareth has passed by." :||

YOUR SAVIOUR, TOO.

(TRIO. If sung as duet for Soprano and Tenor, Tenor take small notes.)

S. O'MALLY CLUFF, Chorus added.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. I have a Saviour, he's plead-ing in glo-ry, A dear, lov-ing Saviour, tho' earth-friends be few;
 2. I have a Fa-ther: to me he has giv-en A hope for e-ter-ni-ty, bless-ed and true;
 3. A robe fair and spot-less, re-splen-dent in whiteness, Is wait-ing in glo-ry my won-der-ing view;
 4. To me has been giv-en a peace like a riv-er—A peace that the friends of this world nev-er knew;
 5. When Je-sus has found you, tell oth-ers the sto-ry, That my lov-ing Sav-iour is your Saviour too;

And now he is watch-ing in ten-der-ness o'er me, And O that my Sav-iour were your Saviour too!
 And soon will he call me to meet him in heav-en, But O that I might hear him welcome you too!
 And when I re-ceive it all shin-ing in bright-ness, Dear friend, I would see you re-ceive-ing one too!
 And Christ is the Au-thor, and Christ is the Giv-er, And O that his peace might be giv-en to you!
 Then pray that your Saviour may bring them to glo-ry, And prayer will be answered—'twas answered for you!

CHORUS.

p
 Your Sav-iour, too, Your Sav-iour, too; My Sav-iour bids me tell you, He's your Sav-iour, too

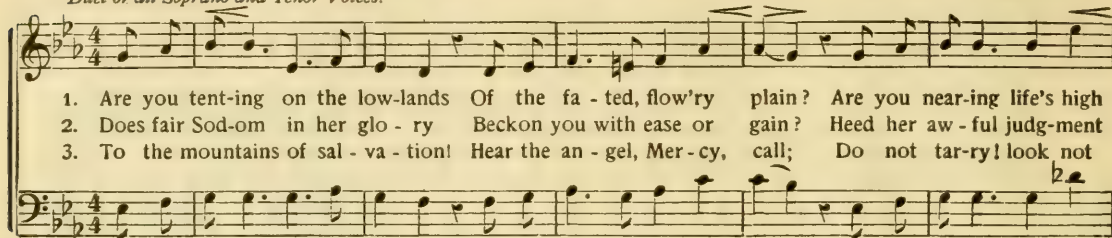
KEEP TENTING TOWARD THE HIGHLANDS.

F. E. B.

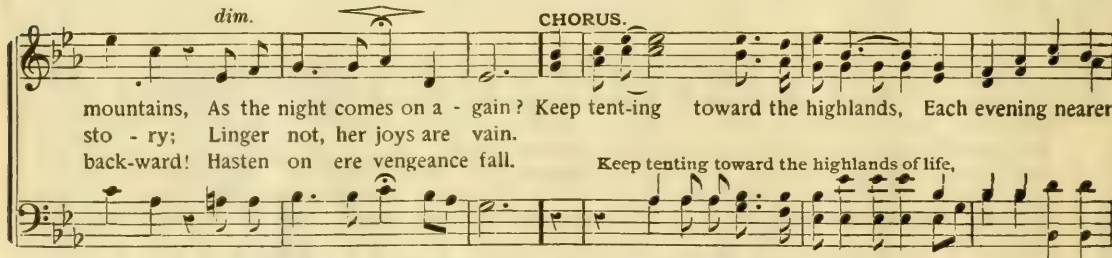
Duet or all Soprano and Tenor Voices.

"Lot pitched his tent toward Sodom."—Gen. 19:17.

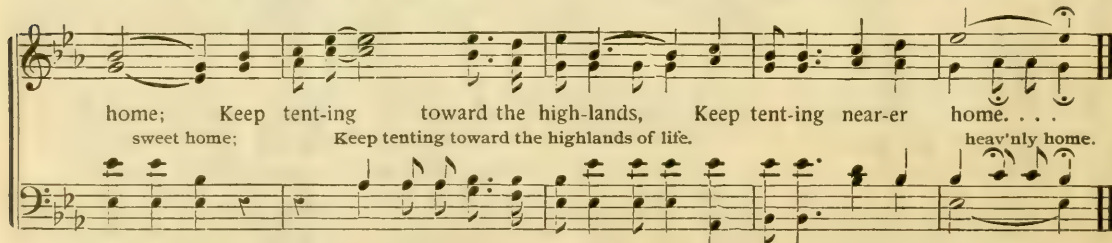
F. E. BELDEN.



1. Are you tent-ing on the low-lands Of the fa - ted, flow'ry plain? Are you near-ing life's high
 2. Does fair Sod-om in her glo - ry Beckon you with ease or gain? Heed her aw - ful judg-ment
 3. To the mountains of sal - va - tion! Hear the an - gel, Mer - cy, call; Do not tar-ry! look not



dim. CHORUS.
 mountains, As the night comes on a - gain? Keep tent-ing toward the highlands, Each evening nearer
 sto - ry; Linger not, her joys are vain.
 back-ward! Hasten on ere vengeance fall. Keep tenting toward the highlands of life,

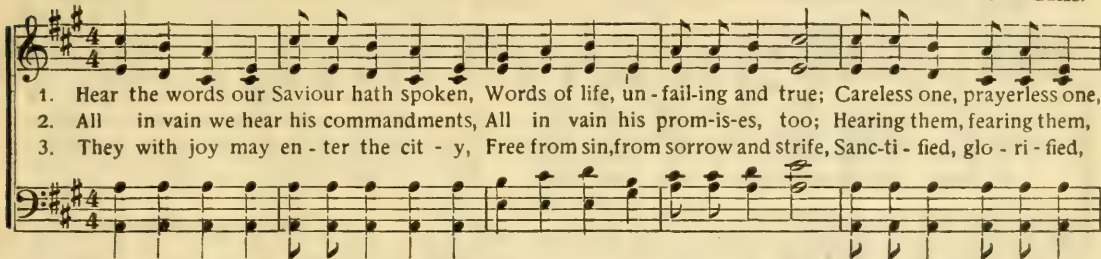


home; Keep tent-ing toward the high-lands, Keep tent-ing near-er home. . . .
 sweet home; Keep tenting toward the highlands of life. heav'nly home.

"For not the hearers of the law are just before God, but the doers of the law shall be justified."—Rom. 2:13.

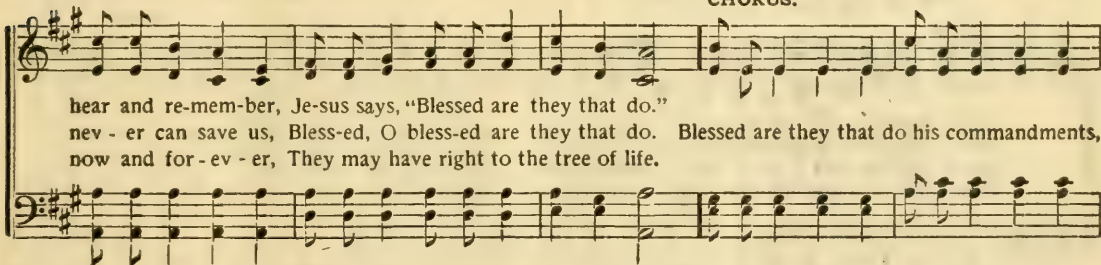
P. P. B.

P. P. BLISS.

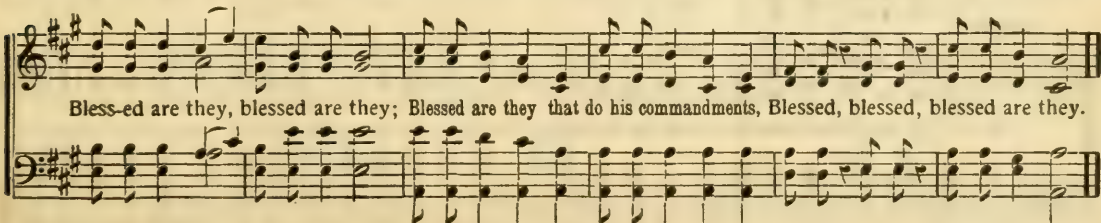


1. Hear the words our Saviour hath spoken, Words of life, un-fail-ing and true; Careless one, prayerless one,
 2. All in vain we hear his commandments, All in vain his prom-is-es, too; Hearing them, fearing them,
 3. They with joy may en-ter the cit-y, Free from sin, from sorrow and strife, Sanc-ti-fied, glo-ri-fied,

CHORUS.



hear and re-mem-ber, Je-sus says, "Blessed are they that do."
 nev-er can save us, Bless-ed, O bless-ed are they that do. Blessed are they that do his commandments,
 now and for-ev-er, They may have right to the tree of life.



Bless-ed are they, blessed are they; Blessed are they that do his commandments, Blessed, blessed, blessed are they.

WHAT SHALL THE HARVEST BE?

(SOLO, DUET, OR QUARTET, WITH FULL CHORUS.)

"He that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit shall reap life everlasting."—Gal. 6:8.

EMILY S. OAKLEY.

F. E. BELDEN.

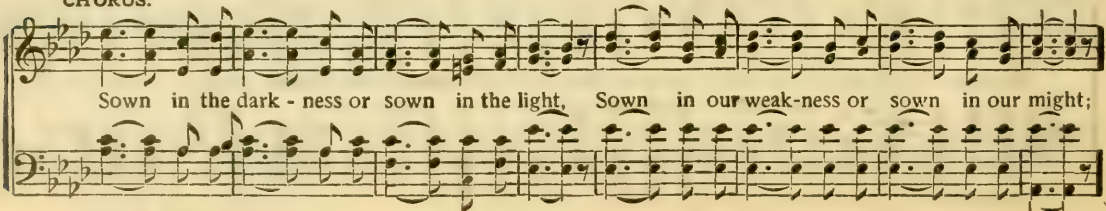


1. Sow - ing the seed by the day - light fair, Sow - ing the seed by the noon-day glare,
 2. Sow - ing the seed by the way - side high, Sow - ing the seed on the rocks to die,
 3. Sow - ing the seed of a lin - g'ring pain, Sow - ing the seed of a mad - dened brain,
 4. Sow - ing the seed with an ach - ing heart, Sow - ing the seed while the tear - drops start,



rit.
 Sow - ing the seed by the fad - ing light, Sow - ing the seed in the sol - emn night.
 Sow - ing the seed where the thorns will spoil, Sow - ing the seed in the fer - tile soil.
 Sow - ing the seed of a tar - nished name, Sow - ing the seed of e - ter - nal shame.
 Sow - ing in hope till the reap - ers come Glad - ly to gath - er the har - vest home.

CHORUS.



Sown in the dark - ness or sown in the light, Sown in our weak - ness or sown in our might;

WHAT SHALL THE HARVEST BE?—CONCLUDED.

rit.

Gath - ered in time or e - ter - ni - ty, Sure, ah! sure will the har - vest be.

57

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

NO, NOT ONE.

Geo. C. Hugg.

Slow.

1. There's not a friend like the lowly Je - sus, No, not one! no, not one! None else could heal all our
 2. No friend like Him is so high and ho - ly, No, not one! no, not one! And yet no friend is so
 3. There's not an hour that He is not near us, No, not one! no, not one! No night so dark but His
 4. Did ev - ersaint find this friend forsake Him? No, not one! no, not one! Or sin - ner find that He
 5. Was e'er a gift like the Saviour given? No, not one! no, not one! Will He re - fuse us a

FINE. CHORUS.

D.S.—There's not a friend like the *D.S.*

soul's dis - eases, No, not one! no, not one!
 meek and lowly, No, not one! no, not one!
 love can cheer us, No, not one! no, not one!
 would not take him? No, not one! no, not one!
 home in heaven? No, not one! no, not one!

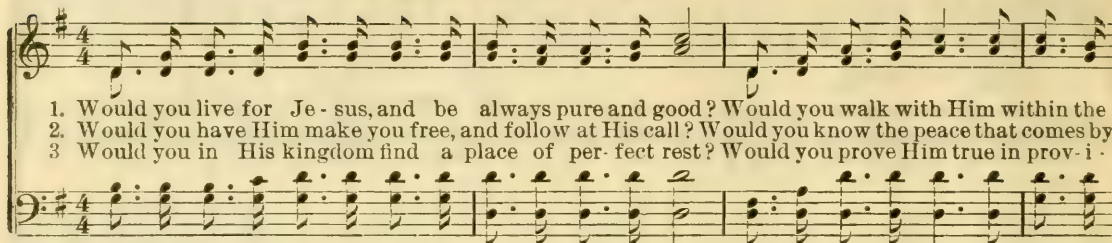
} Jesus knows all about our struggles. He will guide till the day is done,

low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! no, not one!

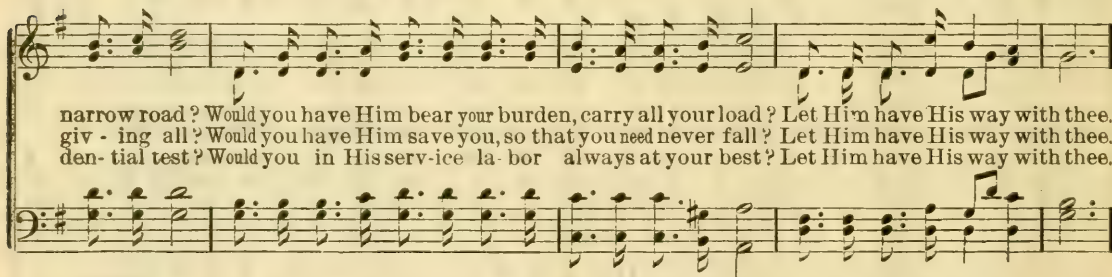
C. S. N.

"Commit thy way unto the Lord."—Psalm 37 : 5.

REV. CYRUS S. NUSBAUM.

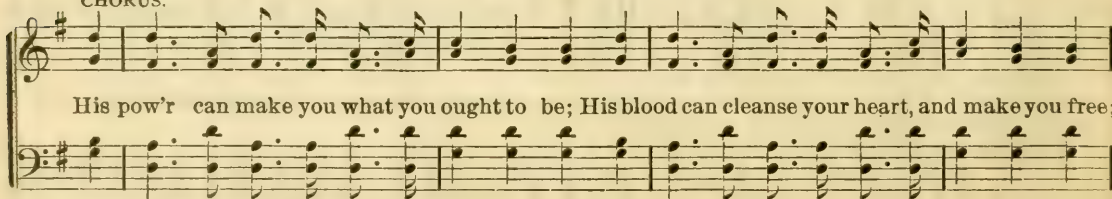


1. Would you live for Je - sus, and be always pure and good? Would you walk with Him within the
 2. Would you have Him make you free, and follow at His call? Would you know the peace that comes by
 3. Would you in His kingdom find a place of per - fect rest? Would you prove Him true in prov - i -



narrow road? Would you have Him bear your burden, carry all your load? Let Him have His way with thee,
 giv - ing all? Would you have Him save you, so that you need never fall? Let Him have His way with thee,
 den - tial test? Would you in His serv - ice la - bor always at your best? Let Him have His way with thee.

CHORUS.



His pow'r can make you what you ought to be; His blood can cleanse your heart, and make you free;

HIS WAY WITH THEE.—CONCLUDED.

His love can fill your soul, and you will see 'Twas best for Him to have His way with thee.

rit.

59

WHO IS ON THE LORD'S SIDE?

F. E. B.

"Then Moses stood in the gate of the camp, and said, Who is on the Lord's side?"—Ex. 32 : 26.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. Who is on the Lord's side? Al - ways true; There's a right and wrong side, Where stand you?
 2. Thousands on the wrong side Choose to stand; Still 'tis not the strong side, True and grand.
 3. Come and join the Lord's side; Ask you why? 'Tis the on - ly safe side By and by.

CHORUS.

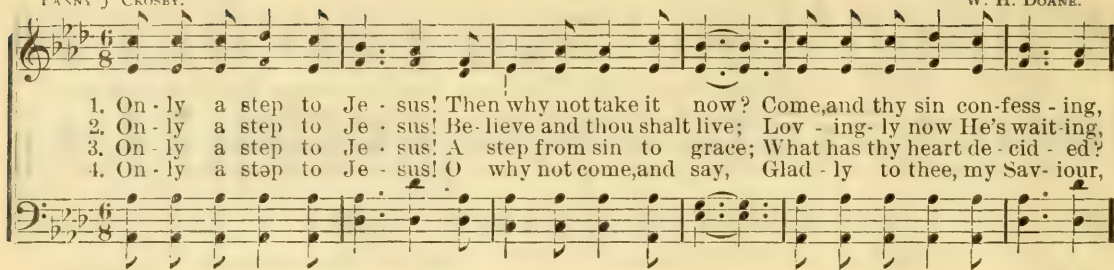
{ Choose now, Choose now, On the right or wrong side? False or true?
 { Who is on the Lord's side? Who is on the Lord's side? (Omit.....) Where stand you?

ONLY A STEP.

"Thou art not far from the kingdom of God."—Mark 12: 34.

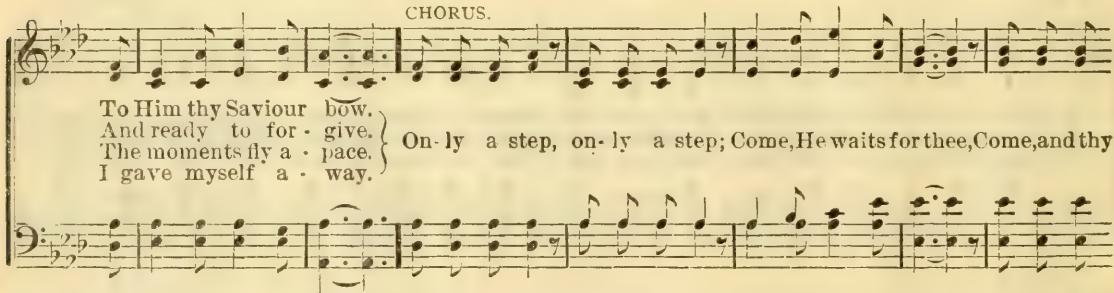
FANNY J. CROSEY.

W. H. DOANE.

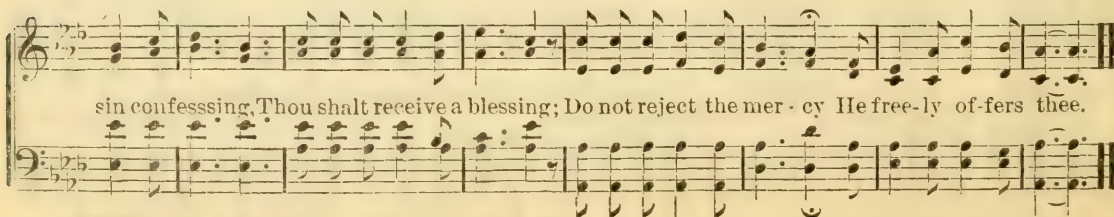


1. On - ly a step to Je - sus! Then why not take it now? Come, and thy sin con-fess - ing,
 2. On - ly a step to Je - sus! Be - lieve and thou shalt live; Lov - ing - ly now He's wait - ing,
 3. On - ly a step to Je - sus! A step from sin to grace; What has thy heart de - cid - ed?
 4. On - ly a step to Je - sus! O why not come, and say, Glad - ly to thee, my Sav - iour,

CHORUS.



To Him thy Saviour bow,
 And ready to for - give.
 The moments fly a - pace. } On - ly a step, on - ly a step; Come, He waits for thee, Come, and thy
 I gave myself a - way.



sin confessing, Thou shalt receive a blessing; Do not reject the mer - cy He free - ly of - fers thee.

ELIZABETH C. CLEPHANE,

(May be sung as a Solo.)

IRA D. SANKEY.

1. There were ninety and nine that safe - ly lay In the shelt - er of the fold, But one was out on the
 2. "Lord, thou hast here Thy ninety and nine; Are they not enough for Thee?" But the Shepherd made an - swer:
 3. But none of the ransom'd ev - er knew How deep were the waters cross'd; Nor how dark was the night that the
 4. "Lord, whence are these blood-drops all the way That mark out the mountain's track? "They were shed for one who had

hills a-way, Far off from the gates of gold;— A - way on the mountains wild and bare, Away from the
 "One of mine Has wan - der'd a-way from me, And although the road be rough and steep, I go to the
 Lord pass'd thro' Ere He found His sheep that was lost, Out in the desert He heard its cry.— Sick and
 gone a-stray, Ere the Shepherd could bring him back." "Lord, why are thy hands so rent and torn?" They are pierc'd to

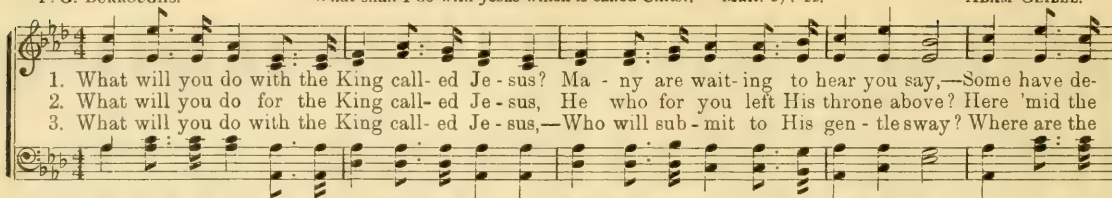
ten - der Shepherd's care, A - way from the ten - der Shepherd's care.
 des - ert to find my sheep, I go to the desert to find my sheep."
 helpless, and read - y to die, Sick and helpless, and read - y to die.
 night by many a thorn," "They are pierc'd to-night by many a thorn."

- 5 But all through the mountains, thunder-riven,
 And up from the rocky steep,
 There rose a cry to the gate of heaven,
 "Rejoice, I have found my sheep!"
 And the angels sang around the throne,
 "Rejoice for the Lord brings back His own!"

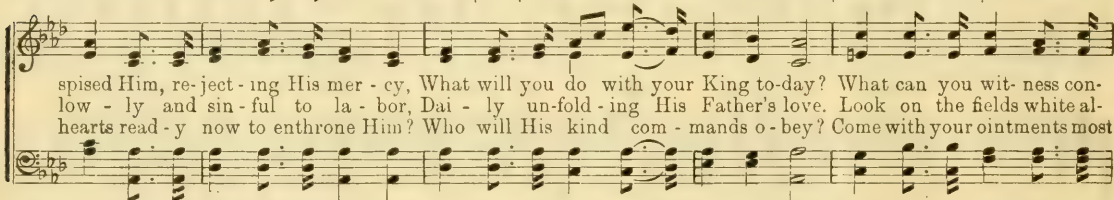
F. G. BURROUGHS.

"What shall I do with Jesus which is called Christ."—Matt. 27: 22.

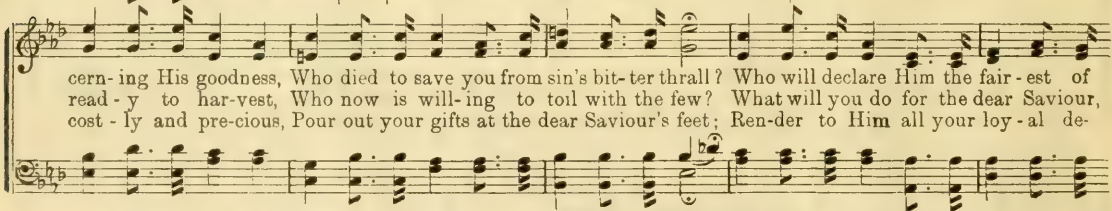
ADAM GEIBEL.



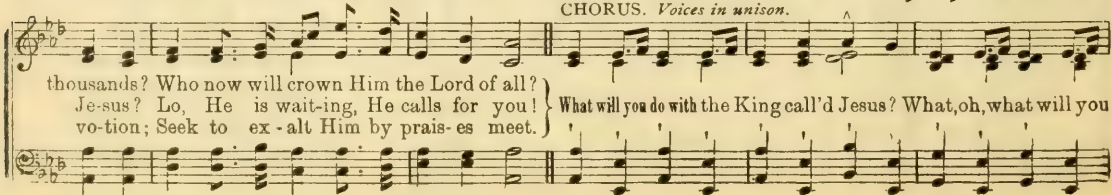
1. What will you do with the King call-ed Je-sus? Ma - ny are wait-ing to hear you say,—Some have de-
 2. What will you do for the King call-ed Je-sus, He who for you left His throne above? Here 'mid the
 3. What will you do with the King call-ed Je-sus,—Who will sub-mit to His gen-tlesway? Where are the



spised Him, re-ject-ing His mer-cy, What will you do with your King to-day? What can you wit-ness con-
 low-ly and sin-ful to la-bor, Dai-ly un-fold-ing His Father's love. Look on the fields white al-
 hearts read-y now to enthrone Him? Who will His kind com-mands o-bey? Come with your ointments most



cern-ing His goodness, Who died to save you from sin's bit-ter thrall? Who will declare Him the fair-est of
 read-y to har-vest, Who now is will-ing to toil with the few? What will you do for the dear Saviour,
 cost-ly and pre-cious, Pour out your gifts at the dear Saviour's feet; Ren-der to Him all your loy-al de-

CHORUS. *Voices in unison.*


thousands? Who now will crown Him the Lord of all?
 Je-sus? Lo, He is wait-ing, He calls for you! What will you do with the King call'd Jesus? What, oh, what will you
 vo-tion; Seek to ex-alt Him by prais-es meet.

WHAT WILL YOU DO?—CONCLUDED.

Voices in parts.

do with Je-sus? He waits to bless all who hum-bly con-fess Faith in His blood and righteous-ness.

63

HE DID NOT DIE IN VAIN.

"Thou hast redeemed us to God by thy blood, out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation."—Rev. 15: 9.
 Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK. GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.
(Duet for Mezzo Sop. and Tenor, or Unison Chorus throughout.)

1. My bless-ed Lord was cru-ci-fied; The day was dark and grief was wide; For hope was crushed, and all seemed vain, Un-til the Sav-our rose a-gain.
 2. He brings His great sal-vation nigh, And on His love bids us re-ly; He bought our peace thro' grief and pain; But oh! He did not die in vain.
 3. O, wondrous news of life and love! That Je-sus lives and reigns a-bore; He made the path of glo-ry plain; Ah, no! He did not die in vain!

REFRAIN.

cres.

Ring out the blessed news again! Oh! bear aloft the strain; The mighty Lord is risen in pow'r; He died, but not in vain

WHITER THAN SNOW.

JAS. NICHOLSON.

"Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow."—Ps. 51: 7.

WM. G. FISCHER.

1. Lord Je - sus, I long to be per - fect-ly whole; I want thee for - ev - er, to live in my soul;
 2. Lord Je - sus, look down from thy throne in the skies, And help me to make a complete sac - ri - fice;
 3. Lord Je - sus, for this I most humbly en - treat; I wait, blessed Lord, at thy cru - ci - fied feet,
 4. Lord Je - sus, thou seest I pa - tiently wait; Come now, and with - in me a new heart cre - ate;

Break down ev - 'ry i - dol, cast out ev - 'ry foe;
 I give up my - self, and what - ev - er I know;
 By faith, for my cleansing, I see thy blood flow;
 To those who have sought thee, thou nev - er said'st No;

Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

CHORUS.

Whit - er than snow, yes, whit - er than snow; Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.

LIFE IN A LOOK.

F. E. B.

"Look unto me, and be ye saved."—Isa. 45:22.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. There's life in a look at the sacred cross, Je - sus has said, "Look unto me;" Earth with its rich-es is
 2. When first to the Saviour I raised my eyes, Sweet was the smile that fell on me; Oft as the clouds of temp-
 3. I'll look to the cross ev'ry day and hour, Trusting the promise God has given; None ev - er fall neath the

CHORUS.

on - ly dross, Bright treasures beyond in the cross I see. In a look there's life for thee, In a
 ta - tion rise, A look at the cross still my strength shall be.
 tempter's pow'r, Who trust and obey in the strength of Heav'n. In a look there's life for thee,

look at Cal - va - ry; Blessed thought, salvation free, By a look at Cal - va - ry.
 In a look at Cal - va - ry; Blessed thought, sal - va - tion free, By a look at Cal - va - ry.

YIELD NOT TO TEMPTATION.

H. R. P. "God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able."—1 Cor. 10:13. H. R. PALMER.

1. Yield not to temp-tation, For yielding is sin, Each vic-t'ry will help you Some other to win;
 2. Shun e-vil companions, Bad language disdain, God's name hold in rev'rence, Nor take it in vain;
 3. To him that o'ercometh, God giv-eth a crown, Through faith we shall conquer, Tho' often cast down;

Fight man-ful-ly onward, Dark pas-sions sub-due,
 Be thoughtful and earn-est, Kind-heart-ed and true, Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll carry you through.
 He who is our Saviour, Our strength will re-new,

CHORUS.

Ask the Sav-iour to help you, Comfort, strengthen, and keep you; He is will-ing to aid you, He will carry you through.

Rev. G. LANSING TAYLOR.

"Fear not, I am with thee."—Isa. 41 : 10.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. Dare to do right, dare to be true! You have a work that no oth - er can do;
 2. Dare to do right, dare to be true! Oth - er men's fail-ures can nev - er save you;
 3. Dare to do right, dare to be true! God who cre - a - ted you cares for you too;
 4. Dare to do right, dare to be true! Keep the great Judg - ment day al - ways in view;
 5. Dare to do right, dare to be true! Je - sus, your Sav - iour, will car - ry you through;

Do it so brave - ly, so kind - ly, so well, An - gels will hast - en the sto - ry to tell;
 Stand by your conscience, your hon - or, your faith; Stand like a he - ro and bat - tle till death;
 Treas - ures the tears that his striv - ing ones shed, Counts and pro - tects ev - 'ry hair of your head;
 Look at your work as you'll look at it then—Scann'd by Je - ho - vah, and an - gels, and men;
 Cit - y, and man - sion, and throne, all in sight, Can you not dare to be true and do right?

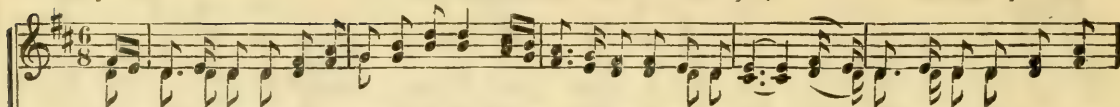
CHORUS.
 An - gels will hast - en the sto - ry to tell. Dare to do right, Dare to be true, Dare! dare! dare to be true!
Repeat last line of each stanza.

LET THE LITTLE ONES COME.

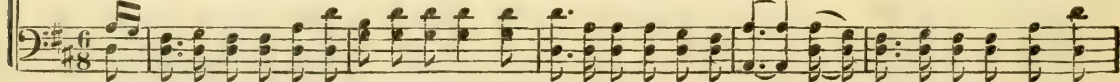
MRS. J. LUKE.

"Forbid them not to come unto me."—Matt. 19: 14.

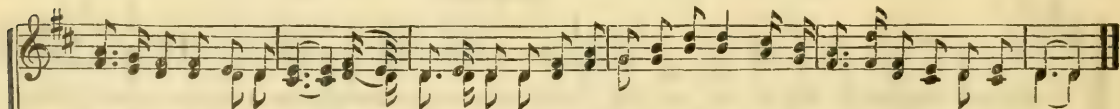
ARRANGED by F. E. B.



1. I think when I read that sweet sto-ry of old, When Je-sus was here a-mong men, How he call'd lit-tle chil-dren as
 2. Yet still to the Saviour in pray'r I may go, And ask for a share in his love, And if I thus ear-nest-ly



lambs to his fold, I should like to have been with them then. I wish that his hands had been placed on my head, That his
 seek him be-low, I shall see him and hear him a-bove. In that beau-ti-ful place he has gone to pre-pare For



arm had been thrown around me, And that I might have seen his kind look when he said, "Let the lit-tle ones come un-to me."
 all who are wash'd and forgiv'n, Oh, may we at last find a glad welcome there, Safe at home in the king-dom of heav'n.



FANNY J. CROSBY.

"Thou settest a crown of pure gold on his head,"—Ps. 21: 3.

ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Why la-bor for treas-ures that rust and de - cay, That sparkle a mo-ment, then van-ish a - way ?
 2. Each promise contain'd in the Book he has giv'n, Di-rect-ing the soul in its path-way to heav'n,
 3. The gift of the Spir-it, which all may re-ceive—The rapture of par-don to all who be-lieve—

Go rath-er to Je - sus, with earnest de - sire, And buy of him "gold that is tried in the fire;"
 Is price-less, e - ter - nal, un-bound-ed, and free, More precious than diamonds, or gems of the sea;
 An an-swer to pray'r when the heart is oppress'd—The hope of a crown, and a man-sion of rest—

Sal-va-tion's a treas-ure of val - ue un - told; Be wise to ob-tain it, for this is PURE GOLD.
 God's word is a treas-ure of val - ue un - told; O fail not to gain it, for this is PURE GOLD.
 All these are bright treasures of val - ue un - told; Make haste to se-cure them for they are PURE GOLD.

Words arranged. (DOANE. 6s & 4s.) F. E. BELDEN.

1. Lead them, my God, to Thee, Lead them to Thee,
 2. When earth looks bright and fair, Festive and gay,
 3. E'en for such little ones, Christ came a child,
 4. Yea, tho' my faith be dim, I would believe

These children dear of mine, Thou gavest me;
 Let no delusive snare, Lure them astray;
 And in this world of sin Lived unfilled,
 That Thou this precious gift Wilt now receive;

O, by Thy love divine, Lead them, my God, to Thee;
 But from temptation's power, Lead them, my God, to Thee;
 O, for His sake, I pray, Lead them, my God, to Thee;
 O, take their young hearts now, Lead them, my God, to Thee;

Lead them, my God, to Thee, Lead them to Thee.

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MRS. L. M. B. BATEMAN.

FRED A. FILLMORE.

1. I will early seek the Saviour, I will learn of
 2. I will hasten where He bids me, I am not too
 3. He is standing at the doorway Of escape from

Him each day; I will follow in His foot-steps,
 young to go In the path-way where He lead-eth,
 ev'ry sin; I will knock, for He has prom-ised,

D. S.—Je-sus loves me, died to save me,

END. CHORUS.

I will walk the narrow way.
 Not too young His will to know. For He loves me,
 He will hear and let me in.

This is why I love Him so.

D. S.
 yes, He loves me, Je-sus loves me, this I know;

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ANNIE S. HAWKS.

ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Who'll be the next to fol - low Je - sus? Who'll be the
 2. Who'll be the next to fol - low Je - sus - Fol - low His
 3. Who'll be the next to fol - low Je - sus? Who'll be the

next His cross to bear? Some one is read-y, some one is
 wea - ry bleeding feet? Who'll be the next to lay ev-'ry
 next to praise His name? Who'll swell the chorus of free re -

REFRAIN.

waiting; Who'll be the next a crown to wear?
 burden Down at the Father's mercy-seat? Who'll be the next?
 redemption—Sing, hallelujah! praise the Lamb?

Who'll be the next? Who'll be the next to fol - low Je - sus?

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Who'll be the next to follow Je - sus now? Follow Je - sus now?

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Now just a word for Je - sus; Your dearest Friend so true,
 2. Now just a word for Je - sus; You feel your sins for-giv'n,
 3. Now just a word for Je - sus; A cross it can - not be
 4. Now just a word for Je - sus; Let not the time be lost;
 5. Now just a word for Je - sus; And if your faith be dim,

FINE.

Come, cheer our hearts and tell us What He has done for you.
 And by His grace are striving To reach a home in heav'n.
 To say, "I love my Sav-iour Who gave His life for me."
 The heart's neg-lect-ed du - ty Brings sorrow to its cost.
 A - rise in all your weakness, And leave the rest to Him.

D. S.—One lit-tle word for Je - sus, O speak, or sing, or pray,

REFRAIN.

Now just a word for Je - sus—'Twill help us on our way;

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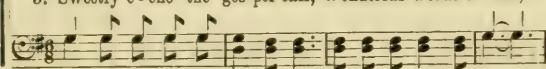
74 WONDERFUL WORDS OF LIFE.

P. P. B.

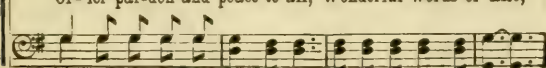
P. P. BLISS.



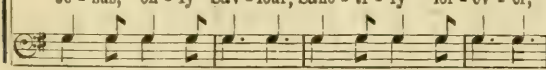
1. Sing them o-ver a - gain to me, Wonderful words of Life;
2. Christ, the blessed One, gives to all, Wonderful words of Life;
3. Sweetly e - cho the gos-pel call, Wonderful words of Life;



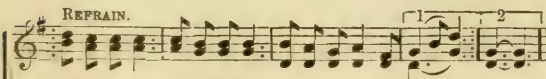
Let me more of their beau-ty see, Wonderful words of Life;
Sin-ner, list to the lov-ing call, Wonderful words of Life;
Of - fer par-don and peace to all, Wonderful words of Life;



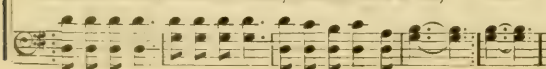
Words of life and beau-ty, Teach me faith and du - ty,
All so free - ly giv - en, Woo - ing us to heav - en,
Je - sus, on - ly Sav - iour, Sanc - ti - fy for - ev - er,



REFRAIN.

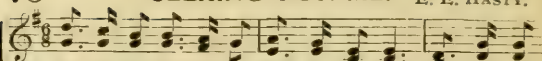


Beautif-ful words, wonder-ful words, Wonderful words of Life; Life.



75 SEEKING FOR ME.

E. E. HASTY.



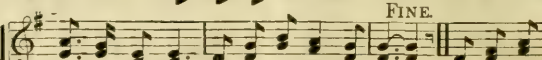
1. Je - sus, my Sav-iour, to Beth - le - hem came, Born in a
2. Je - sus, my Sav-iour, on Cal - va-ry's tree, Paid the great
3. Je - sus, my Sav-iour, the same as of old, While I was
4. Je - sus, my Sav-iour, shall come from on high, Sweet is the



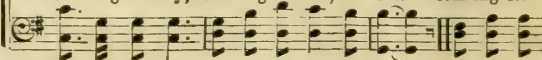
man - ger to sor - row and shame; O, it was won - der - ful,
debt, and my soul He set free; O, it was won - der - ful,
wand'ring a - far from the fold, Gen - tly and long did He
prom - ise as wea - ry years fly; O, I shall see Him de -



FINE.



blest be His name! Seeking for me, for me. Seek - ing for
how could it be? Dy - ing for me, for me. Dy - ing for
plead with my soul, Calling for me, for me. Call - ing for
scending the sky, Com - ing for me, for me. Com - ing for



D. S.



for me, for me;
me, seek - ing for me, Seek - ing for me, seek - ing for me;
me, dy - ing for me, Dy - ing for me, dy - ing for me;
me, call - ing for me, Call - ing for me, call - ing for me;
me, com - ing for me, Com - ing for me, com - ing for me;

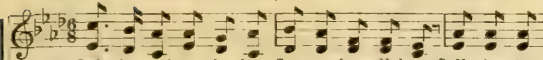


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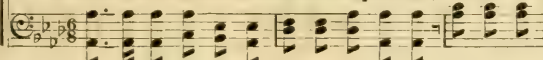
W. L. T

Slow and tenderly.

W. L. THOMPSON.



1. Soft-ly and ten-der-ly Je-sus is call-ing, Call-ing for
2. Why should we tar-ry when Je-sus is plead-ing, Plead-ing for
3. Time is now fleet-ing, the moments are pass-ing, Pass-ing from
4. Think of the wonder-ful love He has prom-ised, Prom-ised for



you and for me; At the heart's portal He's waiting and
 you and for me; Why should we lin-ger and heed not His
 you and from me; Shadows are gath'-ring and death's night is
 you and for me; Tho' we have sinned He has mer-cy and



CHORUS.



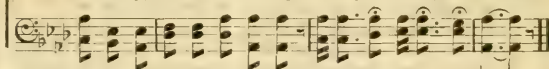
watch-ing, Watch-ing for you and for me.
 mer-cies, Mer-cies for you and for me? Come home, come
 com-ing, Com-ing for you and for me.
 par-don, Par-don for you and for me. Come home.



home... Ye who are weary, come home; Ear-nest-ly
 come home,



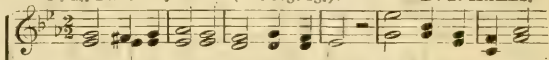
ten-der-ly, Je-sus is calling, Calling, O sinner, come home!



F. E. BELDEN.

(Ps. 103: 13.)

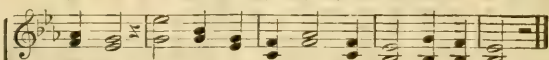
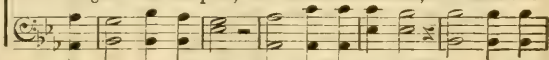
D. S. HAKES.



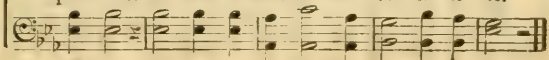
1. Like as a fa-ther pit-ies his child, So the Lord pit-ies
2. Like as a fa-ther when we be-lieve, Mer-ci-ful Sav-our,
3. Like as a fa-ther, ev-er the same, He hath cre-a-ted,
4. Like as a fa-ther, constant is He, God in com-pan-ship



the sin-ner de-filed; Wait-eth in kind-ness, Pit-ies our
 He waits to re-ceive; List-ens to hear us, Bless-es to
 and know-eth our frame; Watch-eth the stray-ing, Guard-eth the
 re-gard-eth our plea; In need He com-eth, Pre-cious His



blind-ness, Long-eth to wel-come, tho' oft-en re-veiled.
 cheer us, Pit-ies when-ev-er His Spir-it we grieve.
 pray-ing, Bids us to trust in His Al-might-y name.
 prom-ise: Fa-ther in heav-en for ev-er to be.



PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. We have heard a joy-ful sound, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves;
 2. Waft it on the roll-ing tide, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves;
 3. Sing a - bove the bat-tle's strife, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves;
 4. Give the winds a mighty voice, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves;

Spread the glad-ness all a-round, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves;
 Tell to sin-ners, far and wide, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves;
 By His death and end-less life, Je-sus saves Je-sus saves;
 Let the na-tions now re-joice, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves;

Bear the news to ev-ry land, Climb the steep-s and cross the waves,
 Sing, ye is-lands of the sea. Ech-o back, ye o - cean caves,
 Sing it soft ly thro' the gloom, when the heart for mer-cy craves,
 Shout sal-vation full and free, Highest hills and deep-est caves,

Onward, 'tis our Lord's command, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves.
 Earth shall keep her ju - bi - lee, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves.
 Sing in tri-umph o'er the tomb, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves.
 This our song of vic - to - ry, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves.

F. J. CROSBY.

DUET. *Gently*

W. H. DOANE.

1. "Tho' your sins be as scar-let, They shall be as white as snow;
 2. Hear the voice that entreats you, O re-turn ye un-to God!
 3. He'll forgive your transgressions, And remember them no more;

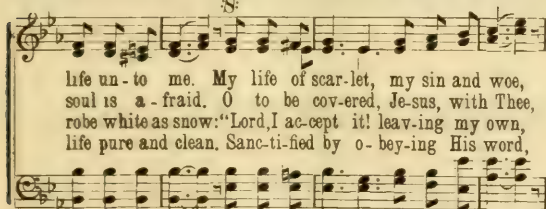
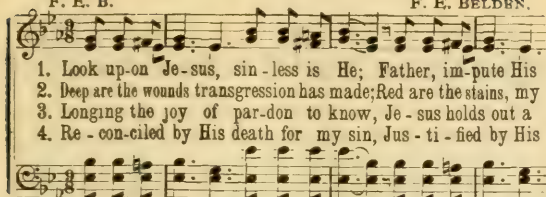
as snow; Tho' they be red, like crimson, They shall
 to God! He is of great com-pas-sion, And of
 no more; "Look un-to Me, ye peo-ple," Saith the
 Tho' they be red,

be as wool;" "Tho' your sins be as scar-let, Tho' your sins be as
 wondrous love; Hear the voice that entreats you, Hear the voice that en-
 Lord your God; He'll forgive your transgressions, He'll forgive your trans-

scar-let, They shall be as white as snow, They shall be as white as snow.
 treats you, O re-turn ye un-to God! O re-turn ye un-to God!
 gressions, And re-mem-ber them no more, And re-mem-ber them no more.

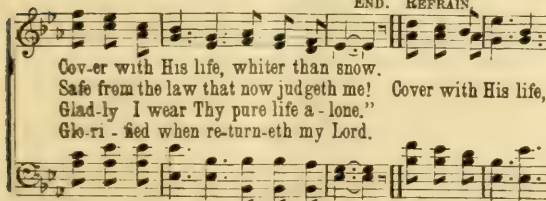
F. E. B.

F. E. BELDEN.

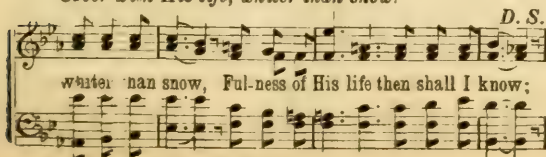


D. S.—My life of scarlet, my sin and woe,

END. REFRAIN



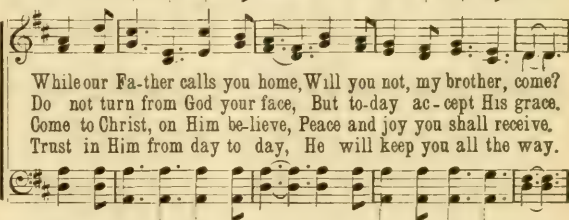
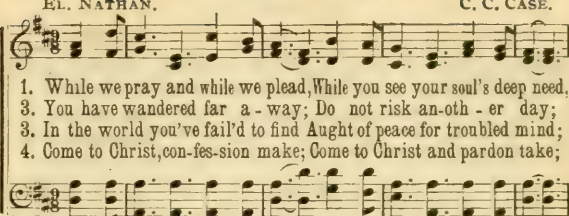
Cov-er with His life, whiter than snow.



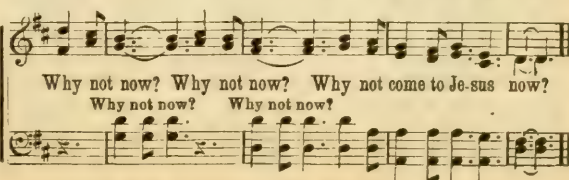
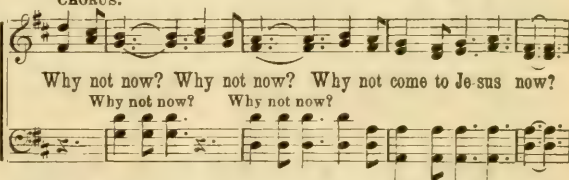
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EL. NATHAN.

C. C. CASE.



CHORUS.



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(For male voices.)

ANON.

Arr. by J. S. WASHBURN and F. E. B.

1. Be - hold, be hold the Lamb of God, On the cross, on the cross;
 2. Be - hold His arms ex - tend ed wide, On the cross, on the cross;
 3. And now the mighty deed is done, On the cross, on the cross;
 4. Where'er I go, I'll tell the sto - ry Of the cross, of the cross;

For you He shed His pre - cious blood, On the cross, on the cross;
 Be - hold His bleeding hands and side, On the cross, on the cross;
 The bat - tle fought, the vict'ry won, On the cross, on the cross;
 In noth - ing else my soul shall glo - ry, Save the cross, save the cross;

- D.S.* - Draw near, and see your Saviour die, On the cross, on the cross.
 2. While Je - sus doth for sin - ners fight, On the cross, on the cross.
 3. Then bows His sacred head, and dies, On the cross, on the cross.
 4. That Je - sus shed His blood for me, On the cross, on the cross.

ff *dim.* *ff* *dim.* *D. S.*
 O hear His ag - o - niz - ing cry, "E - loi, la - ma, sa - bach - tha ni,"
 The sun withholds his rays of light, The heav'ns are clothed in shades of night,
 "Tis finished," now the Saviour cries; To heav'n He turns His languid eyes;
 And this my constant theme shall be, Thro' time and in e - ter - ni - ty,

RICHARD JUKES.

D. F. AUBER.

1. By faith I view my Saviour dying On the tree, on the tree;
 2. Je - sus, the Lord of life, hath spoken Peace to me, peace to me;
 3. This precious truth, ye sinners hear it, Mercy's free, mercy's free;
 4. Long as I live I'll still be crying, Mercy's free, mercy's free;

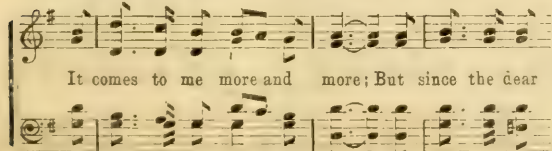
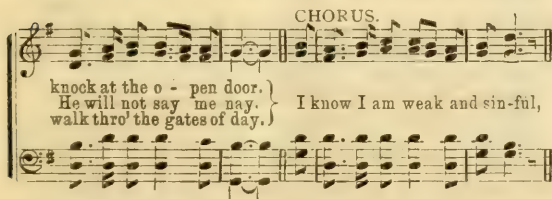
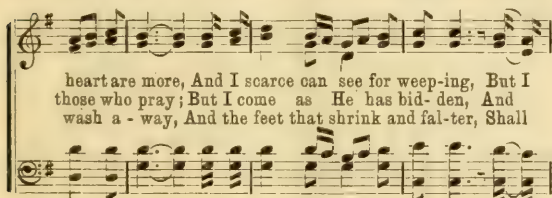
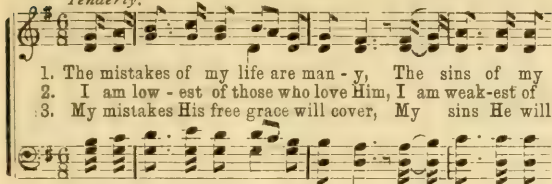
To ev'ry sinner He is cry - ing, Look to me, look to me.
 Now all my chains of sin are broken, I am free, I am free.
 Ye min - is - ters of God, declare it, Mer - cy's free, mercy's free.
 And this shall be my theme when dying, Mer - cy's free, mercy's free.

- D.S.* Hark, hark! what precious words I hear: Mer - cy's free, mercy's free.
 2. And was from sin and death retrieved: Mer - cy's free, mercy's free.
 3. And spread the glorious news a - broad, Mer - cy's free, mercy's free.
 4. I'll sing while endless a g - s last, Mer - cy's free, mercy's free.

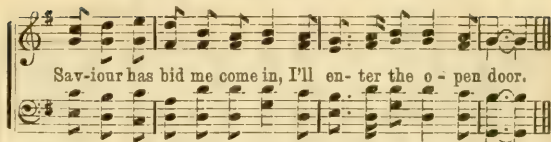
D. S.
 He bids the guilty now draw near. Repent, believe, dismiss their fear;
 Soon as I on His name believed, His pard'ning grace my soul received,
 Vis - it the heathen's dark a - bode, Proclaim to all the love of God,
 And when the vale of death I've passed, When lodged above the stormy blast,

Mrs. U. L. BAILEY.
Tenderly.

Rev. ROBERT LOWRY.

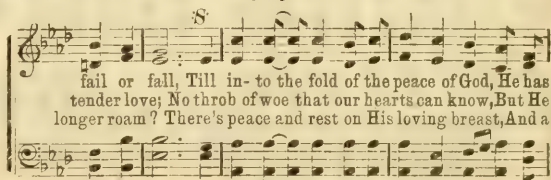
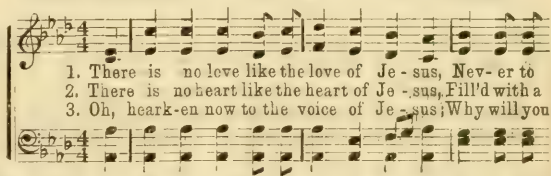


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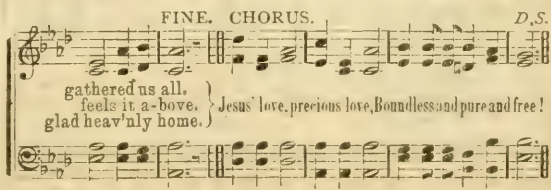


W. E. LITTLEWOOD.

T. E. PERKINS.



D. S.—Oh, turn to that love, weary, wand'ring soul, Jesus



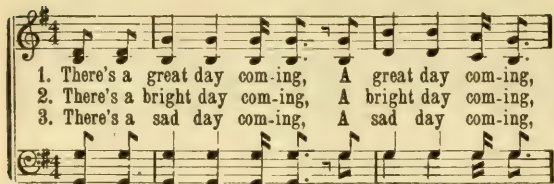
pleadeth for thee.

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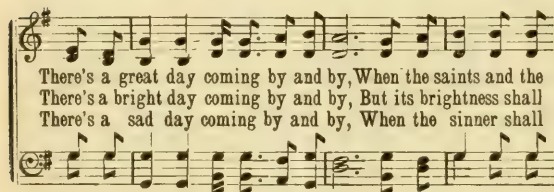
86 THERE'S A GREAT DAY COMING.

W. L. T.

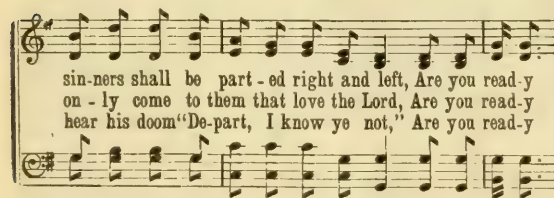
WILL. L. THOMPSON.



1. There's a great day com-ing, A great day com-ing,
2. There's a bright day com-ing, A bright day com-ing,
3. There's a sad day com-ing, A sad day com-ing,

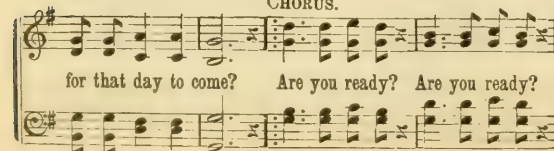


There's a great day coming by and by, When the saints and the
There's a bright day coming by and by, But its brightness shall
There's a sad day coming by and by, When the sinner shall



sin-ners shall be part-ed right and left, Are you read-y
on - ly come to them that love the Lord, Are you read-y
hear his doom "De-part, I know ye not," Are you read-y

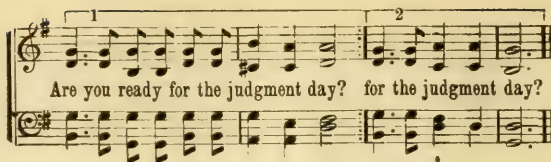
CHORUS.



for that day to come? Are you ready? Are you ready?

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GREAT DAY. — CONCLUDED.



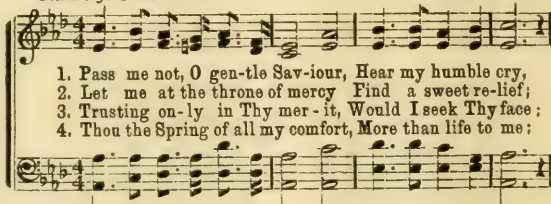
Are you ready for the judgment day? for the judgment day?

87

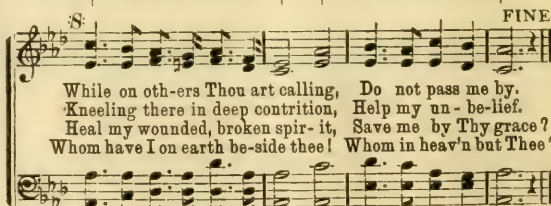
PASS ME NOT.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.



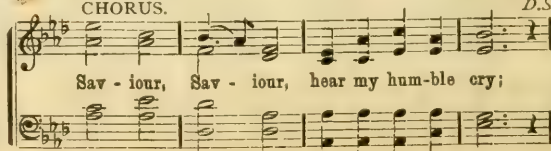
1. Pass me not, O gen-tle Sav-iour, Hear my humble cry,
2. Let me at the throne of mercy Find a sweet re-lief,
3. Trusting on-ly in Thy mer-it, Would I seek Thy face;
4. Thou the Spring of all my comfort, More than life to me;



While on oth-ers Thou art calling, Do not pass me by.
Kneeling there in deep contrition, Help my un-be-lief.
Heal my wounded, broken spir-it, Save me by Thy grace?
Whom have I on earth be-side thee! Whom in heav'n but Thee?

D.S.—While on others Thou art calling, Do not pass me by.

CHORUS.



Sav-iour, Sav-iour, hear my hum-ble cry;

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88 ARE YOU WASHED IN THE BLOOD?

E. A. H.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

1. Have you been to Je-sus for the cleansing pow'r? Are you
2. Are you walk-ing dai-ly by the Saviour's side? Are you
3. When the bridegroom cometh will your robes be white, Pure, and
4. Lay aside the garments that are stained with sin, And be

wash'd in the blood of the Lamb? Are you ful-ly trust-ing
wash'd in the blood of the Lamb? Do you rest each moment
wash'd in the blood of the Lamb? Will your soul be read-y
wash'd in the blood of the Lamb? There's a fountain flowing

D. S. — Are your garments spotless,
FINE.

in His grace this hour? Are you wash'd in the blood of the Lamb?
in the Crucified? Are you wash'd in the blood of the Lamb?
for the mansions bright, And be wash'd in the blood of the Lamb?
for the soul unclean, O be wash'd in the blood of the Lamb!

are they white as snow! Are you wash'd in the blood of the Lamb?
CHORUS.

Are you wash'd in the blood,
Are you wash'd in the blood,

Used by permission.

D. S.
In the soul-cleansing blood of the Lamb?
In the soul-cleansing blood, in the blood of the Lamb?

89 ALMOST PERSUADED.

P. P. B.

P. P. BLISS.

1. Almost persuaded now to be-lieve. Almost persuaded
2. Almost persuaded, come, come, to-day: Almost persuaded;
3. Almost persuaded; harvest is past; Almost persuaded;

Christ to re-ceive. Seems now some soul to say, "Go, Spir-it,
turn not a-way. Je-sus invites you here, An-gels are
doom comes at last! "Al-most" can not a-vail, "Almost" is

go Thy way, Some more convenient day On Thee I'll call."
ling'ring near, Pray'rs rise from hearts so dear; O wand'rer come!
but to fail! Sad, sad that bit-ter wail—"Almost,—but lost!"

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90 I STOOD OUTSIDE THE GATE.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. I stood out-side the gate, A poor, way-far-ing child: With-
2. "O Mer-cy!" loud I cried, "Now give me rest from sin!" "I
3. In Mer-cy's guise I knew The Sav-iour long a-bused, Who

in my heart there beat A tem-pest loud and wild; A fear op-
will," a voice re-plied; And M-r-cy let me in; She bound my
often sought my heart, And wept when I re-fused; Oh! what a

pressed my soul, That I might be *too late*; And oh, I trembled
bleed-ing wounds, And soothed my heart, opprest; She washed away my
blest re-turn For all my years of sin! — I stood out-side the

sore, And pray'd outside the gate, And pray'd outside the gate.
guilt And gave me peace and rest, And gave me peace and rest.
gate, And Je-sus let me in, And Je-sus let me in,

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91 THE GATE AJAR FOR ME.

Mrs. LYDIA BAXTER.

S. J. VAIL.

1. There is a gate that stands a-jar, And thro' its portals gleaming,
2. That gate a-jar stands free for all Who seek thro' it sal-va-tion;
3. Press onward, then, tho' foes may frown; While mercy's gate is o-pen
4. Be-yond the riv-er's brink we'll lay The cross that here is giv-en,

A ra-diance from the cross a-far, The Saviour's love re-veal-ing.
The rich and poor, the great and small, Of ev-'ry tribe and na-tion.
Ac-cept the cross, and win the crown, Love's ev-er-lasting to-ken.
And bear the crown of life a-way, And love Him more in heav-en.

CHORUS.

O depth of mer-cy! can it be That gate was left a-jar for me?

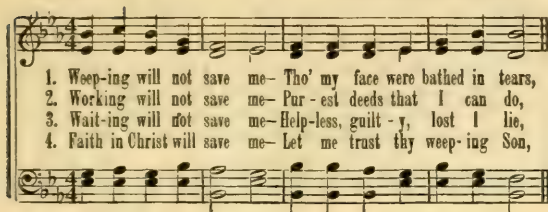
For me, for me? Was left a-jar for me?
For me, for me?

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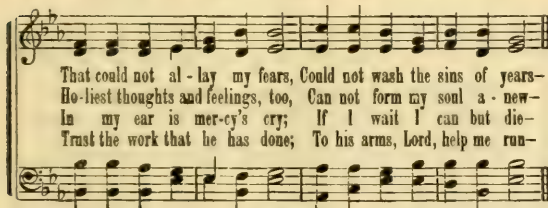
92 WEeping WILL NOT SAVE ME.

R. L.

Rev. ROBERT LOWRY.

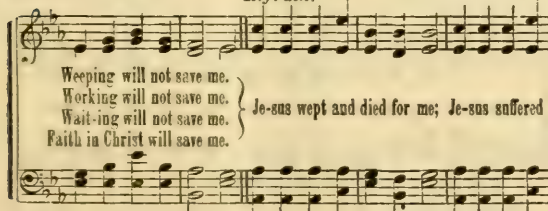


1. Weep-ing will not save me- Tho' my face were bathed in tears,
2. Work-ing will not save me- Pur- est deeds that I can do,
3. Wait-ing will not save me- Help-less, guilt-y, lost I lie,
4. Faith in Christ will save me- Let me trust thy weep-ing Son,

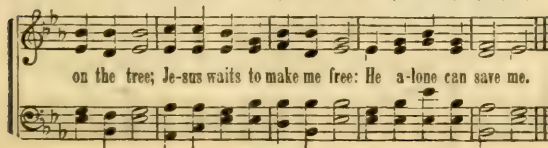


That could not al-lay my fears, Could not wash the sins of years-
Ho-liest thoughts and feelings, too, Can not form my soul a - new-
In my ear is mer-cy's cry; If I wait I can but die-
Trust the work that he has done; To his arms, Lord, help me run-

Refrain.



Weeping will not save me.
Working will not save me.
Wait-ing will not save me.
Faith in Christ will save me. } Je-sus wept and died for me; Je-sus suffered



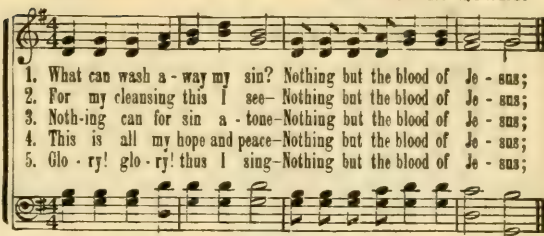
on the tree; Je-sus waits to make me free: He a-lone can save me.

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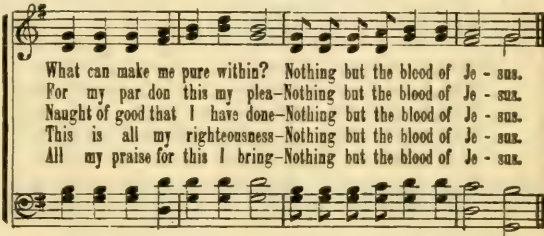
93 NOTHING BUT THE BLOOD.

R. L.

Rev. ROBERT LOWRY.

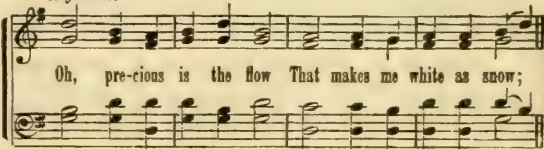


1. What can wash a-way my sin? Nothing but the blood of Je - sus;
2. For my cleansing this I see- Nothing but the blood of Je - sus;
3. Noth-ing can for sin a - tone-Nothing but the blood of Je - sus;
4. This is all my hope and peace-Nothing but the blood of Je - sus;
5. Glo - ry! glo - ry! thus I sing-Nothing but the blood of Je - sus;

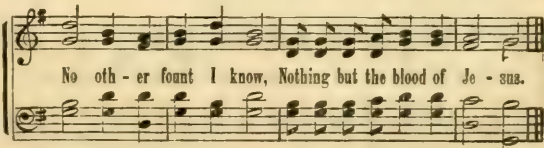


What can make me pure within? Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.
For my pardon this my plea-Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.
Naught of good that I have done-Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.
This is all my righteousness-Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.
All my praise for this I bring-Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.

Refrain.



Oh, pre-cious is the flow That makes me white as snow;



No oth-er fount I know, Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.

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WILLIAM HUNTER.

ARR. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. The great Phys-i-cian now is near, The sym-pa-thiz-ing Je - sus;
 2. Your man - y sins are all for-giv'n, O hear the voice of Je - sus;
 3. All glo - ry to the dy - ing Lamb! I now be-lieve in Je - sus;
 4. His name dis-pels my guilt and fear; No oth - er name but Je - sus;
 5. And when he comes to bring the crown, - The crown of life and glo - ry;

He speaks, the drooping heart to cheer, O hear the voice of Je - sus!
 Go on your way in peace to hear'n, And wear a crown with Je - sus.
 I love the bless-ed Sav-iour's name, I love the name of Je - sus.
 O how my soul de-lights to hear The precious name of Je - sus!
 Then by his side we will sit down, And tell re-demp-tion's sto - ry.

Chorus

Sweetest note in ser-aph song, Sweet-est name on mor-tal tongue,

Sweet-est car - ol ev - er sung, - Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus!

J. H. STOCKTON.

J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Come, ev - 'ry soul by sin oppressed, There's mercy with the Lord,
 2. For Je - sus shed his precious blood Rich blessings to be - stow;
 3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in - to rest;
 4. Come, then, and join this ho - ly band, And on to glo - ry go,

And he will sure - ly give you rest, By trust - ing in his word.
 Plunge now in - to the crimson flood That washes white as snow.
 Be - lieve in him with - out de - lay, And you are ful - ly blest.
 To dwell in that ce - les - tial land, Where joys immortal flow.

Chorus.

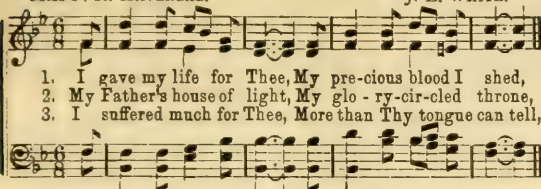
On - ly trust him, on - ly trust him, On - ly trust him now;

He will save you, he will save you, He will save you now.

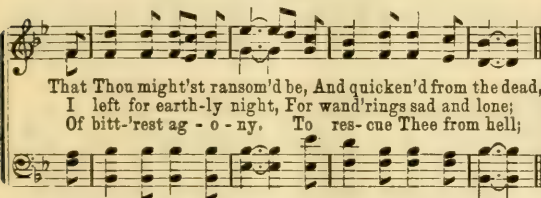
96 WHAT HAST THOU DONE?

Miss F. R. HAVERGAL.

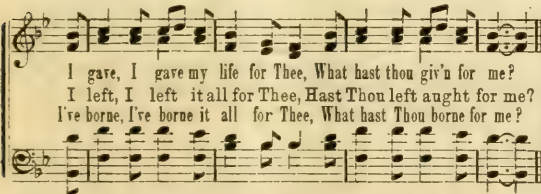
J. E. WHITE.



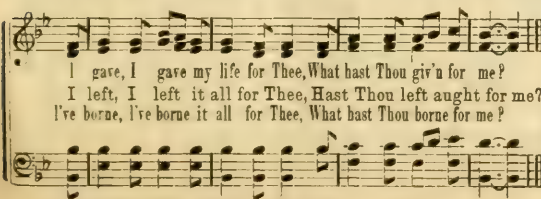
1. I gave my life for Thee, My pre-cious blood I shed,
2. My Father's house of light, My glo-ry-cir-cled throne,
3. I suffered much for Thee, More than Thy tongue can tell,



That Thou might'st ransom'd be, And quicken'd from the dead,
I left for earth-ly night, For wand'rings sad and lone;
Of bitt-erest ag-o-ny. To res-cue Thee from hell;



I gave, I gave my life for Thee, What hast thou giv'n for me?
I left, I left it all for Thee, Hast Thou left aught for me?
I've borne, I've borne it all for Thee, What hast Thou borne for me?



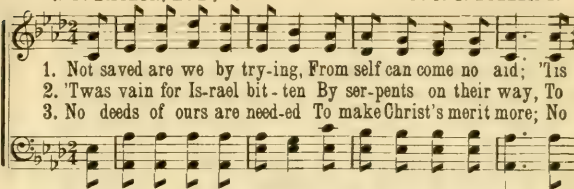
I gave, I gave my life for Thee, What hast Thou giv'n for me?
I left, I left it all for Thee, Hast Thou left aught for me?
I've borne, I've borne it all for Thee, What hast Thou borne for me?

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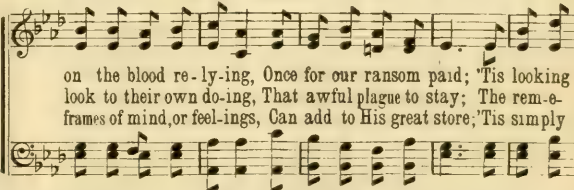
97 NOT TRY, BUT TRUST.

E. G. TAYLOR, D. D.

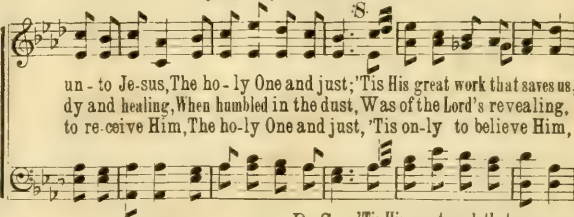
GEO. C. STEBBINS.



1. Not saved are we by try-ing, From self can come no aid; 'Tis
2. 'Twas vain for Is-ra-el bit-ten By ser-pents on their way, To
3. No deeds of ours are need-ed To make Christ's merit more; No



on the blood re-ly-ing, Once for our ransom paid; 'Tis looking
look to their own do-ing, That awful plague to stay; The rem-e-
frames of mind, or feel-ings, Can add to His great store; 'Tis simply

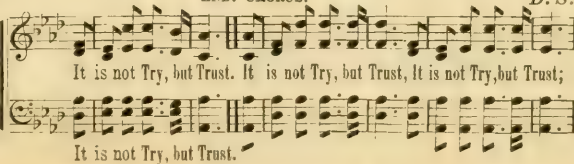


un-to Je-sus, The ho-ly One and just; 'Tis His great work that saves us,
dy and healing, When humbled in the dust, Was of the Lord's revealing,
to re-ceive Him, The ho-ly One and just, 'Tis on-ly to believe Him,

D. S.—'Tis His great work that saves us;

END. CHORUS.

D. S.



It is not Try, but Trust. It is not Try, but Trust, It is not Try, but Trust;
It is not Try, but Trust.

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98 WHERE IS MY BOY TO-NIGHT?

R. L.

ROBERT LOWRY, D. D.

With tenderness.

1. Where is my wand'ring boy to-night—The boy of my
2. Once he was pure as morn - ing dew, As he knelt at his
3. O could I see you now, my boy, As fair as in
4. Go for my wand'ring boy to-night; Go, search for him

ten - derest care, The boy that was once my
moth - er's knee; No face was so bright, no
old - en time, When prat - tle and smile made
where you will; But bring him to me with

joy and light, The child of my love and prayer?
heart more true, And none was so sweet as he.
home a joy, And life was a mer - ry chime;
all his blight, And tell him I love him still.

CHORUS. *Not too fast.*

O where is my boy to - night? O where is my boy to-night?
My heart o'er-flows, for I love him, he knows; O where is my boy to-night?

99

I CAN, I WILL.

1. Re-fin-ing fire, go thro' my heart, Refining fire, go thro' my
2. Scatter Thy life thro' ev'ry part, Scatter Thy life, thro' ev'ry
3. Oh, that it now from heav'n might fall, Oh, that it now from heav'n might
4. Come, Holy Ghost, for Thee I call, Come, Holy Ghost, for Thee I

Cho. No. 1. I can, I will, I do be-lieve, I can, I will, I do be-
Cho. No. 2. I'm kneeling at the mer - cy-seat, I'm kneel-ing at the mer - cy

heart, Refining fire, go thro' my heart, Illuminate my soul.
part, Scatter Thy life thro' ev'ry part, And sanctify the whole
fall, Oh, that it now from heav'n might fall, And all my sins consume.
call, Come, Holy Ghost, for Thee I call, Spirit of burning, come.

lieve, I can, I will, I do be-lieve, That Jesus saves me now.
seat. I'm kneeling at the mercy seat. Where Jesus answers pray'r.

MRS. M. D. JAMES.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.

1. Crowded is your heart with cares, Have you no room for Je - sus ?
 2. Wasting all your precious hours, Have you no work for Je - sus ?
 3. Seeking earth's possessions fair, Have you no time for Je - sus ?
 4. Bear-ing on - ly worthless leaves, Have you no fruit for Je - sus ?

Capt-ured by earth's gild-ed snares, Have you no room for Je - sus ?
 Spend-ing those God-given pow'rs, Have you no work for Je - sus ?
 None for gracious deeds to spare, Have you no time for Je - sus ?
 In your hands no precious sheaves, Have you no fruit for Je - sus ?

Lo! he's standing at your door, Knocking, knocking, o'er and o'er;
 Striv-ing not to conquer sin, Seek-ing not a soul to win,
 Worldly pleasures, wealth, and ease, Seeking, grasping toys like these,
 Not a grain to store away, Naught your la-bor to re-pay,

Hear him pleading ev-er-more; Have you no room for Je - sus ?
 Bringing not a wand'r'er in; Have you no work for Je - sus ?
 Striv-ing on - ly self to please; Have you no time for Je - sus ?
 Not a joy for that great day When you shall meet with Je - sus.

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L. H.

REV. L. HARTSOUGH.

1. I hear thy welcome voice, That calls me, Lord, to thee;
 2. Tho' com-ing weak and vile, Thou dost my strength as-sure;
 3. 'Tis Je - sus calls me on To per - feet faith and love,
 4. All hail, a - ton-ing blood! All hail, re-deem-ing grace!

For cleansing in thy pre-cious blood, That flow'd on Calva - ry.
 Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse, Till spot-less all, and pure.
 To perfect hope, and peace, and trust, For earth and heav'n above.
 All hail! the gift of Christ, our Lord, Our Strength and Righteousness.

Chorus.

I am com-ing, Lord! Com - ing now to thee!

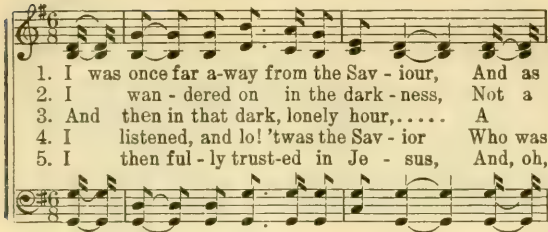
Wash me, cleanse me, in the blood That flow'd on Cal - va - ry.

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102 A SINNER LIKE ME.

C. J. B.

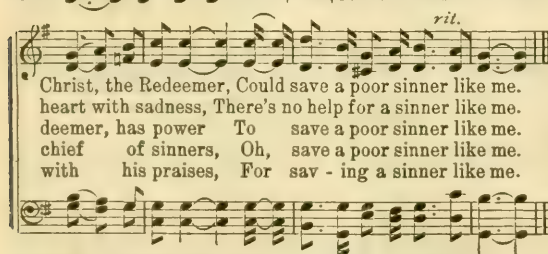
C. J. BUTLER.



1. I was once far a-way from the Sav - iour, And as
2. I wan - dered on in the dark - ness, Not a
3. And then in that dark, lonely hour, A
4. I listened, and lo! 'twas the Sav - ior Who was
5. I then ful - ly trust - ed in Je - sus, And, oh,



vile as a sin - ner could be; I won - dered if
ray of light could I see, And the tho't filled my
voice sweetly whispered to me, Saying Christ, the Re -
speaking so kindly to me; I cried, I'm the
what a joy came to me! My heart was filled



rit.
Christ, the Redeemer, Could save a poor sinner like me.
heart with sadness, There's no help for a sinner like me.
deemer, has power To save a poor sinner like me.
chief of sinners, Oh, save a poor sinner like me.
with his praises, For sav - ing a sinner like me.

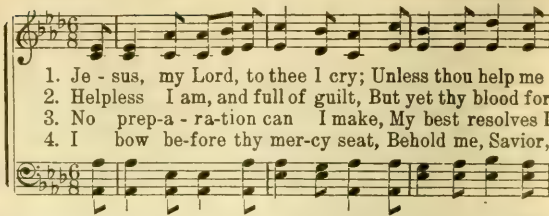
6 No longer in darkness I'm walking, 7 And when life's journey is over,
For the light is now shining on me, And I the dear Saviour shall see,
And now unto others I'm telling I'll praise him for ever and ever,
How he saved a poor sinner like me. For saving a sinner like me.

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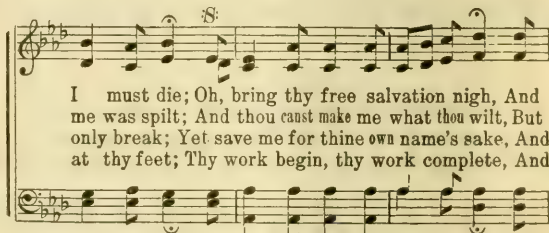
103 TAKE ME AS I AM.

J. H. S.

J. H. STOCKTON.



1. Je - sus, my Lord, to thee I cry; Unless thou help me
2. Helpless I am, and full of guilt, But yet thy blood for
3. No prep - a - ra - tion can I make, My best resolves I
4. I bow be - fore thy mer - cy seat, Behold me, Savior,

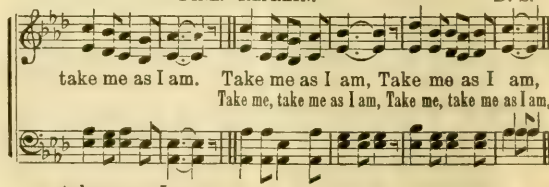


I must die; Oh, bring thy free salvation nigh, And
me was spilt; And thou canst make me what thou wilt, But
only break; Yet save me for thine own name's sake, And
at thy feet; Thy work begin, thy work complete, And

D.S.—Oh, bring thy free salvation nigh, And

FINE. REFRAIN.

D. S.



take me as I am. Take me as I am, Take me as I am,
Take me, take me as I am, Take me, take me as I am,

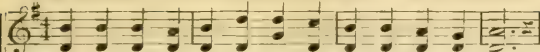
take me as I am.

5 If thou hast work for me to do, 6 And when at last the work is done,
Inspire my will, my heart renew; The battle fought, the vict'ry won,
And work both in, and by me, too, Still, still my cry shall be alone,
And take me as I am. Lord, take me as I am.

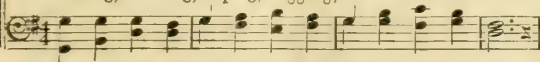
104

ART THOU WEARY?

J. M. NEALE. (STEPHANOS 8, 5, 8, 3.) H. W. BAKER.



1. Art thou wea-ry, art thou languid, Art thou sore dis-trest?
2. Hath He marks to lead me to Him, If He be my guide?
3. Is there di-a-dem, as monarch, That His brow adorns?
4. If I find Him, if I fol-low, What my portion here?
5. If I still hold close-ly to Him, What hath He at last?
6. If I ask Him to re-ceive me, Will He say me nay?
7. Finding, following, keeping, struggling, Is He sure to bless?

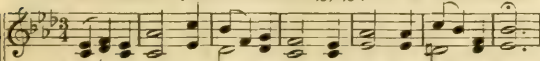


"Come to Me," saith One, "and, coming, Be at rest."
 "In His feet and hands are wound-prints, And His side."
 "Yea, a crown, in ver-y sure-ty, But of thorns."
 "Many a sor-row, many a la-bor, Many a tear."
 "Sor-row vanquished, la-bor end-ed, Jor-dan past."
 "Not till earth and not till heav-en Pass a-way."
 "Saints, a pos-tles, proph-ets, martyrs, An-swer, Yes." Amen.

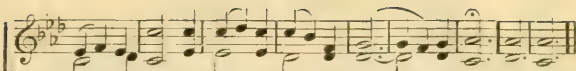
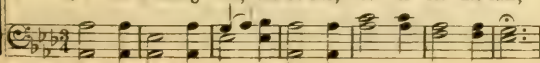


105 TRUSTING THEE, LORD JESUS.

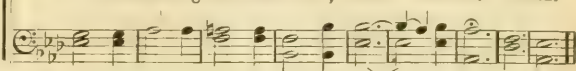
F. R. HAVERGAL. (BULLINGER 8, 5, 8, 3.) E. W. BULLINGER.



1. I am trusting Thee, Lord Je-sus, Trust-ing on-ly Thee;
2. I am trusting Thee for par-don; At Thy feet I bow;
3. I am trusting Thee to guide me; Thou a-lone shalt lead,
4. I am trusting Thee, Lord Je-sus; Nev-er let me fall;

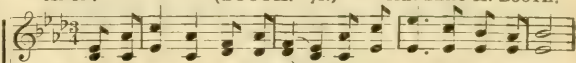


Trust-ing Thee for full sal-va-tion, Great and free.
 For Thy grace and tender mer-cy, Trust-ing now.
 Ev-'ry day and hour sup-ply-ing All my need.
 I am trust-ing Thee for-ev-er, And for all. A-men.

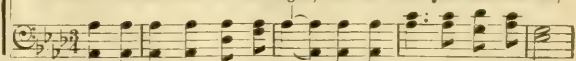


106 BELIEVING AND RECEIVING.

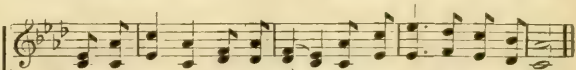
ANON. (BOOTH, 7s.) HERBERT H. BOOTH.



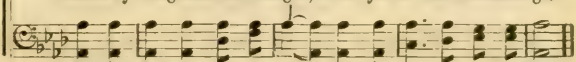
1. Sins of years are washed away, Blackest stains become as snow,
2. Doubts and fears are borne along On the current's ceaseless flow,
3. Ease and wealth become as dross, Worthless, earth's delight and show,
4. Sel-fish-ness is lost in love, Love for Him whose love you know,
5. In His serv-ice is de-light, Nev-er will you fear the foe,



6—I'm be-liev-ing and re-ceive-ing, While I to the fountain go;



Dark-est night is chang'd to day, When you to the Fountain go.
 Sor-row chang-es in-to song, When you to the Fountain go.
 All your boast is in the Cross, When you to the Fountain go.
 All your treasure is a-bove, When you to the Fountain go.
 Armed by King Jehovah's might, When you to the Fountain go.

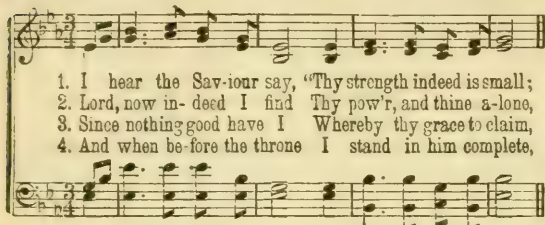


And His blood my heart is cleansing, Whiter than the driven snow.
 (Repeat softly.)

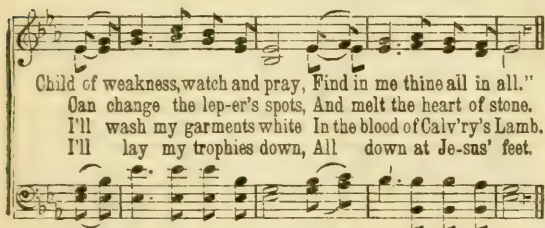
107 JESUS PAID IT ALL.

MRS. E. M. HALL.

JOHN T. GRAPE, by per.

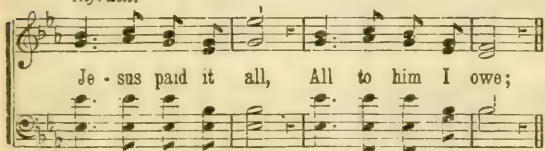


1. I hear the Sav-iour say, "Thy strength indeed is small;
2. Lord, now in- deed I find Thy pow'r, and thine a-lone,
3. Since nothing good have I Whereby thy grace to claim,
4. And when be-fore the throne I stand in him complete,

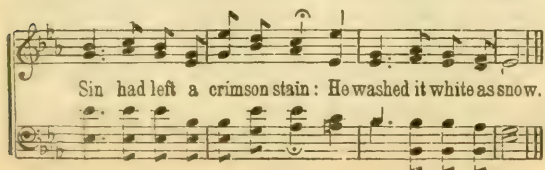


Child of weakness, watch and pray, Find in me thine all in all."
Oan change the lep-er's spots, And melt the heart of stone.
I'll wash my garments white In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb.
I'll lay my trophies down, All down at Je-sus' feet.

Refrain.



Je - sus paid it all, All to him I owe;



Sin had left a crimson stain: He washed it white as snow.

108 MY FAITH LOOKS UP.

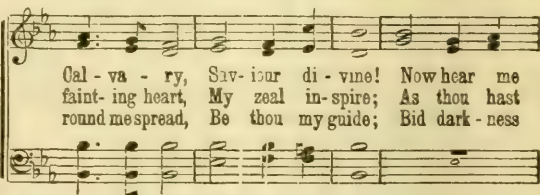
RAY PALMER.

(OLIVET. 6s & 4s.)

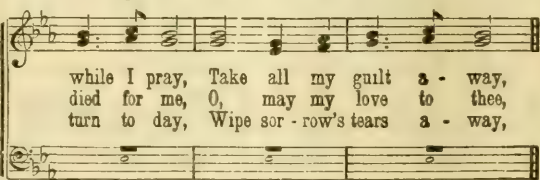
LOWELL MASON.



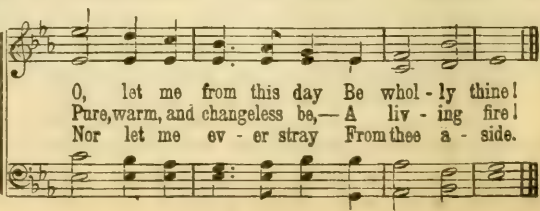
1. My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of
2. May thy rich grace im-part Strength to my
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a-



Cal - va - ry, Sav-iour di-vine! Now hear me
faint-ing heart, My zeal in-spire; As thou hast
round mespread, Be thou my guide; Bid dark-ness



while I pray, Take all my guilt a - way,
died for me, O, may my love to thee,
turn to day, Wipe sor-row's tears a - way,



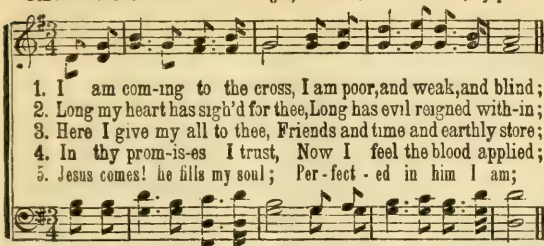
O, let me from this day Be whol-ly thine!
Pure, warm, and changeless be, — A liv-ing fire!
Nor let me ev-er stray From thee a-side.

109 COMING TO THE CROSS.

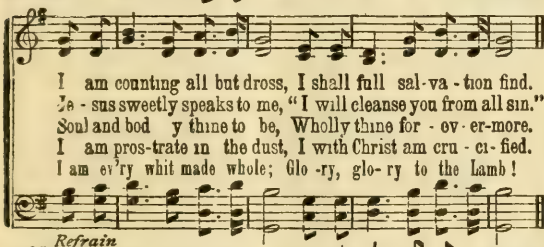
REV WM. McDONALD.

(75.)

WM. G. FISCHER, by per.

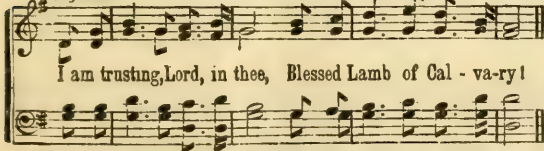


1. I am com-ing to the cross, I am poor, and weak, and blind;
 2. Long my heart has sigh'd for thee, Long has evil reigned with-in;
 3. Here I give my all to thee, Friends and time and earthly store;
 4. In thy prom-is-es I trust, Now I feel the blood applied;
 5. Jesus comes! he fills my soul; Per-fect-ed in him I am;

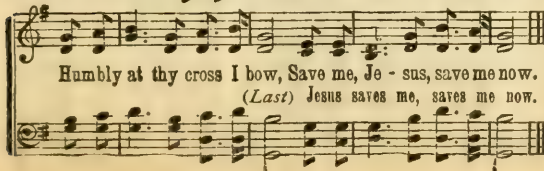


I am counting all but dross, I shall full sal-va-tion find.
 Je-sus sweetly speaks to me, "I will cleanse you from all sin."
 Soul and bod-y thine to be, Wholly thine for-ev-er-more.
 I am pros-trate in the dust, I with Christ am cru-ci-fied.
 I am ev'ry whit made whole; Glo-ry, glo-ry to the Lamb!

Refrain



I am trusting, Lord, in thee, Blessed Lamb of Cal-va-ry!



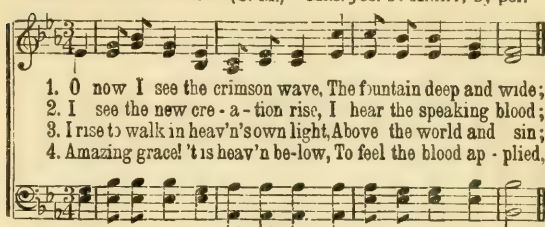
Humbly at thy cross I bow, Save me, Je-sus, save me now.
 (Last) Jesus saves me, saves me now.

110 THE CLEANSING WAVE.

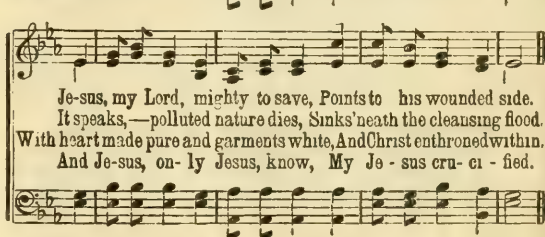
MRS. PHEBE PALMER.

(C. M.)

MRS. JOS. F. KNAPP, by per.

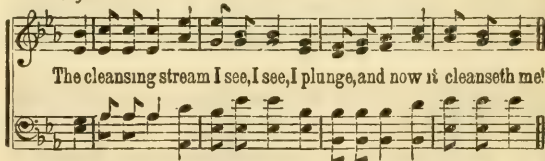


1. O now I see the crimson wave, The fountain deep and wide;
 2. I see the new cre-a-tion rise, I hear the speaking blood;
 3. I rise to walk in heav'n's own light, Above the world and sin;
 4. Amazing grace! 'tis heav'n be-low, To feel the blood ap-plied.

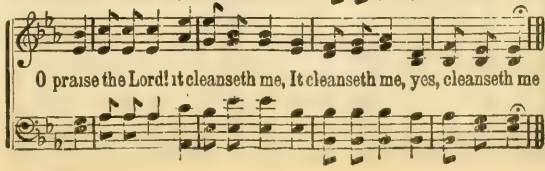


Je-sus, my Lord, mighty to save, Points to his wounded side.
 It speaks,—polluted nature dies, Sinks'neath the cleansing flood.
 With heart made pure and garments white, And Christ enthroned within.
 And Je-sus, on-ly Jesus, know, My Je-sus cru-ci-fied.

Refrain.

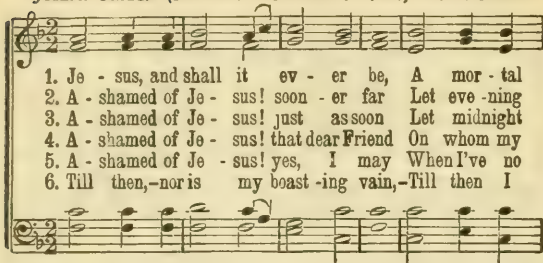


The cleansing stream I see, I see, I plunge, and now it cleanseth me!

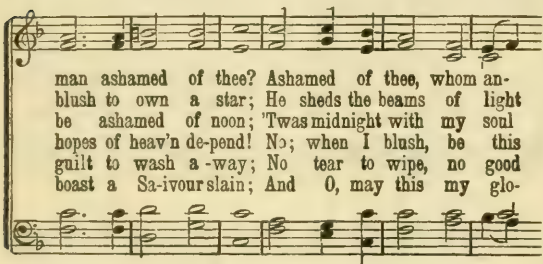


O praise the Lord! it cleanseth me, It cleanseth me, yes, cleanseth me

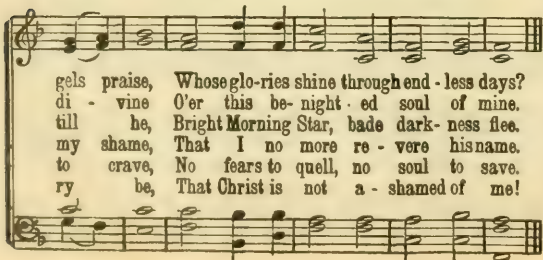
JOSEPH GRIGG. (FEDERAL STREET. L. M.) H. K. OLIVER.



1. Je - sus, and shall it ev - er be, A mor - tal
2. A - shamed of Je - sus! soon - er far Let eve - ning
3. A - shamed of Je - sus! just as soon Let midnight
4. A - shamed of Je - sus! that dear Friend On whom my
5. A - shamed of Je - sus! yes, I may When I've no
6. Till then, - nor is my boast - ing vain, - Till then I



man ashamed of thee? Ashamed of thee, whom an -
blush to own a star; He sheds the beams of light
be ashamed of noon; 'Twas midnight with my soul
hopes of heav'n de - pend! No; when I blush, be this
guilt to wash a - way; No tear to wipe, no good
boast a Sa - iourslain; And O, may this my glo -

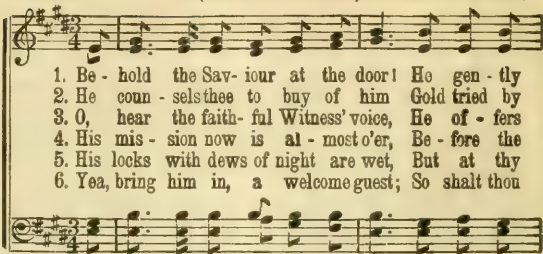


gels praise, Whose glo - ries shine through end - less days?
di - vine O'er this be - night - ed soul of mine.
till he, Bright Morning Star, bade dark - ness flee.
my shame, That I no more re - vere his name.
to crave, No fears to quell, no soul to save.
ry be, That Christ is not a - shamed of me!

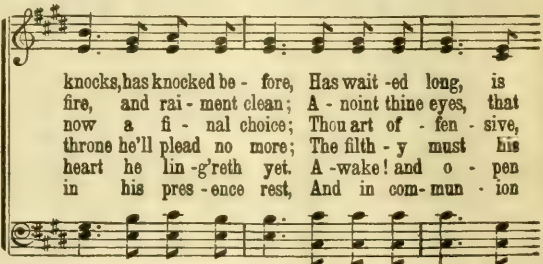
ANON.

(HARTEL. L. M.)

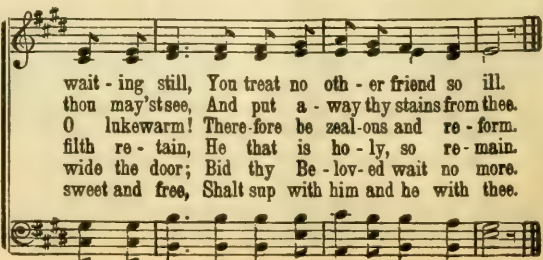
LOWELL MASON.



1. Be - hold the Sav - iour at the door! He gen - tly
2. He coun - selsthee to buy of him Gold tried by
3. O, hear the faith - ful Witness' voice, He of - fers
4. His mis - sion now is al - most o'er, Be - fore the
5. His locks with dew's of night are wet, But at thy
6. Yea, bring him in, a welcome guest; So shalt thou



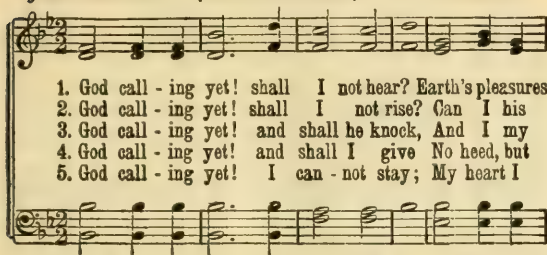
knocks, has knocked be - fore, Has wait - ed long, is
fire, and rai - ment clean; A - noint thine eyes, that
now a fi - nal choice; Thou art of - fen - sive,
throne he'll plead no more; The filth - y must his
heart he lin - g'ring yet. A - wake! and o - pen
in his pres - ence rest, And in com - mun - ion



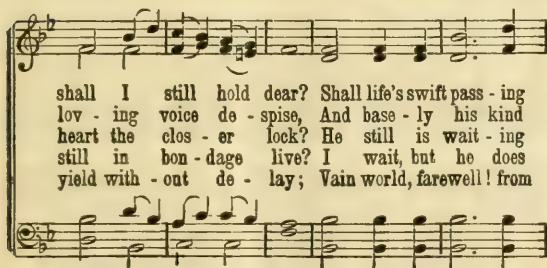
wait - ing still, You treat no oth - er friend so ill.
thou may'st see, And put a - way thy stains from thee.
O lukewarm! There - fore be zeal - ous and re - form.
filth re - tain, He that is ho - ly, so re - main.
wide the door; Bid thy Be - lov - ed wait no more.
sweet and free, Shalt sup with him and he with thee.

113 GOD CALLING YET.

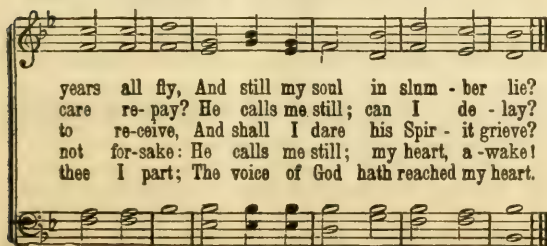
JANE BORTHWICK. (WELTON. L. M.) C. H. A. MALAN.



1. God call - ing yet! shall I not hear? Earth's pleasures
 2. God call - ing yet! shall I not rise? Can I his
 3. God call - ing yet! and shall he knock, And I my
 4. God call - ing yet! and shall I give No heed, but
 5. God call - ing yet! I can - not stay; My heart I



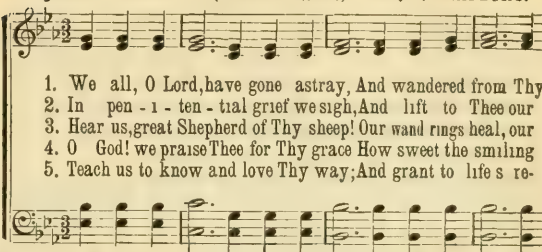
shall I still hold dear? Shall life's swift pass - ing
 lov - ing voice de - spise, And base - ly his kind
 heart the clos - er lock? He still is wait - ing
 still in bon - dage live? I wait, but he does
 yield with - out de - lay; Vain world, farewell! from



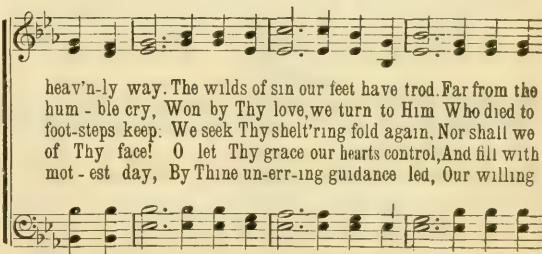
years all fly, And still my soul in slum - ber lie?
 care re - pay? He calls me still; can I de - lay?
 to re - ceive, And shall I dare his Spir - it grieve?
 not for - sake: He calls me still; my heart, a - wake!
 thee I part; The voice of God hath reached my heart.

114 ALL HAVE GONE ASTRAY.

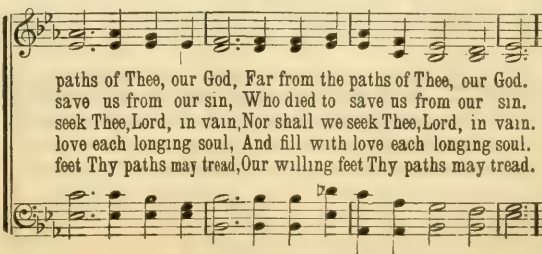
JOSIAH PRATT. (BACA. L. M.) W. B. BRADBURY.



1. We all, O Lord, have gone astray, And wandered from Thy
 2. In pen - 1 - ten - tial grief we sigh, And lift to Thee our
 3. Hear us, great Shepherd of Thy sheep! Our wand rings heal, our
 4. O God! we praise Thee for Thy grace How sweet the smiling
 5. Teach us to know and love Thy way; And grant to life's re -



heav'n - ly way. The wilds of sin our feet have trod. Far from the
 hum - ble cry, Won by Thy love, we turn to Him Who died to
 foot-steps keep: We seek Thy shelt'ring fold again, Nor shall we
 of Thy face! O let Thy grace our hearts control, And fill with
 mot - est day, By Thine un - err - ing guidance led, Our willing

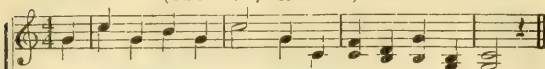


paths of Thee, our God, Far from the paths of Thee, our God.
 save us from our sin, Who died to save us from our sin.
 seek Thee, Lord, in vain, Nor shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain.
 love each longing soul, And fill with love each longing soul.
 feet Thy paths may tread, Our willing feet Thy paths may tread.

115 THE GOSPEL TRUMP IS SOUNDING.

(OSCAR. 7s & 6s. D.)

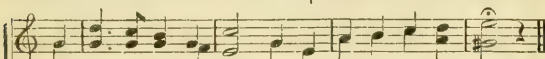
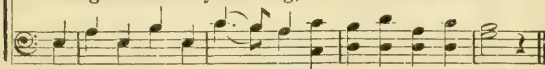
F. E. BELDEN.



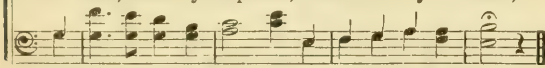
1. The gospel trump is sounding The year of ju - bi - lee,
2. A bet-ter Master's call-ing, In accents true and kind;
3. In liv-ing faith accept him, Give up all else be-side;



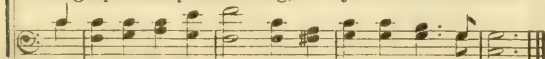
And grace is all a - bound-ing, To set the bondmen free.
He asks a lov-ing ser-vi-ce, And claims a willing mind.
While grace is loudly call - ing, Look to the Cru-ci-fied.



Forsake your wretched service, Your Master's claims are o'er;
He offers you sal-va-tion, And points to joys above;
Re - turn, return ye captives, Return un-to your home,



Avail yourselves of freedom, Be Satan's slaves no more.
And, longing, waits to make you The ob-jects of his love.
The gospel trump is sounding, The ju - bi - lee is come.



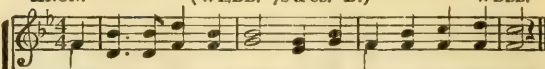
Copyright, 1908, by F. E. Belden.

116 THE SPRINKLED BLOOD.

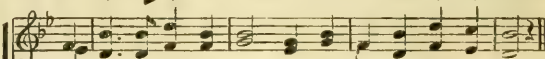
ANON.

(WEBB. 7s & 6s. D.)

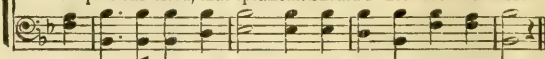
WEBB.



1. The sprinkled blood is speak-ing Be-fore the Father's throne,
2. The sprinkled blood is speak-ing For-give-ness full and free,
3. The sprinkled blood is plead-ing Its vir-tue as my own,
4. O wondrous pow'r, that seeketh From sin to set me free!



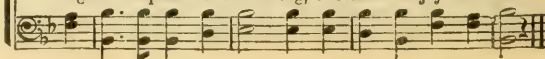
The Spirit's pow'r is seek - ing To make its vir-tues known;
Its wondrous pow'r is break-ing Each bond of guilt for me;
And there my soul is read - ing Her ti - tle to Thy throne.
O precious blood, that speaketh! Should I not val - ue thee?



The sprinkled blood is tell - ing Je - ho-vah's love to man,
The sprinkled blood's reveal - ing A Fa-ther's smiling face,
The sprinkled blood is own - ing The weak one's feeblest plea;
The sprinkled blood is shed-ding Its fragrance all a-round,



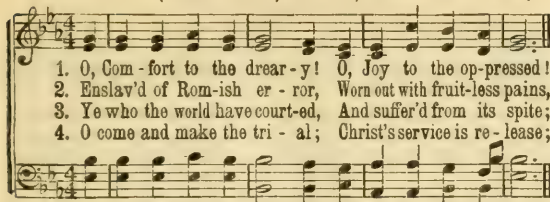
While heav'nly harps are swelling Sweet notes to mer-cy's plan.
The Saviour's love is seal - ing Each mon-u - ment of grace.
'Mid sighs, and tears, and groaning, It pleads, O Lord, with thee.
It gilds the path we're tread-ing, It makes our joys a-bound.



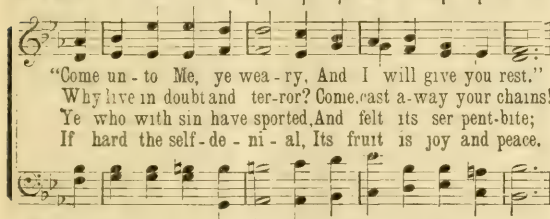
117 COMFORT TO THE DREARY.

ANON.

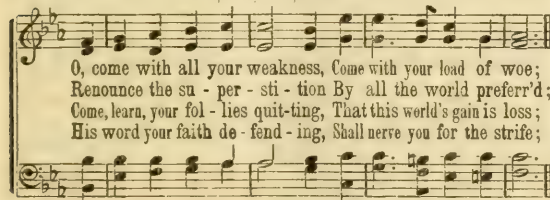
(AURELIA. 7s & 6s. D.) SAMUEL S. WESLEY.



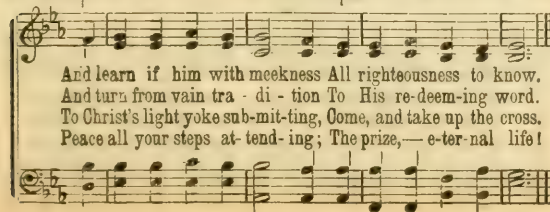
1. O, Com-fort to the drear-y! O, Joy to the op-pressed!
 2. Enslav'd of Rom-ish er-ror, Worn out with fruit-less pains,
 3. Ye who the world have court-ed, And suffer'd from its spite;
 4. O come and make the tri-al; Christ's service is re-lease;



"Come un-to Me, ye wea-ry, And I will give you rest."
 Why live in doubt and ter-ror? Come, cast a-way your chains!
 Ye who with sin have sported, And felt its ser-pent-bite;
 If hard the self-de-ni-al, Its fruit is joy and peace.



O, come with all your weakness, Come with your load of woe;
 Renounce the su-per-sti-tion By all the world preferr'd;
 Come, learn, your fol-lies quit-ting, That this world's gain is loss;
 His word your faith de-fend-ing, Shall nerve you for the strife;



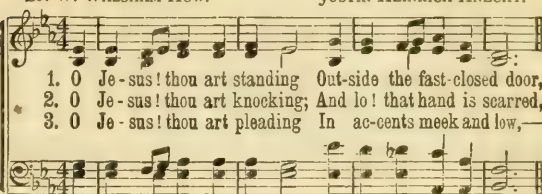
And learn if him with meekness All righteousness to know.
 And turn from vain tra-di-tion To His re-deem-ing word.
 To Christ's light yoke sub-mit-ting, Come, and take up the cross.
 Peace all your steps at-tend-ing; The prize,—e-ter-nal life!

118 OUTSIDE THE DOOR.

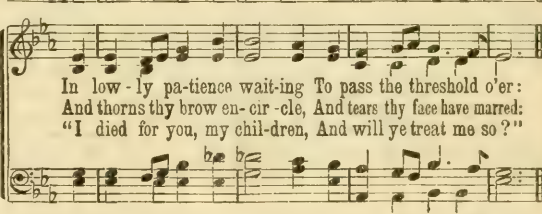
(ST. HILDA. 7s & 6s. D.)

BP. W. WALSHAM HOW.

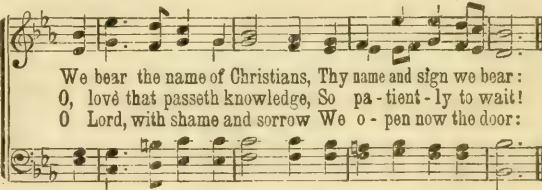
JUSTIN HEINRICH KNECHT.



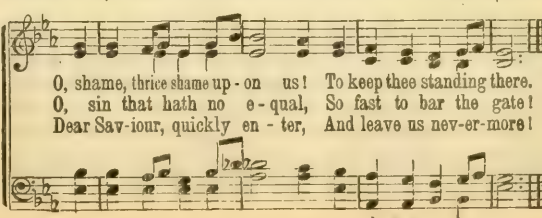
1. O Je-sus! thou art standing Out-side the fast-closed door,
 2. O Je-sus! thou art knocking; And lo! that hand is scarred,
 3. O Je-sus! thou art pleading In ac-cents meek and low,—



In low-ly pa-tience wait-ing To pass the threshold o'er:
 And thorns thy brow en-cir-cle, And tears thy face have marred:
 "I died for you, my chil-dren, And will ye treat me so?"



We bear the name of Christians, Thy name and sign we bear:
 O, lovè that passeth knowledge, So pa-tient-ly to wait!
 O Lord, with shame and sorrow We o-pen now the door:



O, shame, thrice shame up-on us! To keep thee standing there.
 O, sin that hath no e-qual, So fast to bar the gate!
 Dear Sav-iour, quickly en-ter, And leave us nev-er-more!

W. GLADDEN. (ST. LEONARD, C. M. D.) HENRY HILES.

1. Forgive, O Lord, the doubts that break Thy prom-is-es to me;
2. I tho't that Thou with jealous eyes Wast watching me al-way,
3. Forgive, O Fa-ther, this my sin, This jeal-ous, doubting heart;

For-give me that I fail to take My par-don, full and free.
My deeds to mark, my steps to spy, When-e'er I went a-stray;
For when men seek Thy love to win, And choose the bet-ter part,

I sought to put my sins a-way, I strove to do Thy will,
I hoped that when, by days and years Of serv-ice and of prayer,
I know that, swifter than the light Leaps earthward from the sun,

And yet, when-e'er I tried to pray, My heart was doubting still.
I had besought Thy grace with tears, Thy mer-cy I might share.
Thy pard'ning love, Thy rescuing might, Speed down to ev'ry one.

Or sing to No. 120.

REV. F. L. HOSMER. (PERSEVERANCE. C. M. D.)

UNKNOWN.

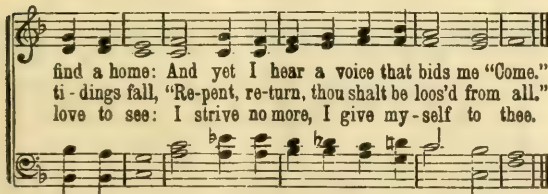
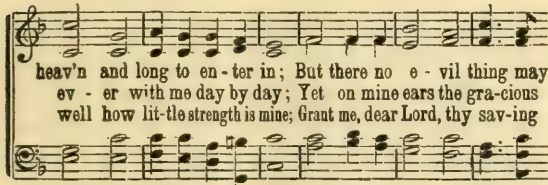
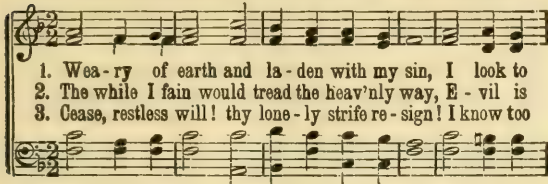
1. Go not, my soul, in search of Him, Thou wilt not find him there,-
2. Tho't an-swer-eth a-lone to tho't, And Soul with soul hath kin:
3. O gift of gifts! O grace of grace! That God should con-de-scend

Not in the depths of shadow dim, Nor heights of up-per air.
The outward God he find-eth not Who finds not God within.
To make thy heart his dwelling-place And be thy daily Friend!

For not in far-off realms of space The Spir-it hath its throne;
And if the vis-ion come to thee Reveal'd by in-ward sign,
For not in far-off realms of space The Spir-it hath its throne;

In ev'-ry heart it find-eth place, And waiteth to be known.
Earth will be full of De-i-ty, And with his glo-ry shine.
In ev'-ry heart it find-eth place, And waiteth to be known.

REV. SAMUEL J. STONE. (LANGRAN. 108.) JAMES LANGRAN.



(Tune, Perseverance, No. 120.)

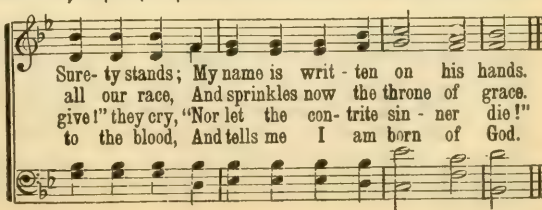
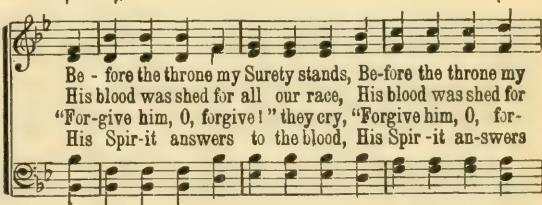
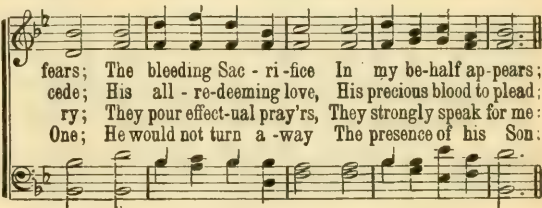
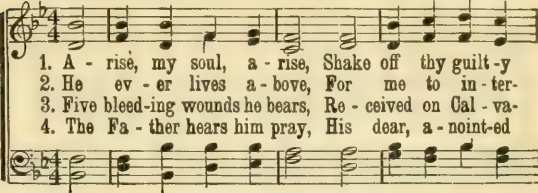
- 1 The Lord first empties whom he fills,
 Casts down whom he would raise;
 He quickens when the letter kills,
 Exalting thus his praise.
 When he applies his healing blood
 To a sin-sick soul,
 This balsam, pow'rful, precious, good,
 Ne'er fails to make it whole.
- 2 On as he spent his life and blood,
 Our losses to retrieve;
 Mankind's redemption now holds good
 For sinners who believe.
 Lord, I believe! whate'er befall,
 A thankful heart be mine,—
 A heart that answers to thy call,—
 One that is wholly thine.

E. SKINS.

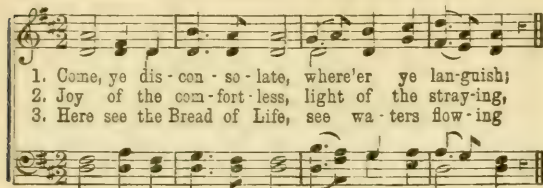
CHARLES WESLEY.

(LENOX. H. M.)

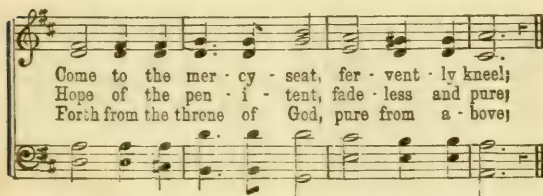
LEWIS EDSON.



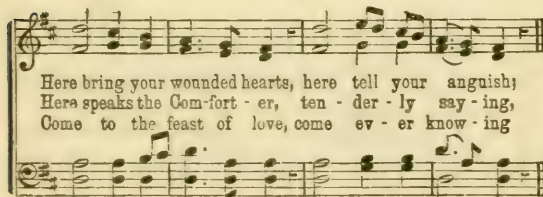
THOMAS MOORE. (CONSOLATION 11s. 10s.) SAMUEL WEBBE.



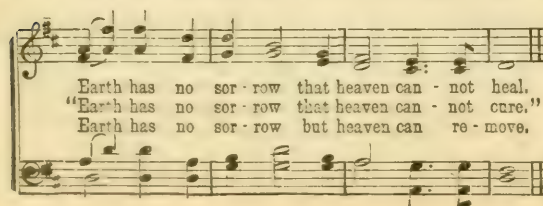
1. Come, ye dis-con-so-late, where'er ye lan-guish;
 2. Joy of the com-fort-less, light of the stray-ing,
 3. Here see the Bread of Life, see wa-ters flow-ing



Come to the mer-cy-seat, fer-vent-ly kneel;
 Hope of the pen-i-tent, fade-less and pure;
 Forth from the throne of God, pure from a-bove;



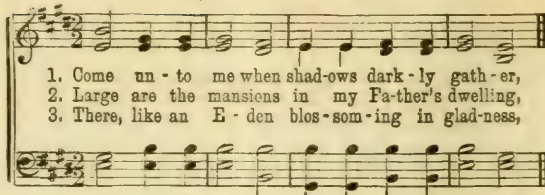
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish;
 Here speaks the Com-fort-er, ten-der-ly say-ing,
 Come to the feast of love, come ev-er know-ing



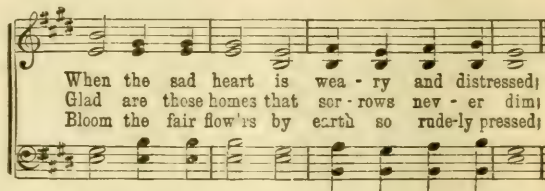
Earth has no sor-row that heaven can-not heal.
 "Earth has no sor-row that heaven can-not cure."
 Earth has no sor-row but heaven can re-move.

ANON.

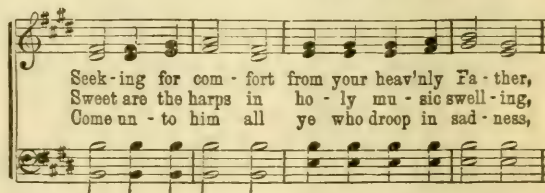
(HENLEY 11s. 10s.) LOWELL MASON.



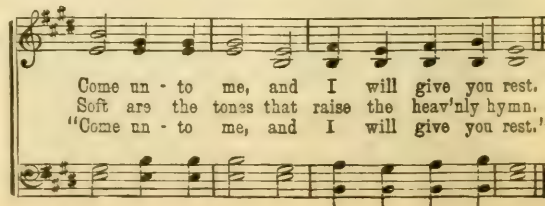
1. Come un-to me when shad-ows dark-ly gath-er,
 2. Large are the mansions in my Fa-ther's dwell-ing,
 3. There, like an E-den blos-som-ing in glad-ness,



When the sad heart is wea-ry and distressed;
 Glad are these homes that sor-rows nev-er dim;
 Bloom the fair flow'rs by earth so rude-ly pressed;



Seek-ing for com-fort from your heav'nly Fa-ther,
 Sweet are the harps in ho-ly mu-sic swell-ing,
 Come un-to him all ye who droop in sad-ness,



Come un-to me, and I will give you rest.
 Soft are the tones that raise the heav'nly hymn.
 "Come un-to me, and I will give you rest."

CHARLES WESLEY.

W. HENRY OAKLEY.

1. Je - sus, let thy pity-ing eye Call back a wand'ring sheep;
 2. Saviour, Prince, enthroned above, Re - pent-ance to im - part,
 3. For thine own compassion's sake, The gra - cious won - der show;
 4. Clothe me with thy ho - li-ness, Thy meek hu - mil - i - ty;

False to thee, like Pe - ter, I Would fain like Pe - ter, weep.
 Give me, thro' thy dying love, The hum - ble, contrite heart;
 Cast my sins behind thy back, And wash me white as snow:
 Put on me thy glorious dress—En - due my soul with thee:

Speak the rec-on - cil-ing word, And let thy mercy melt me down;
 Give what I have long implor'd, A portion of thy grief unknown;
 If thy pit - y now is stirr'd, If now I do my-self bemoan;
 Let thine im - age be restor'd, Thy name and nature let me prove;

Turn, and look up - on me, Lord, And break my heart of stone.
 Turn, and look up - on me, Lord, And break my heart of stone.
 Turn, and look up - on me, Lord, And break my heart of stone.
 Fill me with thy fulness, Lord, And per - fect me in love.

ANON.

Arr. by F. E. B.

1. The great de - ci - sive day is at hand, is at hand! The
 2. Those who made his crown of thorns will be there, will be there! Those who
 3. Where will the sin - ner hide in that day, in that day? Where

great de - ci - sive day is at hand; The day when Christ will come,
 made his crown of thorns will be there! Those who smote him with the reed
 will the sin - ner hide in that day? It will be in vain to call,

To call his children home, And to seal the sinner's doom, - is at
 Up - on his sa - cred head, And made his temples bleed, - will be
 "Ye mountains on us fall," For his hand will find out all In that

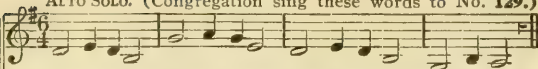
hand, is at hand; - And to seal the sinner's doom, is at hand.
 there, will be there; - And made his temples bleed, will be there.
 day, in that day; For his hand will find out all in that day.

FABER.

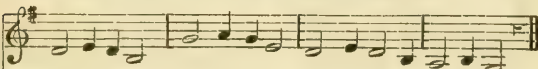
(LADIES' VOICES.)

ARRANGED.

ALTO SOLO. (Congregation sing these words to No. 129.)



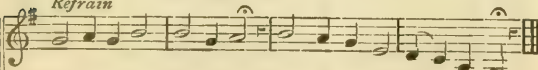
1. There's a wideness in God's mercy, Like the wideness of the sea;
2. There is welcome for the sinner, And more graces for the good;
3. There's no place where earthly sorrows Are more felt than up in heav'n;
4. For the love of God is broader Than the measure of man's mind;
5. But we make his love too narrow, By false lim-its of our own;
6. If our love were but more simple, We should take him at his word;



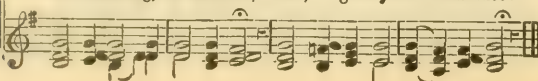
There's a kindness in his justice, Which is more than liberty.
 There is mer-cy with the Saviour; There is healing in his blood.
 There's no place where earthly failings Have such kindly judgment giv'n.
 And the heart of the E - ter - nal Is most won - der - fully kind.
 And we mag - ni - fy his strict - ness With a zeal he will not own.
 And our lives would be all sunshine In the sweetness of our Lord.



Refrain



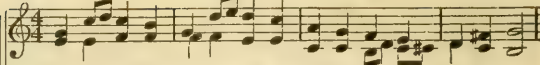
He is calling, "Come to me," Lord, I gladly fol - low thee!



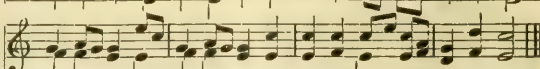
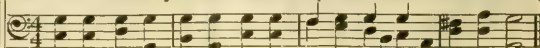
J. BOWRING.

(WELLESLEY. 8s & 7s.)

L. TOURJEE.



1. God is love; His mercy brightens All the path in which we rove;
2. Chance and change are busy ever; Man decays and ages move;
3. E'en the hour that darkest seemeth Will His changeless goodness prove;
4. He with earthly cares entwineth Hope and comfort from above;



Bliss He wakes, and woe He lightens: God is wisdom, God is love.
 But His mer-cy waneth nev-er: God is wisdom, God is love.
 From the gloom His brightness streameth: God is wisdom, God is love.
 Every-where His glory shineth: God is wisdom, God is love.

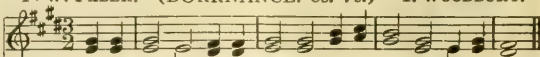


130 SWEET THE MOMENTS.

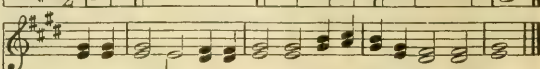
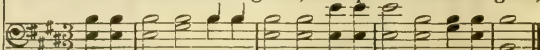
F. W. FABER.

(DORRANCE. 8s. 7s.)

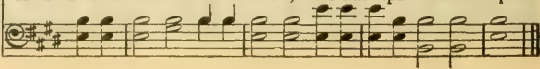
I. WOODBURY.



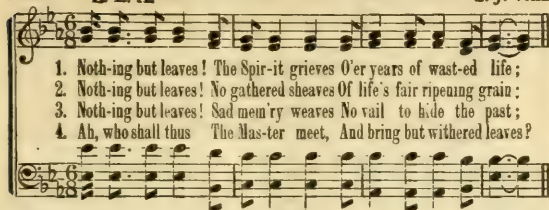
- Sweet the moments, rich in blessing, Which before the cross we spend;
2. Tru-ly blessed is this station, Low before His cross to lie,
3. Here we feel our sins forgiven, While upon the Lamb we gaze;



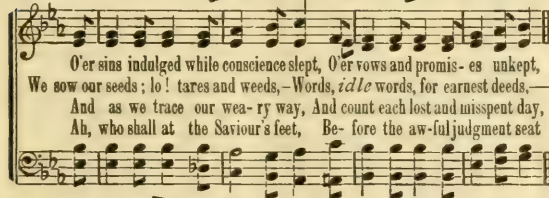
Life and health and peace possessing From the sinner's dying Friend.
 While we see divine compassion Beaming in His gracious eye.
 And our tho'ts are all of heaven, And our lips o'erflow with praise.



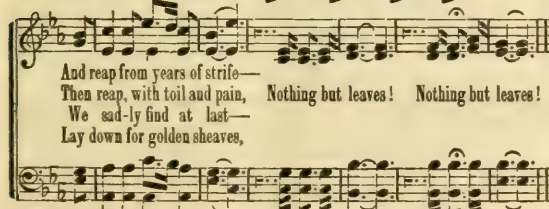
131 L. E. A. NOTHING BUT LEAVES. S. J. VAIL.



1. Noth-ing but leaves! The Spir-it grieves O'er years of wast-ed life;
 2. Noth-ing but leaves! No gathered sheaves Of life's fair ripening grain;
 3. Noth-ing but leaves! Sad mem'ry weaves No veil to hide the past;
 4. Ah, who shall thus The Mas-ter meet, And bring but withered leaves?

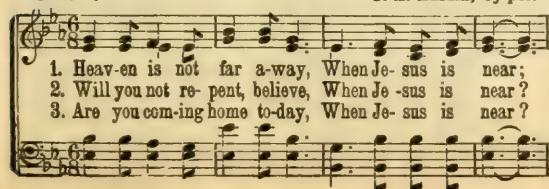


O'er sins indulged while conscience slept, O'er rows and promis-es unkept,
 We sow our seeds; lo! tares and weeds,—Words, *idle* words, for earnest deeds.—
 And as we trace our wea-ry way, And count each lost and misspent day,
 Ah, who shall at the Saviour's feet, Be- fore the aw-ful judgment seat

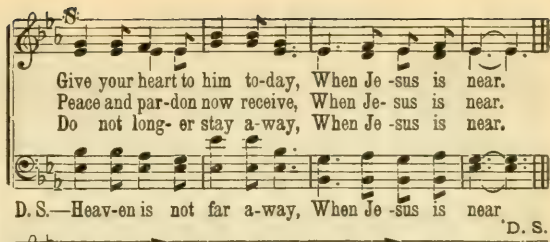


And reap from years of strife—
 Then reap, with toil and pain, Nothing but leaves! Nothing but leaves!
 We sad-ly find at last—
 Lay down for golden sheaves,

132 HEAVEN IS NOT FAR AWAY. C. E. L. C. E. LESLIE, by per.

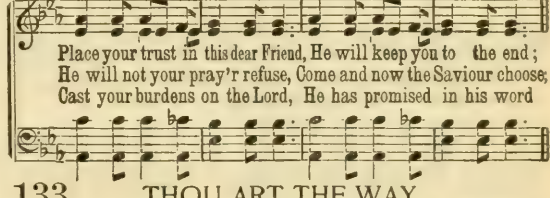


1. Heav-en is not far a-way, When Je-sus is near;
 2. Will you not re-pent, believe, When Je-sus is near?
 3. Are you com-ing home to-day, When Je-sus is near?



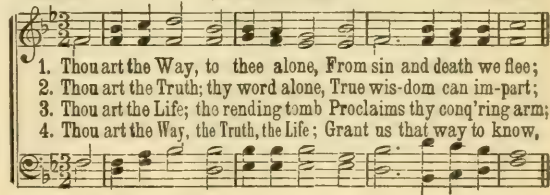
Give your heart to him to-day, When Je-sus is near.
 Peace and par-don now receive, When Je-sus is near.
 Do not long-er stay a-way, When Je-sus is near.

D. S.—Heav-en is not far a-way, When Je-sus is near. D. S.

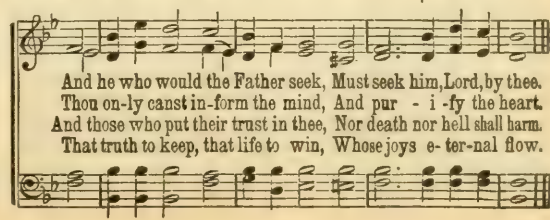


Place your trust in this dear Friend, He will keep you to the end;
 He will not your pray'r refuse, Come and now the Saviour choose,
 Cast your burdens on the Lord, He has promised in his word

133 THOU ART THE WAY. ANON. (BLISS. C. M.) F. E. BELDEN.



1. Thou art the Way, to thee alone, From sin and death we flee;
 2. Thou art the Truth; thy word alone, True wis-dom can im-part;
 3. Thou art the Life; the rending tomb Proclaims thy conq'ring arm;
 4. Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life; Grant us that way to know,



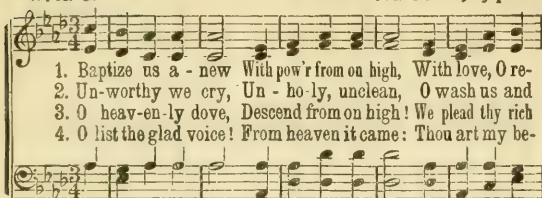
And he who would the Father seek, Must seek him, Lord, by thee.
 Thou on-ly canst in-form the mind, And pur - i - fy the heart.
 And those who put their trust in thee, Nor death nor hell shall harm.
 That truth to keep, that life to win, Whose joys e-ter-nal flow.

134

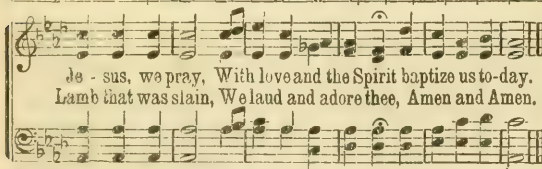
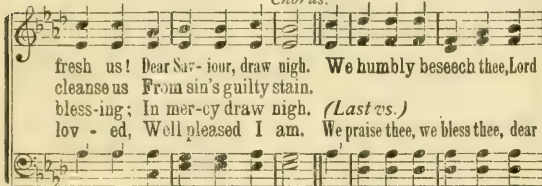
BAPTIZE US ANEW.

W. A. O.

W. A. OGDEN, by per.



Chorus.



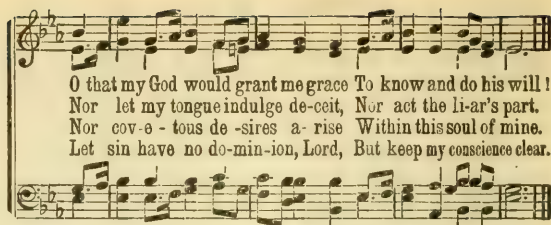
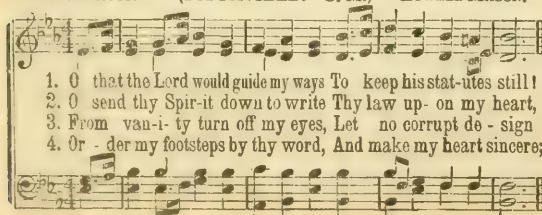
135

WRITE THY LAW.

ISAAC WATTS.

(LITCHFIELD. C. M.)

LOWELL MASON.



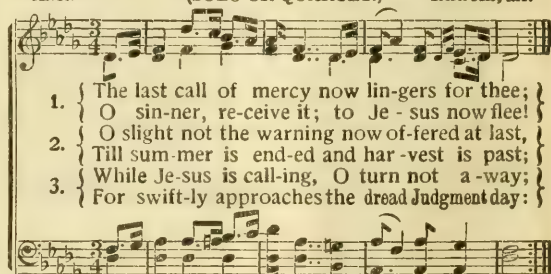
136

THE LAST CALL OF MERCY.

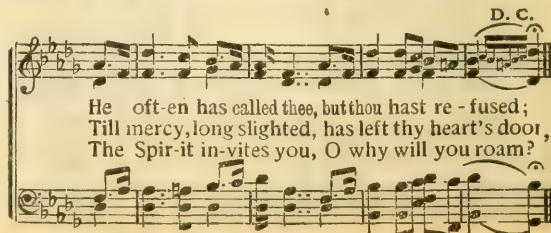
ANON

(SOLO OR QUARTET.)

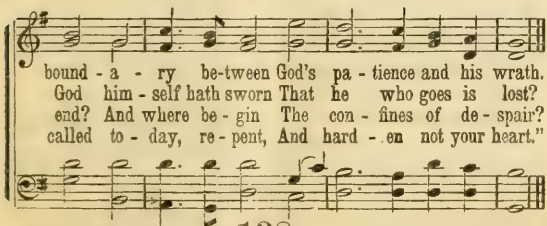
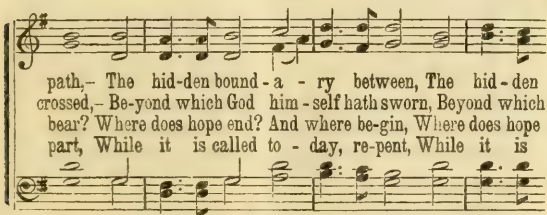
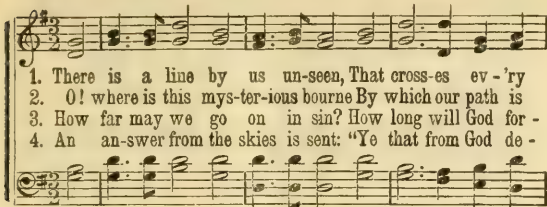
Irish Air, arr.



- D. C. { 1. His offered sal-va- tion and love are a- bused.
 2. And pardon, sweet pardon is offered no more.
 3. Come now to life's waters, ye thirsty ones, come.



J. A. ALEXANDER. (WOODLAND. C. M.) N. D. GOULD.



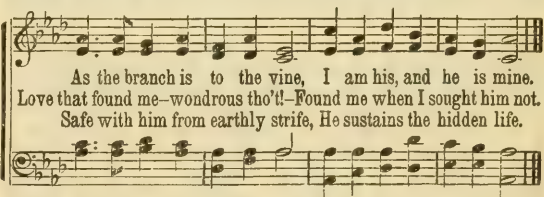
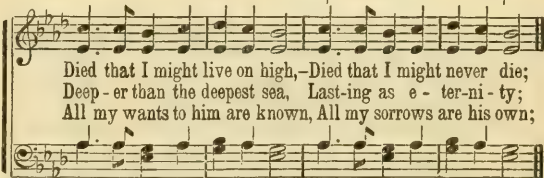
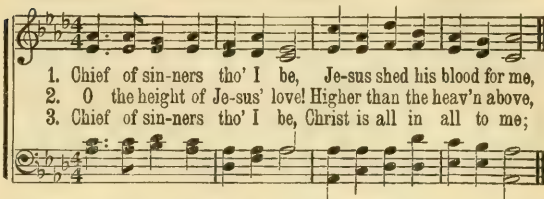
138

- 1 The wonders of redeeming love
Our highest thoughts exceed;
The Son of God comes from above,
For sinful man to bleed.
- 2 He gives himself, his life, his all,
A sinless sacrifice.

- For man he drains the cup of gall,
For man the Maker dies.
- 3 And now before his Father's face
His precious blood he pleads;
For those who seek the throne of grace
His love still intercedes.

R. F. COTTRELL.

McCOMB. (SPANISH HYMN. 7S. 6L.) SPANISH.



140

- 1 Go to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power;
Your Redeemer's conflict see,
Watch with him one bitter hour;
Turn not from his griefs away,
Learn of Jesus how to pray.
- 2 Follow to the judgment-hall;
View the Lord of life arraigned;
See the wormwood and the gall;
See the pangs his soul sustained;

Shan not suffering, shame, or loss;
Learn of him to bear the cross.

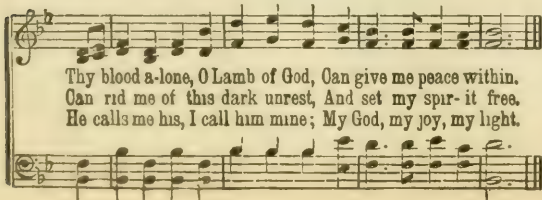
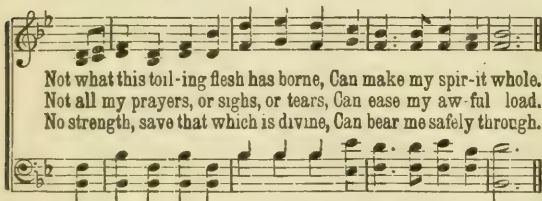
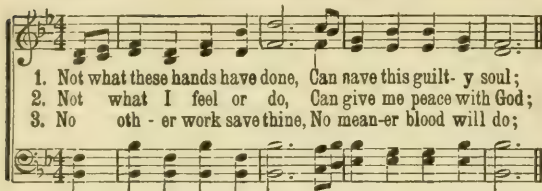
- 3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
There, adoring at his feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete:
"It is finished!" hear him cry;
Learn of Jesus how to die.

JAMES MONTGOMERY

H. BONAR.

(HUBERT. S. M. D.)

F. E. BELDEN.



- 1 Cast out the buyers, Lord,
The sellers bid depart;
Cleanse me from carnal thought and word,
And purify my heart.
A temple would I be,
Meet for the royal Son:
Ye money-changers, fear and flee
Before the Sinless One.

- 2 The love of self o'erthrow;
The love of God bring in,
That ministers to all below,
God's remedy for sin.
Rise up! thou Living Word,
Thine arm of strength lay bare.
That naught in me henceforth be heard
But voice of praise and pray'r.

- 3 When thus this robber's home
Becomes a house of pray'r,
Do Thou with all thy power come,
And dwell forever there,—
The hopeless ones to cheer,
And broken hearts make whole;
In me do thou alone appear
To ev'ry sin-sick soul.

F. E. B.

- 1 How solemn are the words,
And yet to faith how plain,
Which Jesus uttered while on earth —
"Ye must be born again!"
"Ye must be born again!"
For so hath God decreed;
No reformation will suffice —
'Tis life poor sinners need.

- 2 "Ye must be born again!
And life in Christ must have;
In vain the soul may elsewhere go —
'Tis He alone can save.
"Ye must be born again!"
Or never enter heav'n;
'T is only blood-washed ones are
there —
The ransomed and forgiv'n.

- 1 He's coming once again,
To set his people free;
That where he is, in glory bright,
His saints may also be.
Then lift the drooping head,
Look up, rejoice and sing;
He comes in majesty sublime,
Salvation's glorious King!
- 2 The earth shall quake with fear,
The heav'n's shall flee away;
And where shall guilty man appear
In that tremendous day?
No refuge then is nigh,
No shelter from the blast;
The night of vengeance veils the sky
When mercy's day is past.
- 3 His eyes of living flame,
The wicked shall devour;
No tongue will lightly speak the name
Of Jesus in that hour.
No scorn, no words of hate,
For his meek followers then;
But prayers and tears that come
too late,
Will mark earth's mighty men.

F. E. B.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. (WOODWORTH. L. M.) W. B. BRADBURY.

1. Just as I am, with - out one plea But that
2. Just as I am, and wait - ing not To rid
3. Just as I am, though tossed a - bout With man -

thy blood was shed for me, And that thou bid'st me
my soul of one dark blot, To thee, whose blood can
y' a conflict, many' a doubt—"Fightings with - in, and

come to thee,
cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
fears with - out,"

- 4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,—
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
- 5 Just as I am, thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
- Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
- 6 Just as I am, thy love I own
Has broken ev'ry barrier down;
Now to be thine, and thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

WILLIAM COWPER. (FOUNTAIN. C. M.) UNKNOWN.

1. There is a fountain fill'd with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
2. The dy - ing thief rejoiced to see, That fountain in his day;
3. Thou dying Lamb! thy precious blood Shall never lose its pow'r,

And sinners plung'd beneath that flood Lose all their guilty stains.
And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.
Till all the ransomed Church of God Are saved to sin no more.

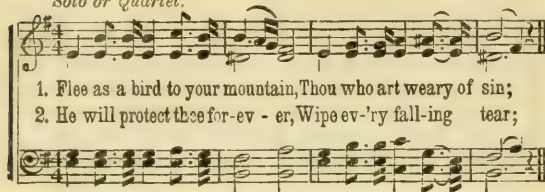
D. S.

Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains.
Wash all my sins a - way, Wash all my sins a - way.
Are saved to sin no more, Are saved to sin no more.

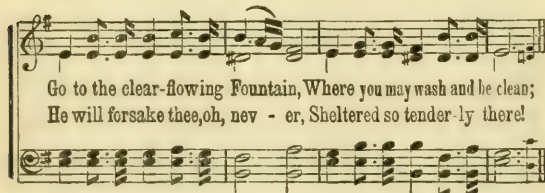
- 4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.
- For me a blood-bought, free reward—
Eternal life for me.
- 6 There is a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy pow'r to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Is ransom'd from the grave.
- 5 Lord, I believe thou hast prepared,
Unworthy though I be,

MARY S. B. DANA.

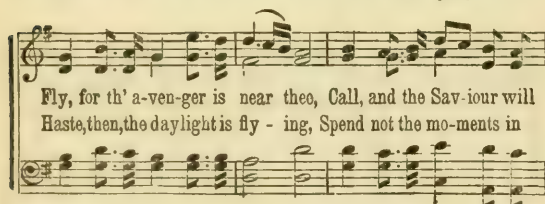
SPANISH.

Solo or Quartet.


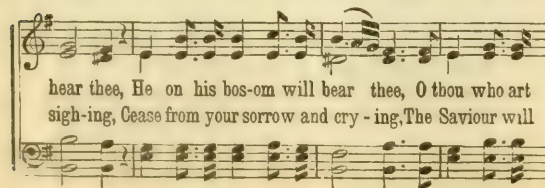
1. Flee as a bird to your mountain, Thou who art weary of sin;
2. He will protect thee for - ev - er, Wipe ev-'ry fall-ing tear;



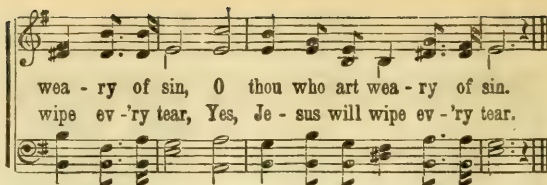
Go to the clear-flowing Fountain, Where you may wash and be clean;
He will forsake thee, oh, nev - er, Sheltered so tender-ly there!



Fly, for th' a-ven-ger is near thee, Call, and the Sav-iour will
Haste, then, the daylight is fly - ing, Spend not the mo-ments in



hear thee, He on his bos-om will bear thee, O thou who art
sigh-ing, Cease from your sorrow and cry - ing, The Saviour will



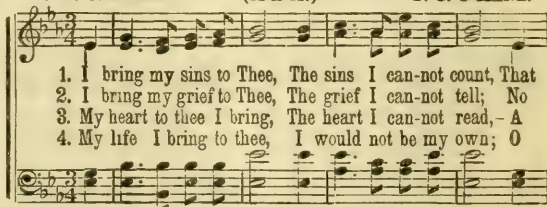
wea - ry of sin, O thou who art wea - ry of sin.
wipe ev -'ry tear, Yes, Je - sus will wipe ev -'ry tear.

148 I BRING MY SINS TO THEE.

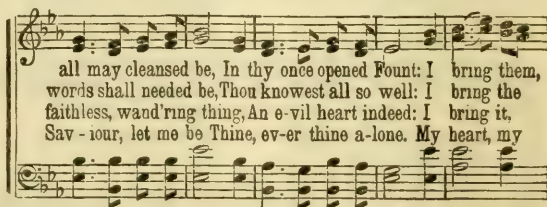
F. R. HAVERGAL.

(6s & 8s.)

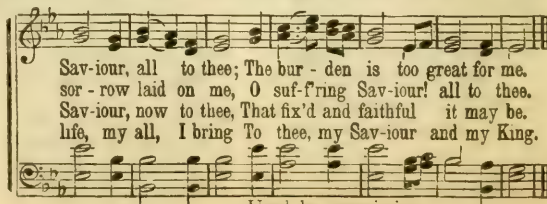
T. C. O'KANE.



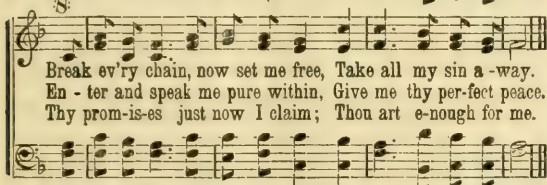
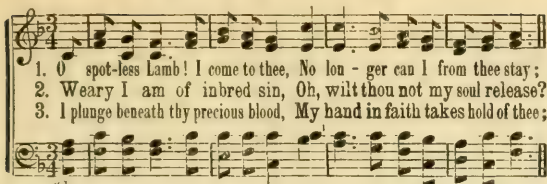
1. I bring my sins to Thee, The sins I can-not count, That
2. I bring my grief to Thee, The grief I can-not tell; No
3. My heart to thee I bring, The heart I can-not read, - A
4. My life I bring to thee, I would not be my own; O



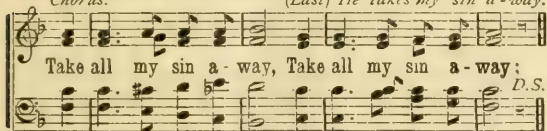
all may cleansed be, In thy once opened Fount: I bring them,
words shall needed be, Thou knowest all so well: I bring the
faithless, wand'ring thing, An e-vil heart indeed: I bring it,
Sav-iour, let me be Thine, ev-er thine a-lone. My heart, my



Sav-iour, all to thee; The bur - den is too great for me.
sor - row laid on me, O suf-f'ring Sav-iour! all to thee.
Sav-iour, now to thee, That fix'd and faithful it may be.
life, my all, I bring To thee, my Sav-iour and my King.



*D.S.—O spotless Lamb, I come to thee: Take all my sin a-way.
Chorus. (Last) He takes my sin a-way.*

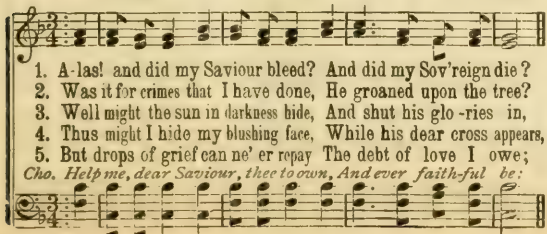


Last.—He takes my sin a-way, He takes my sin a-way.

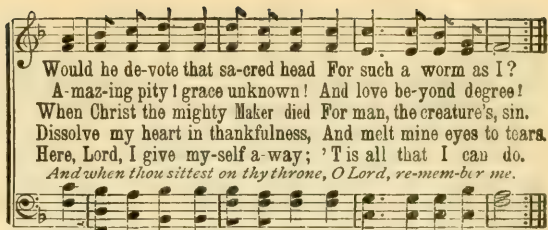
150

WATTS. REMEMBER ME.

ASA HULL



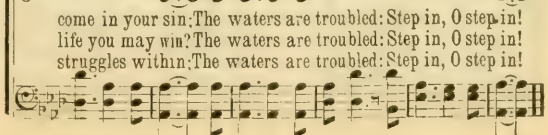
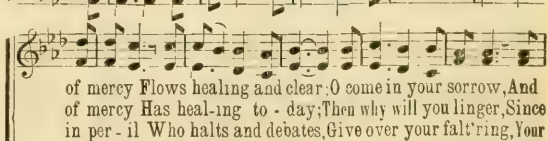
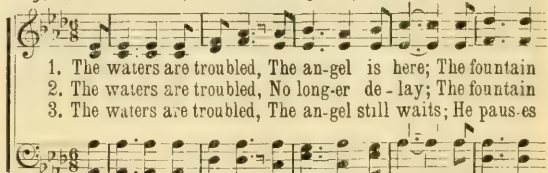
(Chorus after last stanza only, if preferred.)



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151 THE WATERS ARE TROUBLED.

J. E. RANKIN. (RANKIN, 6S. 5S. D.) Rev. S. MORRISON.



Used by permission.

152 NOT BLOOD OF BEASTS.

ISAAC WATTS.

(BOYLSTON. S. M.)

LOWELL MASON.

1. Not all the blood of beasts On Jew-ish al-tars slain,
2. But Christ, the heav'nly Lamb, Takes all our sins a-way;
3. My faith would lay her hand On that dear head of thine,

Could give the guilt-y conscience peace, Or wash a-way the stain.
A sac-ri-fice of no-blern name And richer blood than they.
While like a pen-i-tent I stand, And there confess my sin.

153 REST FOUND.

J. MONTGOMERY.

(SHAWMUT. S. M.)

L. MASON, arr.

1. O where shall rest be found—Rest for the wea-ry soul?
2. Be-yond this vale of tears There is a life a-bove,
3. Thro' Christ, the Life, the Way, May we that life ob-tain;

'T were vain the ocean's depths to sound, Or pierce to ei-ther pole.
Un-measured by the flight of years; And all that life is love.
And thro' the mer-its of his blood, That endless glo-ry gain.

154 DEPTHS OF MERCY.

C. WESLEY.

(ALETTA. 7s.)

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Depth of mer-cy! can there be Mer-cy still reserved for me?
2. I have long withstood his grace, Long provoked him to his face,
3. There for me the Sar-iour stands, Shows his wounds and spreads his hands;

Can my God his wrath forbear? Me, the chief of sin-ners, spare?
Would not hearken to his calls, Grief'd him by a thousand falls.
God is love! I know, I feel; Je-sus weeps, and loves me still.

155 COME, MY SOUL.

JOHN NEWTON.

(SEYMOUR. 7s.)

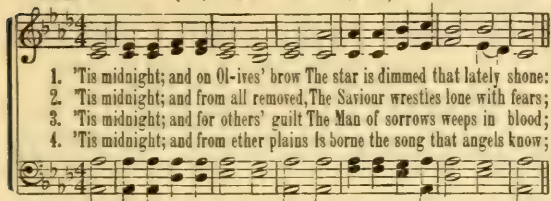
C. M. VON WEBER.

1. Come, my soul, thy suit pre-pare! Je-sus loves to answer pray'r!
2. With my burden I be-gin: Lord, remove this load of sin;
3. Lord, I come to thee for rest, Take pos-sess-ion of my breast;

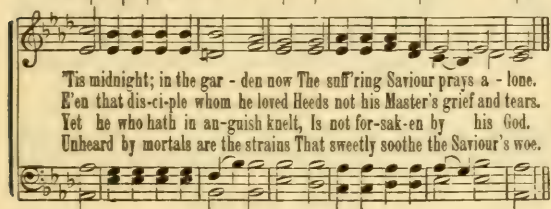
He him-self has bid thee pray, Therefore will not say thee nay.
Let thy blood, for sinners spilt, Set my conscience free from guilt.
There, thy sovereign right maintain, And without a ri-val reign.

156 FOR OTHERS' GUILT.

W. B. TAPPAN. (OLIVE'S BROW. L. M.) BRADBURY.



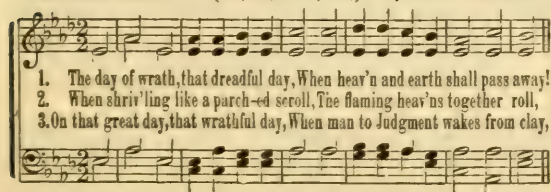
1. 'Tis midnight; and on Ol-ives' brow The star is dimmed that lately shone;
2. 'Tis midnight; and from all removed, The Saviour wrestles lone with fears;
3. 'Tis midnight; and for others' guilt The Man of sorrows weeps in blood;
4. 'Tis midnight; and from ether plains Is borne the song that angels know;



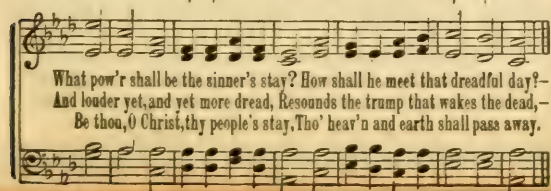
'Tis midnight; in the gar - den now The suf-f'ring Saviour prays a - lone.
E'en that dis-ci-ple whom he loved Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.
Yet he who hath in an-guish knelt, Is not for-sak-en by his God.
Unheard by mortals are the strains That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

157 THAT DREADFUL DAY.

WALTER SCOTT. (OLDEN. L. M.) LOWELL MASON.



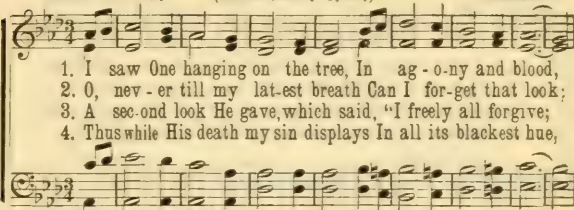
1. The day of wrath, that dreadful day, When heav'n and earth shall pass away!
2. When shriv'ling like a parch-ed scroll, The flaming heav'ns together roll,
3. On that great day, that wrathful day, When man to Judgment wakes from clay,



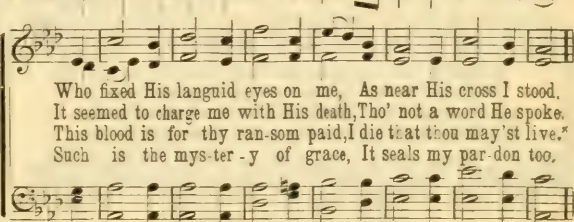
What pow'r shall be the sinner's stay? How shall he meet that dreadful day?—
And louder yet, and yet more dread, Resounds the trump that wakes the dead,—
Be thou, O Christ, thy people's stay, Tho' heav'n and earth shall pass away.

158 SEALS MY PARDON.

ISAAC WATTS. (MANOAH, C. M.) ROSSINI.



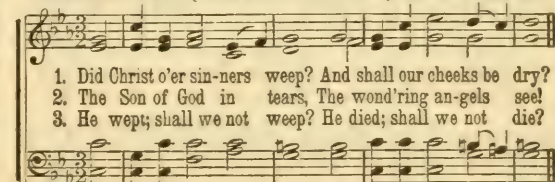
1. I saw One hanging on the tree, In ag-o-ny and blood;
2. O, nev-er till my lat-est breath Can I for-get that look;
3. A sec-ond look He gave, which said, "I freely all forgive;
4. Thus while His death my sin displays In all its blackest hue,



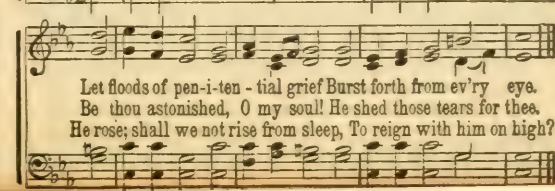
Who fixed His languid eyes on me, As near His cross I stood.
It seemed to charge me with His death, Tho' not a word He spoke.
This blood is for thy ran-som paid, I die that thou may'st live.
Such is the mys-ter-y of grace, It seals my par-don too.

159 SHALL OUR CHEEKS BE DRY?

BEDDOME. ARR. (CONTRITION. S. M.) EDWIN BARNES.



1. Did Christ o'er sin-ners weep? And shall our cheeks be dry?
2. The Son of God in tears, The wond'ring an-gels see!
3. He wept; shall we not weep? He died; shall we not die?



Let floods of pen-i-ten-tial grief Burst forth from ev'ry eye.
Be thou astonished, O my soul! He shed those tears for thee.
He rose; shall we not rise from sleep, To reign with him on high?

160

A CLOSER WALK.

COWPER.

(MANOAH. C. M.)

HAYDN.

1. O, for a closer walk with God! A calm and heav'nly frame,
2. Re-turn, O ho-ly Dove! return: Sweet Messenger of rest;
3. What peaceful hours I once enjoyed! How sweet their mem'ry still!
4. The dearest i-dol I have known, Whate'er that i-dol be,

A light to shine up-on the road That leads me to the Lamb.
I hate the sins that made thee mourn, And drove thee from my breast.
But they have left an aching void The world can never fill.
Help me to tear it from thy throne, And worship on-ly thee.

161

COME, HOLY SPIRIT.

JOSEPH HART.

(ST. THOMAS. S. M.)

HANDEL.

1. Come, Ho-ly Spir-it, come, Let thy bright beams a-rise,
2. Con-vince us all of sin, Then lead to Je-sus' blood,
3. 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart, To sanc-ti-fy the soul,

Dis-pel the sor-row from our minds, The darkness from our eyes.
And to our wond'ring view re-veal The mercies of our God.
To pour fresh life in ev-'ry part, And new-create the whole.

162

FROM DAY TO DAY.

B. CLEVELAND.

(NAOMI. C. M.)

NAEGELI.

1. O, could I find, from day to day, A nearness to my God,
2. Lord, I de-sire with thee to live Anew from day to day,
3. Blest Jesus, come, and rule my heart, And make me wholly thine,

Then would my hours glide sweet away, While leaning on his word.
In joys the world can never give, Nor ev-er take a-way.
That I may nev-er-more depart, Nor grieve thy love divine.

163

LIGHT DIVINE.

ANDREW REED.

(MERCY. 7s.)

GOTTSCALK.

1. Ho-ly Spir-it, light divine, Shine up-on this heart of mine,
2. Ho-ly Spir-it, pow'r divine, Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
3. Ho-ly Spir-it, all divine, Dwell within this heart of mine,

Chase the shades of night a-way, Turn my darkness in-to day.
Long has sin, without con-trol, Held do-min-ion o'er my soul.
Cast down ev-'ry i-dol-throne, Reign supreme, and reign alone.

164 COME, GRACIOUS SPIRIT.

SIMON BROWNE.

(WAKE. L. M.)

KINGSLEY.

1. Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove, With light and comfort from a - bove;
 2. To us the light of truth display, And make us know and choose thy way;
 3. Lead us to ho-li-ness,—the road That we must take to dwell with God:
 4. Lead us to God, our fi-nal rest, To be with him for - ev - er blest;

Be thou our Guardian, thou our Guide; O'er all our thoughts and steps preside.
 Plant ho-ly fear in ev'-ry heart, That we from God may ne'er de-part.
 Lead us to Christ, the liv-ing way, Nor let us from his pre-cepts stray.
 Lead us to heav'n, its bliss to share—Fulness of joy for - ev - er there!

165 COME TO THE LIVING WATERS.

ANON.

(HARVEY'S CHANT. C. M.)

BRADBURY.

1. Come to the liv-ing waters, come! O - bey your Maker's call; Re-turn, yo
 2. Noth-ing ye in ex-change shall give; Leave all you have behind; Free-ly the
 3. I bid you all my goodness prove; My prom-is-es are free: Come, taste the

weary wand'ers, home; My grace is free for all, My grace is free for all.
 gift of God re-ceive, And peace in Je-sus find, And peace in Je-sus find.
 manna of my love, De-light your souls in me, Delight your souls in me.

166 O FOR THAT FLAME!

WM. H. BATHURST. (MENDON. L. M.)

GERMAN.

1. O for that flame of liv-ing fire Which shone so bright in saints of old;
 2. Where is that spirit, Lord, which dwelt in Abram's breast, and sealed him thine?
 3. Is not thy grace as might-y now As when E-li-jah felt its pow'r?
 4. Remember, Lord, the ancient days; Renew thy work, thy grace re-store;

Which bade their souls to heav'n aspire, Calm in distress, in dan-ger bold!
 Which made Paul's heart with sorrow melt, And glow with en-er-gy di-vine?
 When glory beamed from Moses' brow, Or Job endured the try-ing hour?
 And while to thee our hearts we raise, On us thy Ho-ly Spir-it pour.

167 RETURN, O WANDERER!

WM. B. COLLYER. (BALERMA. C. M.) ARR. R. SIMPSON.

1. Re-turn, O wan-der-er, re-turn, And seek thy Fa-ther's face;
 2. Re-turn, O wan-der-er, re-turn; Thy Sav-iour bids thee live;
 3. Re-turn, O wan-der-er, re-turn, And wipe the fall-ing tear;

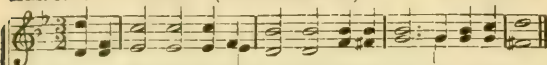
Those new desires which in thee burn, Were kin-dled by his grace.
 Come to his cross, and, grateful, learn How free-ly he'll for-give.
 Thy Fa-ther calls—no lon-ger mourn: 'Tis love in-vites thee near.

168

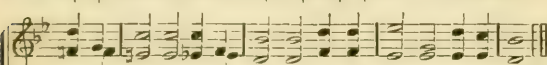
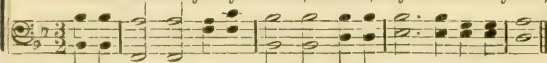
JESUS CALLS US.

MRS. C. F. ALEXANDER. (GALILEE 8s. 7s.)

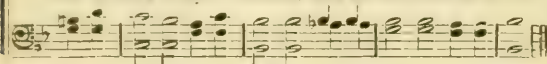
W. H. JUDE.



1. Jesus calls us, o'er the tumult Of our life's wild, restless sea;
2. Je- sus calls us from the wor- ship Of the rain world's golden store;
3. In our joys and in our sorrows, Days of toil and hours of ease,
4. Jesus calls us! by Thy mercies, Saviour, may we hear Thy call,



Day by day His sweet voice soundeth, Saying, Christian, fol- low me!
From each idol that would keep us, — Saying, Christian, love me more!
Still He calls in cares and pleasures. — Christian, love me more than these!
Give our hearts to Thy o - be- dience, Serve and love Thee best of all!



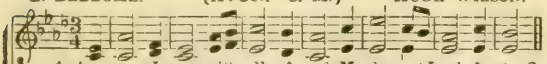
169

PARTING WITH SELF.

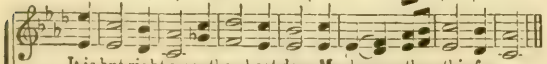
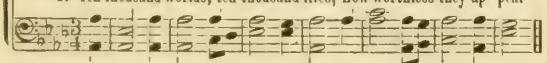
B. BEDDOME.

(AVON. C. M.)

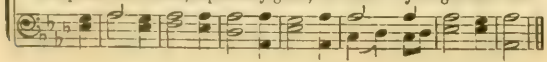
HUGH WILSON.



1. And must I part with all of self, My dearest Lord, for thee?
2. Yes, let it go; one look from thee Will more than make amends
3. Ten thousand worlds, ten thousand lives, How worthless they ap-pear



It is but right since thou hast done Much more than this for me.
For all the loss- es I sus- tain Of hon - or, riches, friends,
Compared with thee, supremely good, Di- vine - ly bright and fair!



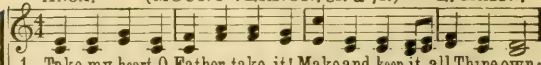
170

TAKE MY HEART.

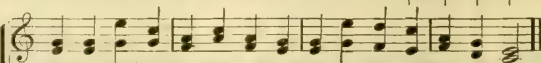
ANON.

(MOUNT VERNON, 8s. & 7s.)

I. MASON.



1. Take my heart, O Father, take it! Make and keep it all Thine own;
2. Father, make it pure and low-ly, Fond of peace and far from strife;
3. Ev- er let Thy grace surround me, Strengthen me with pow'r divine;
4. May the blood of Je- sus heal me, And my sins be all for-giv'n;

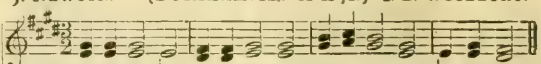


Let Thy Spirit melt and break it, This proud heart of sin and stone.
Turning from the paths un-ho-ly, Of this vain and sin-ful life.
By Thy cords of love that bound me, Make me to be whol-ly Thine.
Ho-ly Spir- it, take and seal me, Guide me in the path to heav'n.

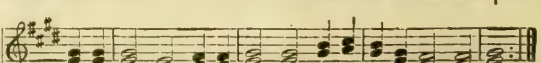
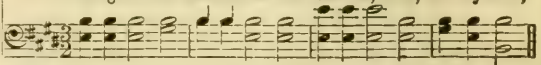


171 ONE ABOVE ALL OTHERS.

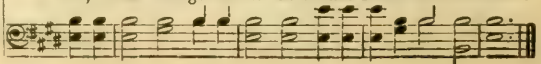
J. NEWTON. (DORRANCE. 8s & 7s.) I. B. WOODBURY.



1. One there is a-bove all oth-ers, Well deserves the name of Friend;
2. Which of all our friends, to save us, Could or would have shed his blood;
3. O for grace our hearts to soften! Teach us, Lord, to truly love;



His is love be-yond a brother's, Costly, free, and knows no end.
But our Je- sus died to have us Rec-on-ciled in him to God.
We, a-las! for- get too oft - en What a Friend we have above.

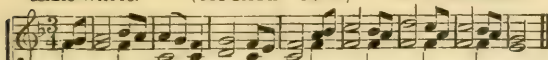


172 THE WONDROUS CROSS.

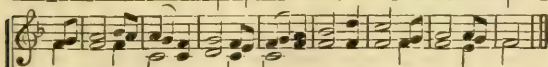
ISAAC WATTS.

(McCABE. L. M.)

E. S. WIDDEMER.



1. When I sur - vey the won - drous cross On which the prince of glo - ry died,
2. See, from his head, his hands, his feet, Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
3. Since I, who was un - done and lost, Have pardon thro' his name and word;
4. Were the whole realm of na - ture mine, That were a trib - ute far too small;



My rich - est gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet? Or thorns com - pose so rich a crown?
For - bid it, then, that I should boast, Save in the cross of Christ, my Lord.
Love so a - maz - ing, so di - vine, Demands my life, my soul, my all.

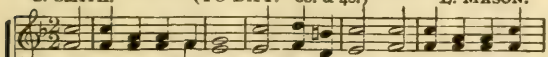


173 TO-DAY THE SAVIOUR CALLS.

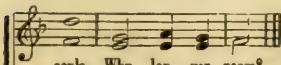
S. SMITH.

(TO-DAY. 6s. & 4s.)

L. MASON.



1. To - day the Saviour calls; Ye wand'ers, come; O ye be-night-ed
2. To - day the Saviour calls; Oh, hear him now; With-in these sa - cred
3. To - day the Saviour calls; For ref - uge fly; The storm of jus - tice



souls, Why lon - ger roam?
walls To Je - sus bow.
falls, And death is nigh.



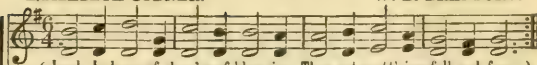
- 4 The Spirit calls to-day;
Yield to his pow'r,
Oh, grieve him not away,
'Tis mercy's hour.

174

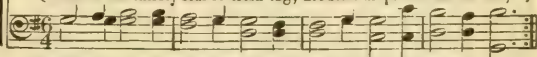
EVEN ME.

ELIZABETH CODNER.

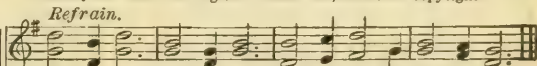
W. B. BRADBURY.



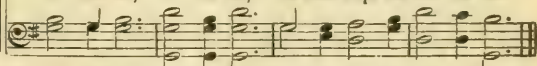
1. { Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless - ing Thou art scatt'ring full and free; }
- { Show'rs the thirsty soul re - fresh - ing; Let some drops now fall on me; }



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E - ven me, e - ven me, Let some drops now fall on me.

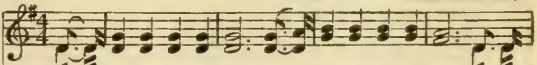


- 2 Pass me not, O gracious Father!
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
Let thy mercy rest on me.
- 3 Have I long in sin been sleeping?
Long been slighting, grieving thee?
- 4 Pass me not, O holy Spirit!
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Testify of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of peace to me.

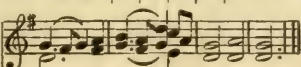
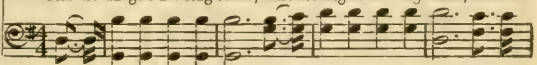
Has the world my heart been keeping?
O forgive and rescue me!

175 ANGELS HOVERING ROUND.

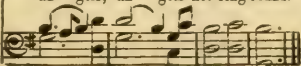
ARRANGED.



1. There are an - gels hov'ring round, There are angels hov'ring round, There are



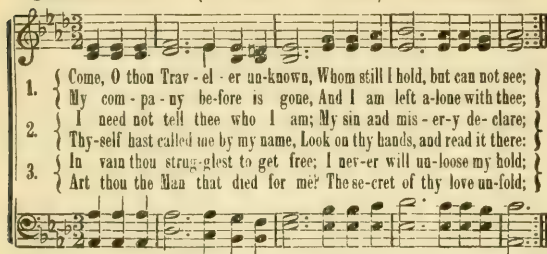
an - gels, an - gels hov'ring round.



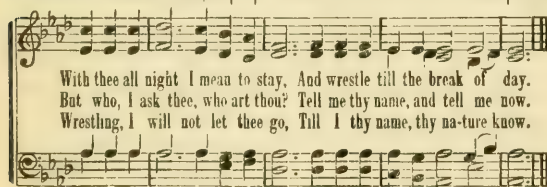
- 2 To carry the tidings home,
To the New Jerusalem,
There are, etc.
- 3 Let him that heareth, come,
O come, while yet there's room;
There are, etc.

176 I WILL NOT LET THEE GO.

CHARLES WESLEY. (SELENA. L. M. 6L.) I. B. WOODBURY.



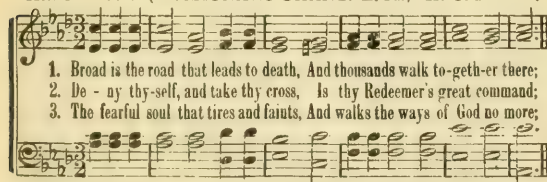
1. { Come, O thou Trav-el-er un-known, Whom still I hold, but can not see; }
 { My com-pa-ny be-fore is gone, And I am left a-lone with thee; }
 2. { I need not tell thee who I am; My sin and mis-er-y de-clare; }
 { Thy-self hast called me by my name, Look on thy hands, and read it there; }
 3. { In vain thou strug-glest to get free; I nev-er will un-loose my hold; }
 { Art thou the Man that died for me? The se-cret of thy love un-fold; }



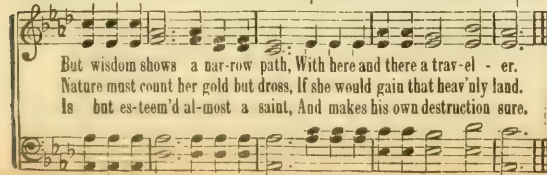
With thee all night I mean to stay, And wrestle till the break of day.
 But who, I ask thee, who art thou? Tell me thy name, and tell me now.
 Wrestling, I will not let thee go, Till I thy name, thy na-ture know.

177 BROAD IS THE ROAD.

ISAAC WATTS. (MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.) H. C. ZEUNER.



1. Broad is the road that leads to death, And thousands walk to-geth-er there;
 2. De-ny thy-self, and take thy cross, Is thy Redeemer's great command;
 3. The fearful soul that tires and faints, And walks the ways of God no more;

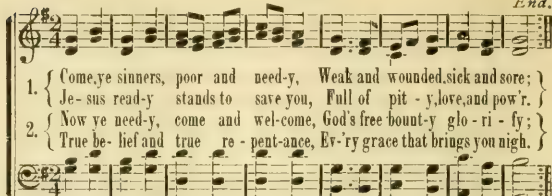


But wisdom shows a nar-row path, With here and there a trav-el-er.
 Nature must count her gold but dross, If she would gain that heav'nly land.
 Is but es-teem'd al-most a saint, And makes his own destruction sure.

178 COME, YE SINNERS.

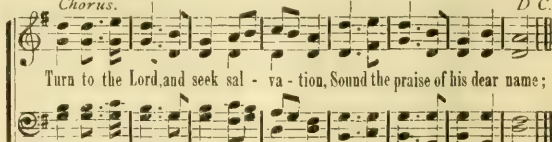
JOSEPH HART. (8s. & 7s. D.)

I. INGALLS. *End.*



1. { Come, ye sinners, poor and need-y, Weak and wounded, sick and sore; }
 { Je-sus read-y stands to save you, Full of pit-y, love, and pow'r. }
 2. { Now ye need-y, come and wel-come, God's free bount-y glo-ri-fy; }
 { True be-lief and true re-pent-ance, Ev'-ry grace that brings you nigh. }

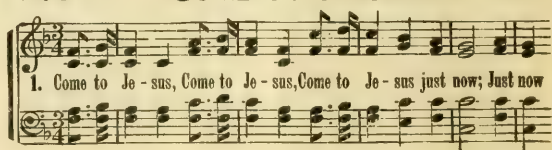
D. C.—Glory, honor, and sal-va-tion, Christ the Lord is come to reign.
Chorus. *D. C.*



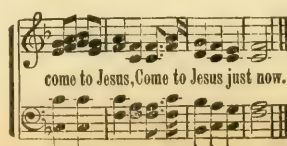
Turn to the Lord, and seek sal-va-tion, Sound the praise of his dear name;

- | | |
|--|---|
| 3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream:
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel our need of him. | 4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall,
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all. |
|--|---|

179 COME TO JESUS.



1. Come to Je-sus, Come to Je-sus, Come to Je-sus just now; Just now



come to Jesus, Come to Jesus just now.

- 2 He will save you, etc.
- 3 He is able, etc.
- 4 Call upon him, etc.
- 5 He is waiting, etc.
- 6 Only trust him, etc.
- 7 He will bless you, etc.

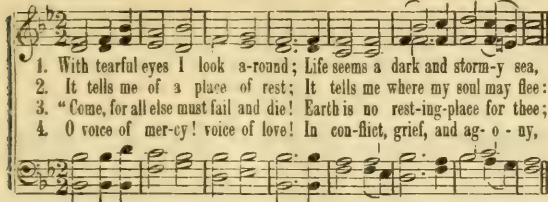
180

COME TO ME.

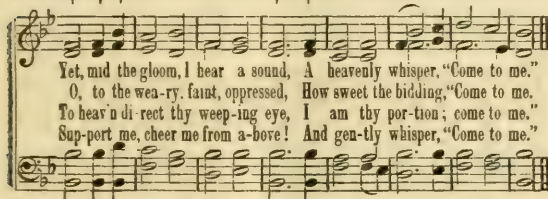
C. ELLIOTT.

(WARD. L. M.)

Arr. by L. MASON.



1. With tearful eyes I look a-round; Life seems a dark and storm-y sea;
2. It tells me of a place of rest; It tells me where my soul may flee:
3. "Come, for all else must fail and die! Earth is no rest-ing-place for thee;
4. O voice of mer-cy! voice of love! In con-flict, grief, and ag-o-ny,



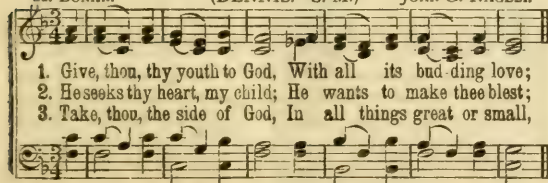
Yet, mid the gloom, I hear a sound, A heavenly whisper, "Come to me."
O, to the wea-ry, faint, oppressed, How sweet the bidding, "Come to me."
To heav'n di-rect thy weep-ing eye, I am thy por-tion; come to me."
Sup-port me, cheer me from a-bove! And gen-tly whisper, "Come to me."

181 GIVE THY YOUTH TO GOD.

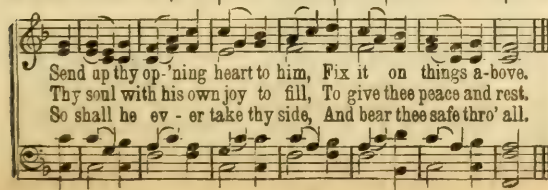
H. BONAR.

(DENNIS. S. M.)

JOHN G. NAGELI.



1. Give, thou, thy youth to God, With all its bud-ding love;
2. He seeks thy heart, my child; He wants to make thee blest;
3. Take, thou, the side of God, In all things great or small,



Send up thy op-n'ing heart to him, Fix it on things a-bove.
Thy soul with his own joy to fill, To give thee peace and rest.
So shall he ev-er take thy side, And bear thee safe thro' all.

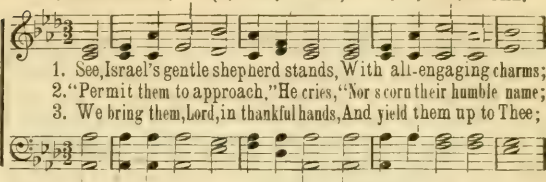
182

HE CALLS THE LAMBS.

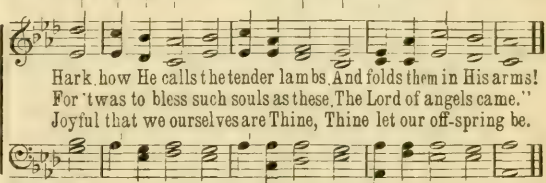
P. DODDRIDGE,

(EVAN. C. M.)

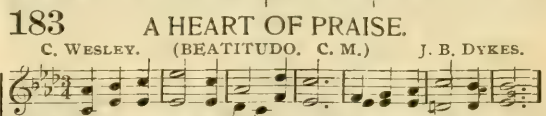
W. H. HAVERGAL.



1. See, Israel's gentle shepherd stands, With all-engaging charms;
2. "Permit them to approach," He cries, "Nor scorn their humble name;
3. We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands, And yield them up to Thee;



Hark how He calls the tender lambs, And folds them in His arms!
For 'twas to bless such souls as these, The Lord of angels came."
Joyful that we ourselves are Thine, Thine let our off-spring be.

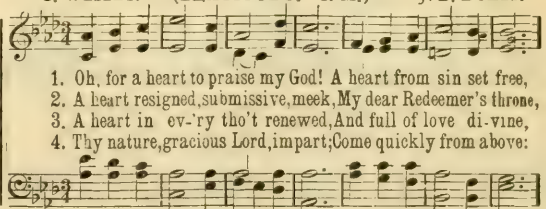


183 A HEART OF PRAISE.

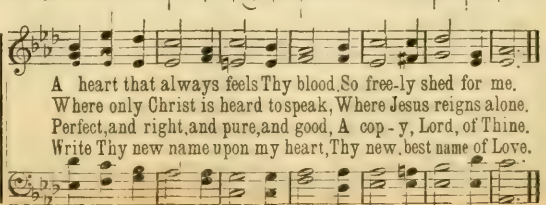
C. WESLEY.

(BEATITUDO. C. M.)

J. B. DYKES.



1. Oh, for a heart to praise my God! A heart from sin set free,
2. A heart resigned, submissive, meek, My dear Redeemer's throne,
3. A heart in ev-ry tho't renewed, And full of love di-vine,
4. Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart; Come quickly from above:



A heart that always feels Thy blood, So free-ly shed for me.
Where only Christ is heard to speak, Where Jesus reigns alone.
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good, A cop-y, Lord, of Thine.
Write Thy new name upon my heart, Thy new, best name of Love.

184 ON TRIFLING CARES.

P. DODDRIDGE. (WELTON. L. M.) C. H. A. MALAN.

1. Why do we waste on trifling cares That life which God's compassion spares,
2. Shall God in-vite us from a-bove? Shall Jesus urge his dy-ing love?
3. Not so our eyes will always view Those objects which we now pur-sue;
4. Al-might-y God, thy grace impart; Fix deep conviction on each heart;

While in the various range of thought, The one thing needful is for-got?
Shall troubled conscience give us pain? And all these pleas unite in vain?
Not so will heav'n and hell ap-pear, When death's de-ci-sive hour is near.
Nor let us waste on trifling cares That life which thy compassion spares.

185 CROSS AND CROWN.

T. SHEPHERD. (MAITLAND. C. M.)

1. Must Je-sus bear the cross a-lone, And all the world go free?
2. The con-so-crated cross I'll bear, Till He shall set me free;
3. Up-on the crys-tal pavement, down At Je-sus' pierc-ed feet,

No, there's a cross for ev'-ry one, And there's a cross for me.
And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.
With joy I'll cast my gold-en crown, And his dear name re-peal.

186 I DO BELIEVE.

CHARLES WESLEY.

(C. M.)

ARRANGED.

1. Fa-ther, I stretch my hands to thee; No oth-er help I know;
2. On thy dear Son I now be-lieve, O let me feel thy pow'r;
3. Au-thor of faith! to thee I lift My wea-ry, long-ing eyes:

CHO.—I do be-lieve, I now believe That Jesus died for me,

If thou with-draw thy-self from me, Ah, whither shall I go?
And all my va-ried wants re-lieve, In this ac-cept-ed hour.
O let me now re-ceive that gift; My soul with-out it dies.

And that he shed his precious blood From sin to set me free.

187 CONFORMED TO THEE.

C. WESLEY.

(HOLLEY. 7s.)

G. HEWS.

1. When, my Saviour, shall I be Per-fect-ly conformed to thee?
2. On-ly thee content to know, Ig-no-rant of all be-low;
3. Ful-ly in my life express All the highs of ho-li-ness;

Poor and vile in my own eyes, On-ly in thy wis-dom wise;
On-ly guid-ed by thy light, On-ly might-y in thy might?
Sweet-ly let my spir-it prove All the depths of humble love.

PART II.

Consecration and Praise.

188

GOD SHALL BE FIRST.

(LOWRY. L. M.)

(Dedicated to my Redeemer, with the prayer that it may lead thousands to join the PRAYER BAND, consisting of those who cheerfully devote at least the first and the last half hour of every day to the study of his word and to secret prayer, thus being strengthened for continual service; remembering that HIS work can be done only in HIS strength whose words are
F. E. B.
F. E. BELDEN.
"spirit and life.")

1. God shall be first in ev - 'ry - thing; No oth - er gods be - fore him;
 2. First when with ro - sy morn I wake, — His pow'r mine eyes un - seal - ing;
 3. First when the crowd - ing cares of day Im - pa - tient press up - on me;
 4. First when I leave mor - tal - i - ty, The glad new song up - rais - ing;

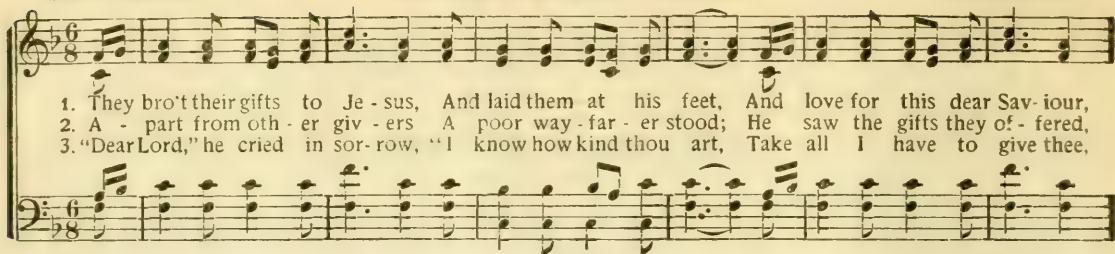
Cre - a - tor and Re - deem - er - King, 'Tis pleas - ure to a - dore him.
 First when his bount - eous gifts I take, — His Fa - ther - love re - veal - ing.
 First when the gen - tle twi - light ray With peace - ful calm falls on me.
 First all E - ter - ni - ty, where we Shall dwell who here are prais - ing.

SOMETHING FOR JESUS.

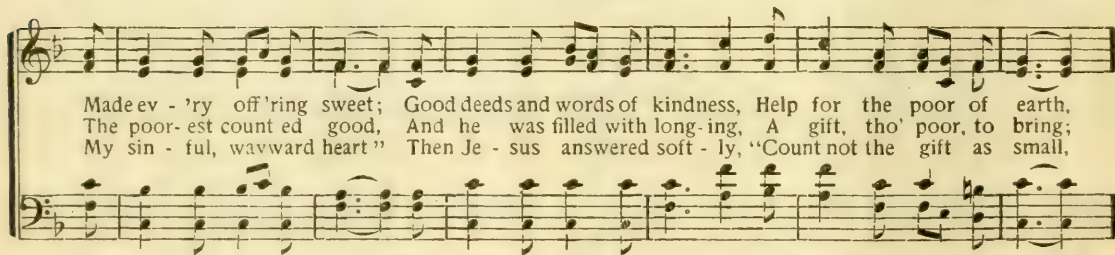
EEN E. REXFORD.

"My son, give me thine heart."—Prov. 23:26.

JOSEPH GARRISON.

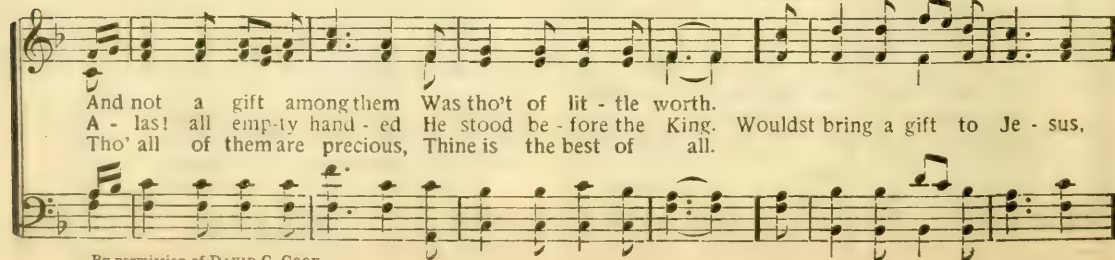


1. They bro't their gifts to Je - sus, And laid them at his feet, And love for this dear Sav - iour,
 2. A - part from oth - er giv - ers A poor way - far - er stood; He saw the gifts they of - fered,
 3. "Dear Lord," he cried in sor - row, "I know how kind thou art, Take all I have to give thee,



Made ev - 'ry off'ring sweet; Good deeds and words of kindness, Help for the poor of earth,
 The poor - est count ed good, And he was filled with long - ing, A gift, tho' poor, to bring;
 My sin - ful, wayward heart" Then Je - sus answered soft - ly, "Count not the gift as small,

CHORUS.



And not a gift among them Was tho't of lit - tle worth.
 A - las! all emp - ty hand - ed He stood be - fore the King. Wouldst bring a gift to Je - sus,
 Tho' all of them are precious, Thine is the best of all.

SOMETHING FOR JESUS.—CONCLUDED.

That he will count most sweet? Say, "Lord, my heart I give thee," And lay it at his feet.

190

HALLELUJAHS TO JESUS.

F. E. B. "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour."—Luke 46:47. F. E. BELDEN.

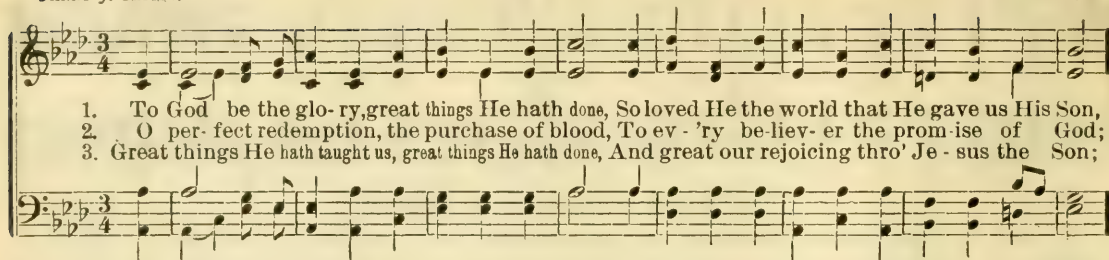
1. Hal - le - lu-jahs to Je - sus! Hal - le - lu-jahs for - ev - er! His wondrous sal - va - tion our tongues shall declare.
2. Strike the cymbals of gladness, Hush the lone harps of sadness; He lives who redeemed us from death's awful gloom.
3. With the angels u - nit - ing, In his praises de - light - ing, Both here and in heav'n shall our joy - an - them ring.

Sound the life in - vi - ta - tion, Call the glad cor - o - nation; The Lord of cre - a - tion the crown shall wear.
 Tell the wonderful sto - ry, From the manger to glo - ry; All hail to King Je - sus who burst the tomb!
 For his love ev - er ver - nal, For his mer - cy e - ter - nal, Let glo - ry su - per - nal crown Jesus King.

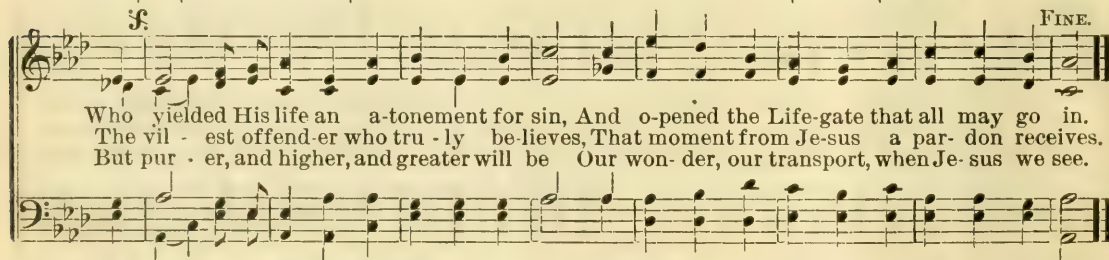
FANNY J. CROSEY.

"To whom be glory forever."—Rom. 11: 36.

W. H. DOANE.



1. To God be the glo-ry, great things He hath done, So loved He the world that He gave us His Son,
 2. O per-fect redemption, the purchase of blood, To ev-'ry be-liev-er the prom-ise of God;
 3. Great things He hath taught us, great things He hath done, And great our rejoicing thro' Je-sus the Son;

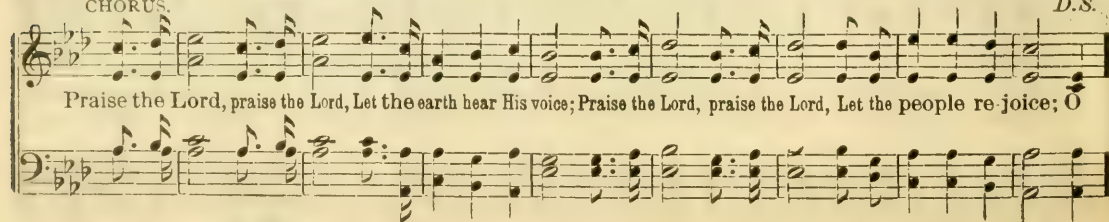


Who yielded His life an a-tonement for sin, And o-pened the Life-gate that all may go in.
 The vil-est offend-er who tru-ly be-lieves, That moment from Je-sus a par-don receives.
 But pur-er, and higher, and greater will be Our won-der, our transport, when Je-sus we see.

D. S.—come to the Fa-ther, thro' Je-sus the Son, And give Him the glo-ry, great things He hath done.

CHORUS.

D.S.



Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, Let the earth hear His voice; Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, Let the people re-joice; O

"He brought me up also out of a horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock."—Ps. 40: 2.

Rev. H. J. ZELLEY,
CHO. by H. L. G.

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. My heart was distress'd 'neath Jehovah's dread frown, And low in the pit where my sins dragg'd me down; I
 2. He placed me upon the strong Rock by His side, My steps were established and here I'll a-bide; No
 3. He gave me a song, 'twas a new song of praise. By day and by night its sweet notes I will raise; My
 4. I'll sing of His wonderful mercy to me, I'll praise Him till all men His goodness shall see; I'll

CHORUS.

cried to the Lord from the deep miry clay, Who tenderly brought me out to golden day.
 dan- ger of fall-ing while here I re main, But stand by His grace until the crown I gain.
 heart's o- ver-flow-ing, I'm happy and free, I'll praise my Redeemer, who has rescued me. } He brought me out
 sing of sal-va- tion at home and abroad, Till many shall hear the truth and trust in God.

of the miry clay, He set my feet on the Rock to stay; He puts a song in my soul to-day, A song of praise, hal-le-lu-jah!

THE COMFORTER HAS COME.

"I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you forever."—John 15: 16.
 Rev. F. BORTOME, D. D. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O, spread the ti - dings round, Wher - ev - er man is found, Wherev - er hu - man hearts
 2. The long, long night is past, The morn - ing breaks at last; And hush'd the dreadful wail
 3. Be - hold, the King of kings, With heal - ing in his wings, To ev - 'ry cap - tive soul
 4. O bound - less Love di - vine! How shall this tongue of mine, To wond'ring mor - tals tell
 5. Sing, till the ech - oes fly A - bove the vault - ed sky, And all the saints a - bove

D. S.—The Ho - ly Ghost from heav'n,

And hu - man woes a - bound; Let ev - 'ry Chris - tian tongue Pro - claim the joy - ful sound:
 And fu - ry of the blast, As o'er the gold - en hills The day ad - van - ces fast:
 A full de - liv'rance brings; And thro' the va - cant cells The song of tri - umph rings:
 The match - less grace di - vine,—That I, a child of sin, Should in his im - age shine!
 To all be - low re - ply, In strains of end - less love, The song that ne'er will die:

The Fa - ther's prom - ise giv'n; O, spread the tidings round, Wher - ev - er man is found,—

The Com - fort - er has come! The Com - fort - er has come, The Comfort - er has come! *D. S.*

The Com - fort - er has come!

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I WILL SING OF JESUS' LOVE.

F. E. B.

"I will sing of thy power: yea, I will sing aloud of thy mercy."—Ps. 59: 16.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. I will sing (I will sing) of Je - sus' love, Sing of him (sing of him) who first loved me; For he
 2. Ere a tear - - - had dim'd mine eyes, Je - sus' tears - - - for me did flow; Ere my
 3. O the depths - - - of love di - vine! Earth or heav'n - - - can nev - er know How that
 4. Noth-ing good - - - for him I've done; How could he - - - such love be-stow? Lord, I

REFRAIN.

left (for he left) bright worlds a - bove, And died on Cal - va - ry. I will sing - - of Jesus' love,
 first - - - faint prayer could rise, He had prayed in tones of woe.
 sins - - - as dark as mine Can be made as white as snow.
 own - - my heart is won; Help me now *my love* to show. I will sing

Endless praise (endless praise) my heart shall give; He has died (He has died) that I might live,—I will sing his love to me

EL NATHAN.

Jer. 33: 8. Ps. 29: 11. Acts 1: 8.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. Would we be joy - ful in the Lord? Then count the rich-es o'er, Re-vealed to faith with-
 2. For ev - 'ry sin, by grace di-vine A par - don free bestowed; And with the par - don
 3. Of grace to break the pow'r of sin, He gives a full sup-ply; The Ho - ly Ghost, the
 4. The pow'r to win a soul to God. The Spir - it, too, im-parts; And He, the gift of
 5. These blessings we by faith re-ceive, By sim - ple child-like trust: In Christ 'tis God's de-

CHORUS.

in His Word, And note the boundless store. There is par - - don, peace and
 peace is mine, The peace in Je - sus' blood.
 heart with - in. From sin doth pu - ri - fy.
 Christ, our Lord, Dwells now in all our hearts.
 light to give; He prom-ised, and He must. Pardon, peace and pow'r,

pow'r, And pu - ri - ty, and Par - a - dise; With all of
 par-don, peace and pow'r, And pu - ri - ty, and Par - a - dise;

PARDON, PEACE AND POWER.—CONCLUDED.

these.... in Christ for me,..... Let joy-ful songs of praise to Him a-rise.
 With all of these in Christ for me,

196

TREAD SOFTLY.

FANNY J. CROSBY.
Gently,

(SOLO AND QUARTET.)

W. H. DOANE.

1. Be si-lent, be si-lent, A whis-per is heard, Be si-lent, and list-en, Oh. treasure each word.
 2. Be si-lent, be si-lent, For ho-ly this place, This al-tar that echoes The message of grace.
 3. Be si-lent, be si-lent, Breathe humbly our pray'r, A fore-taste of E-den This moment we share.
 4. Be si-lent, be si-lent, His mer-cy re-cord; Be si-lent, be si-lent, And wait on the Lord.

CHORUS.

Tread soft-ly, tread soft-ly, The Mas-ter is here; Tread soft-ly, tread soft-ly, He bids us draw near.
 Tread softly here, tread softly here, Tread softly here, tread softly here,

COME OUT IN THE SUNSHINE.

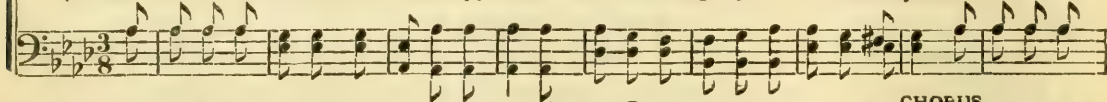
"He that followeth me shall not walk in darkness; but shall have the light of life."—John 8:12.

FANNIE E. BOLTON.

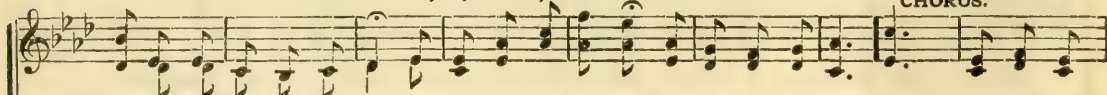
FANNIE E. BOLTON.



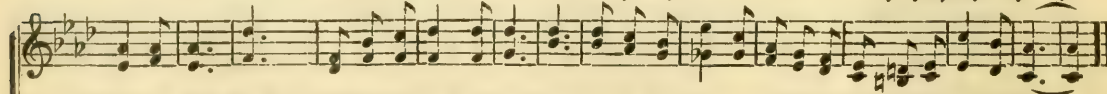
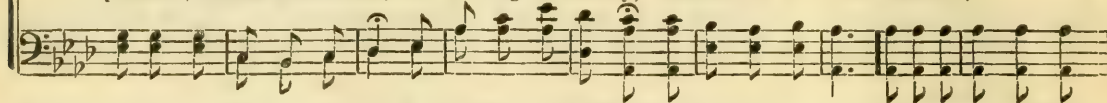
1. Come out in the sunshine! O gath-er its wealth! There's joy in the sunshine, And beauty and health. Why stay in the
2. A flow'r in the shad-ow Will lose its bright hue, 'Twill weary and with-er, And so 'tis with you. We fade in the
3. Come out in the sunshine! O hear Love's sweet voice! And all ho-ly spir-its With you will rejoice, You'll sing with the
4. Live out in the sunshine, Till Jesus appears, Then share in his glory Thro' love's endless years. O dwell in his



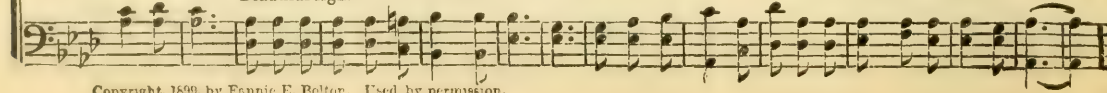
CHORUS.



shadow? Why weep in the gloom? Come out in the sunshine, And let your soul bloom. O beau-ti-ful
 shadow Of thought or of room; But out in the sunshine We blossom and bloom.
 an-gels. Wher-ev-er you go, You'll glad-ly tell oth-ers The way out of woe.
 presence, Where no shad-ow mars; Re-flect-ing his beau-ty, You'll shine as the stars. Beautiful,



healing light, Sent down from the courts a-bove, Thou mak-est the dark-ness bright With the smile of God's tender love.
 Beautiful light



SUNSHINE IN THE SOUL.

"Now the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing."—Rom. 15 : 13.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY, by per.

1. There's sunshine in my soul to-day, More glo - ri - ous and bright Than glows in a - ny earth-ly sky,
 2. There's mu-sic in my soul to-day, A car - ol to my King, And, Je - sus list - en - ing, can hear
 3. There's spring-time in my soul to-day, For when the Lord is near, The dove of peace sings in my heart,
 4. There's glad-ness in my soul to-day, And hope, and praise, and love, For blessings which he gives me now,

CHORUS.

For Je - sus is my light.
 The songs I can - not sing. O there's sun - shine, blessed sun - shine, When the peaceful,
 The flow'rs of grace appear. sunshine in the soul, blessed sunshine in the soul,
 For joys laid up a - bove.

hap - py moments roll; When Je - sus shows his smiling face There is sun - shine in the soul.
 hap - py moments roll,

FANNY J. CROSBY.

"Thou hast pleaded the cause of my soul: thou hast redeemed my life."—Lam. 3: 58.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Redeemed! how I love to pro-claim it! Redeemed by the blood of the Lamb; Redeemed thro' his
 2. Redeemed! and so hap-py in Je-sus! No language my rapt-ure can tell; I know that the
 3. I think of my bless-ed Re-deem-er, I think of him all the day long; I sing; for I
 4. I know I shall see in his beau-ty The King in whose law I de-light, Who lov-ing-ly
 5. I know there's a crown that is wait-ing In yon-der bright mansion for me; And soon, with the

REFRAIN.

in-fi-nite mer-cy, His child, and for-ev-er, I am. Re-deemed, re-deemed, Re-
 light of his presence With me doth con-tin-u-al-ly dwell.
 can-not be si-lent; His love is the theme of my song.
 guardeth my footsteps, And giv-eth me songs in the night.
 spir-its made per-fect, At home with the Lord I shall be. Redeemed, redeemed,
 deemed by the blood of the Lamb; Re-deemed, re-deemed, His child, and for-ev-er, I am.
 Redeemed, redeemed,

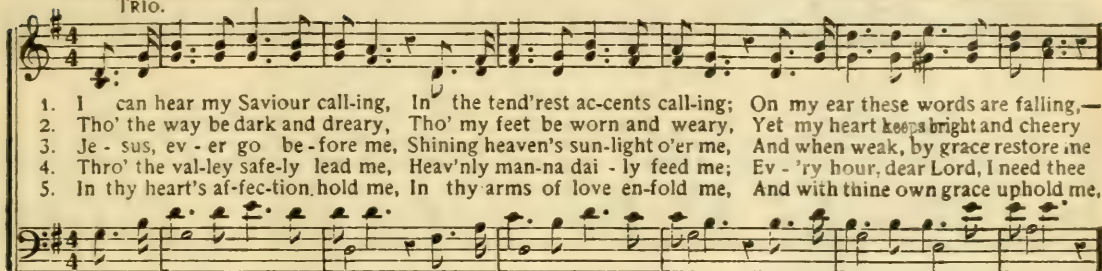
FOLLOW ALL THE WAY.

"I will follow thee whithersoever thou goest."—Mat. 8 : 19.

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

ARR. BY ISA ORWIG HOFFMAN.

TRIO.



1. I can hear my Saviour call-ing, In the tend'rest ac-cents call-ing; On my ear these words are falling,—
 2. Tho' the way be dark and dreary, Tho' my feet be worn and weary, Yet my heart keeps bright and cheery
 3. Je - sus, ev - er go be - fore me, Shining heaven's sun-light o'er me, And when weak, by grace restore me
 4. Thro' the val-ley safe-ly lead me, Heav'nly man-na dai - ly feed me; Ev - 'ry hour, dear Lord, I need thee
 5. In thy heart's af-fec-tion hold me, In thy arms of love en-fold me, And with thine own grace uphold me,

CHORUS.



Come and fol-low, dai - ly fol - low me."
 As I fol - low, fol-low all the way.
 As I fol - low, fol-low all the way. I will take my cross and fol - low. My dear
 As I fol - low, fol-low all the way.
 As I fol - low, fol-low all the way.

Sav-iour I will fol-low; Where he leads me I will fol-low, I'll go with him, with him all the way.

MY SINS ARE ALL TAKEN AWAY.

F. E. B.

"None of his sins that he hath committed shall be mentioned unto him."—Eze. 33: 19.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. He will men - tion them no more for - ev - er, My sins are all tak - en a - way;
 2. Since I came by faith to Cal - v'ry's mountain, My sins are all tak - en a - way;
 3. At the bot - tom of the sea they're ly - ing, My sins are all tak - en a - way;
 4. Once the "car - nal mind" was all my pleas - ure, My sins are all tak - en a - way;
 5. Doubt can nev - er stay where Faith is sing - ing, "My sins are all tak - en a - way;"

For his roy - al prom - ise chang - es nev - er, My sins are all tak - en a - way.
 Thro' the cleans - ing pow'r of that blest Foun - tain, My sins are all tak - en a - way.
 Now the pow'rs of sin and self de - ny - ing, My sins are all tak - en a - way.
 Now the word of God is my chief treas - ure, My sins are all tak - en a - way.
 "Praise the Lord" with - in my heart is ring - ing, My sins are all tak - en a - way.

CHORUS.

{ They are all tak - en a - way, They are all tak - en a - way; He will mention them no
 { They are all tak - en a - way, They are all tak - en a - way; I am rest - ing in the
 a-way, a-way;

MY SINS ARE ALL TAKEN AWAY.—CONCLUDED.

more for - ev - er; Praise the Lord! sing it all day. (Hallelujah!) } My sins are all tak-en a - way.
 great Peace-Giv - er, (Omit.)

202

NEARER, STILL NEARER.

C. H. M.

"Draw nigh to God and he will draw nigh unto you."—Jas. 4 : 8.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Nearer, still near-er, close to Thy heart, Draw me, my Saviour, so precious Thou art; Fold me, O fold me
 2. Nearer, still near er, nothing I bring, Naught as an of-fring to Je-sus my King; On - ly my sin - ful,
 3. Nearer, still near-er, Lord, to be Thine, Sin, with its fol-lies, I glad- ly re- sign, All of its pleas-ures,
 4. Nearer, still near-er, while life shall last; Till safe in glo - ry my an-chor is cast; Thro' endless a - ges,

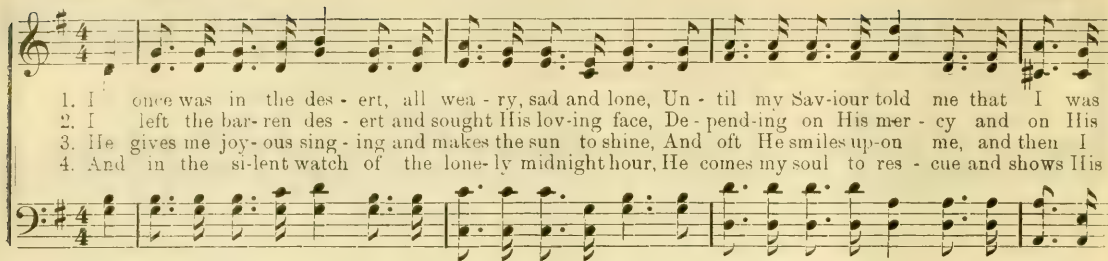
close to Thy breast, Shelt-er me safe in that "Haven of Rest," Shelt-er me safe in that "Haven of Rest."
 now contrite heart, Grant me the cleansing Thy blood doth impart, Grant me the cleansing Thy blood doth impart.
 pomp and its pride; Give me but Je - sus, my Lord cru-ci-fied, Give me but Je - sus, my Lord cruci-fied.
 ev - er to be, Near - er, my Saviour, still nearer to Thee, Near - er, my Saviour, still nearer to Thee.

HE'S EVERYTHING TO ME.

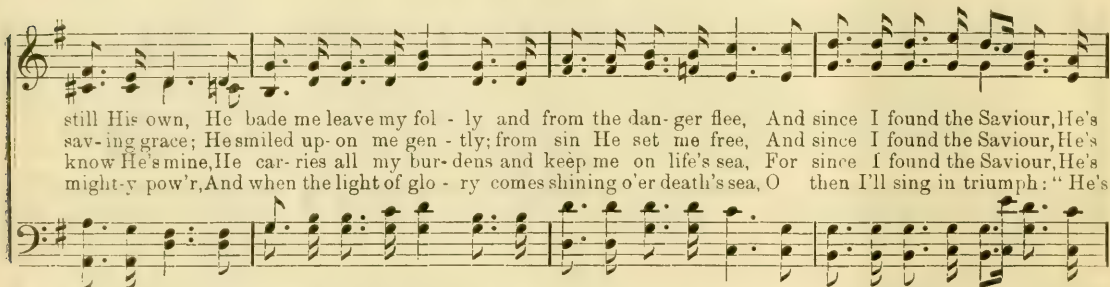
FRANK H. MASHAW.

" Christ is all and in all."

C. AUSTIN MILES.

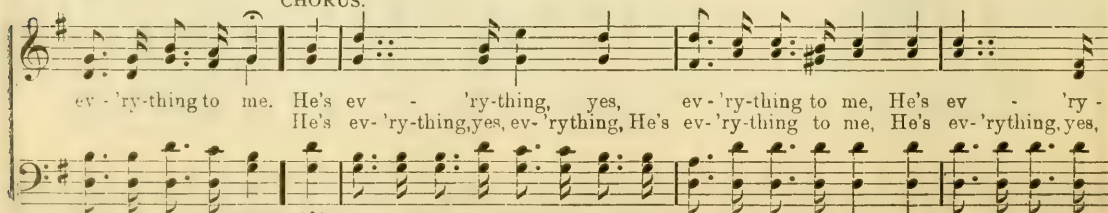


1. I once was in the des - ert, all wea - ry, sad and lone, Un - til my Sav-iour told me that I was
 2. I left the bar-ren des - ert and sought His lov-ing face, De-pend-ing on His mer - cy and on His
 3. He gives me joy-ous sing-ing and makes the sun to shine, And oft He smiles up-on me, and then I
 4. And in the si-lent watch of the lone-ly mid-night hour, He comes my soul to res - cue and shows His



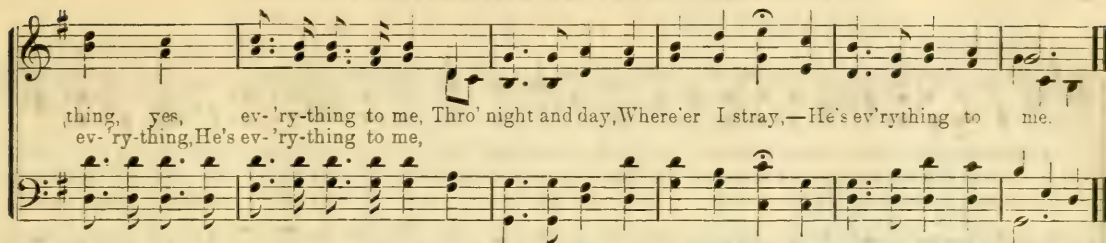
still His own, He bade me leave my fol - ly and from the dan-ger flee, And since I found the Saviour, He's
 sav-ing grace; He smiled up-on me gen - tly; from sin He set me free, And since I found the Saviour, He's
 know He's mine, He car-ries all my bur-dens and keep me on life's sea, For since I found the Saviour, He's
 might-y pow'r, And when the light of glo - ry comes shining o'er death's sea, O then I'll sing in triumph: " He's

CHORUS.



ev - 'ry-thing to me. He's ev - 'ry-thing, yes, ev - 'ry-thing to me, He's ev - 'ry -
 He's ev - 'ry-thing, yes, ev - 'rything, He's ev - 'ry-thing to me, He's ev - 'rything, yes,

HE'S EVERYTHING TO ME.—CONCLUDED.



thing, yes, ev-'ry-thing to me, Thro' night and day, Where'er I stray,—He's ev'rything to me.
 ev-'ry-thing, He's ev-'ry-thing to me,

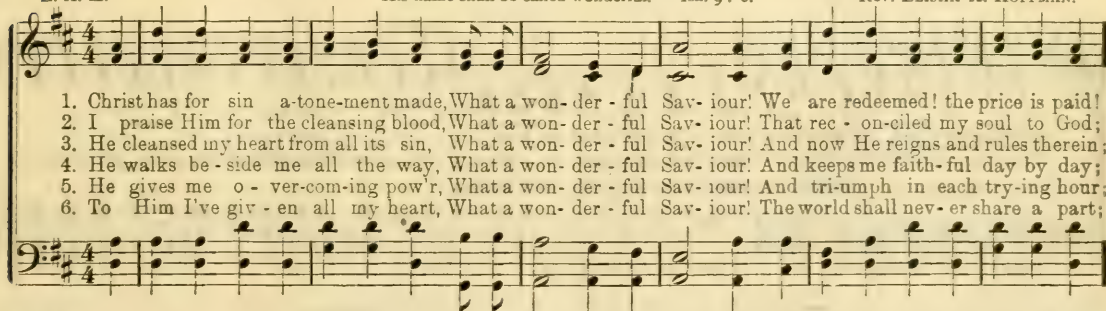
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WHAT A WONDERFUL SAVIOUR!

E. A. H.

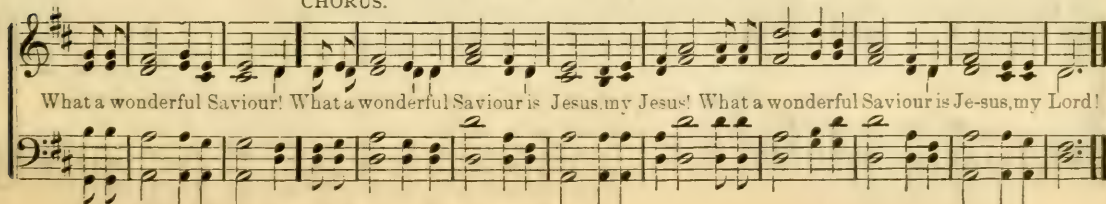
"His name shall be called wonderful."—Isa. 9 : 6.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.



1. Christ has for sin a-tone-ment made, What a won-der-ful Sav-iour! We are redeemed! the price is paid!
 2. I praise Him for the cleansing blood, What a won-der-ful Sav-iour! That rec-on-ciled my soul to God;
 3. He cleansed my heart from all its sin, What a won-der-ful Sav-iour! And now He reigns and rules therein;
 4. He walks be-side me all the way, What a won-der-ful Sav-iour! And keeps me faith-ful day by day;
 5. He gives me o-ver-com-ing pow'r, What a won-der-ful Sav-iour! And tri-umph in each try-ing hour;
 6. To Him I've giv-en all my heart, What a won-der-ful Sav-iour! The world shall nev-er share a part;

CHORUS.



What a wonderful Saviour! What a wonderful Saviour is Jesus, my Jesus! What a wonderful Saviour is Je-sus, my Lord!

BLESSED ASSURANCE.

F. J. CROSBY.

"My beloved is mine, and I am his: he feedeth among the lilies."—Cant. 2:16.

MRS. JOS. F. KNAPP, by per.

1. Blessed as-sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! O, what a fore-taste of glo-ry di-vine! Heir of sal-va-tion,
 2. Perfect submission, perfect delight, Vis-ions of rap-ture now burst on my sight. An-gels de-scend-ing
 3. Perfect submission, all is at rest, I in my Sav-iour am hap-py and blest, Watching and wait-ing,

CHORUS.

purchase of God, Born of his Spir-it, wash'd in his blood.
 bring from above Ech-oes of mer-cy, whispers of love. This is my story, this is my song, Praising my
 look-ing above, Filled with his goodness, lost in his love.

Sav-iour all the day long; This is my sto-ry, this is my song, Praising my Saviour all the day long.

F. E. B.

"I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely."—Rev. 21:6.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. We'll tar - ry by the liv - ing wa - ters, The fount - ain pure and free; There Je - sus waits to give us
 2. When weary with the toilsome journey, 'Tis sweet to rest a - while Where crys - tal wa - ters gen - tly
 3. Then come to Christ, the liv - ing wa - ter, Thy strength will he re - store; Come, taste the joy of his sal -

CHORUS.

welcome, A welcome sweet 't will be. We'll tar - ry by the liv - ing wa - ters, Tar - ry by the
 murmur, And sunny fountains smile.
 va - tion, And drink to thirst no more. fount of liv - ing waters,

liv - ing wa - ters; Tar - ry by the liv - ing wa - ters, Tar - ry by the Fount of Life.
 fount of liv - ing wa - ters; fount of liv - ing wa - ters,

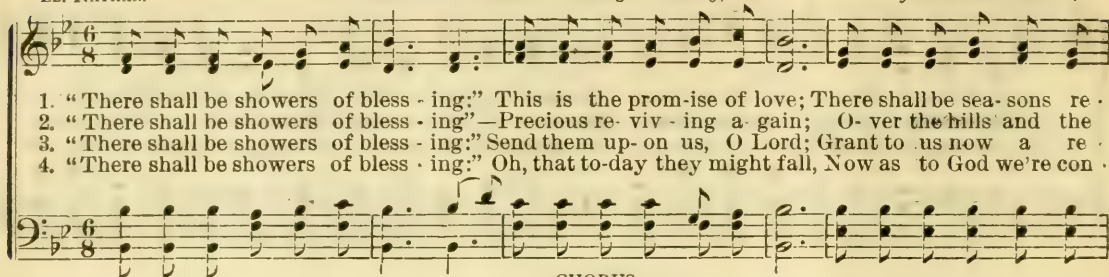
THERE SHALL BE SHOWERS OF BLESSING.

"And I will make them and the places round about my hill a blessing, and I will cause the shower to come down in his season :

EL. NATHAN.

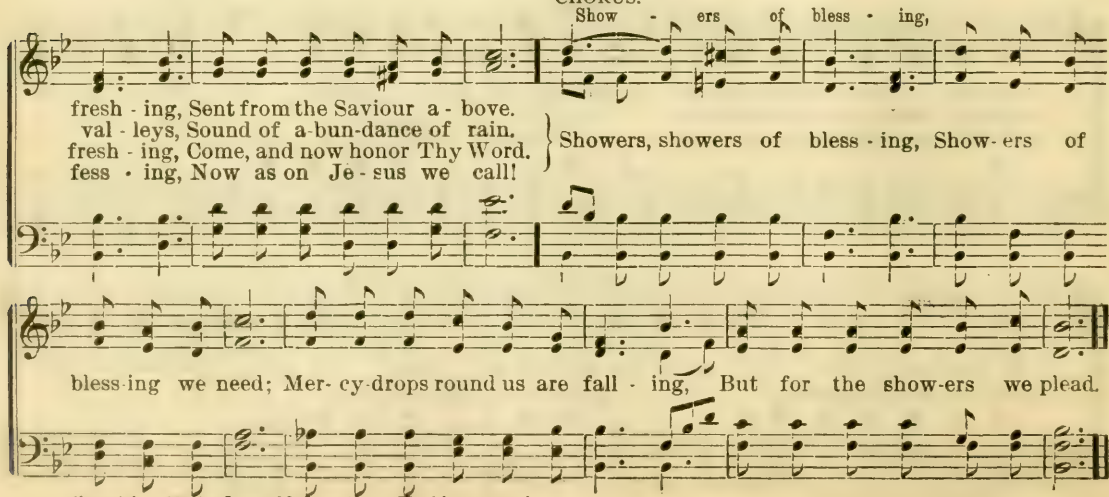
there shall be showers of blessing."—Ezek 34: 26.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.



1. "There shall be showers of bless - ing;" This is the prom - ise of love; There shall be sea - sons re -
 2. "There shall be showers of bless - ing"—Precious re - viv - ing a - gain; O - ver the hills and the
 3. "There shall be showers of bless - ing;" Send them up - on us, O Lord; Grant to us now a re -
 4. "There shall be showers of bless - ing;" Oh, that to - day they might fall, Now as to God we're con -

CHORUS.



fresh - ing, Sent from the Saviour a - bove.
 val - leys, Sound of a - bun - dance of rain.
 fresh - ing, Come, and now honor Thy Word.
 fess - ing, Now as on Je - sus we call!

Show - ers of bless - ing,
 Showers, showers of bless - ing, Show - ers of
 bless - ing we need; Mer - cy - drops round us are fall - ing, But for the show - ers we plead.

P. P. B.

"Let the peace of God rule in your hearts."—Col. 3: 15.

P. P. BILHORN.

1. There comes to my heart one sweet strain, (sweet strain), A glad and a joy-ous re- frain, (refrain),
 2. Thro' Christ on the cross peace was made, (was made), My debt by His death was all paid, (all paid).
 3. When Je- sus as Lord I had crowned, (had crowned), My heart with this peace did a- bound (a-bound),
 4. In Je- sus for peace I a- bid, (a- bid,) And as I keep close to His side, (His side).

CHORUS.

I sing it a- gain and a- gain, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
 No oth-er founda- tion is laid, For peace, the gift of God's love.
 In Him the rich blessing I found, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
 There's nothing but peace doth be- tide, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.

Peace, peace, sweet peace

rit.

Won-derful gift from a-bove (above) Oh, wonderful, wonderful peace, Sweet peace the gift of God's love.

S. H. BOLTON.

"He shall be kept in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee."—Isa. 26:3.

FANNIE E. BOLTON.

1. The dove of peace sings in my heart, "In strife and war thou hast no part; Thy place among the hosts of wrong
 2. The dove of peace hath radiant wings, And light and mel-o-dy he brings; He tells of my soon-coming King,
 3. O! gen-tle voice of Je-sus' love! It links the life to heav'n a-bove, And thro' all sorrow and all wrong
 4. The dove of peace shall ne'er de-part, But keep his home within my heart. E'en when I rise to worlds a - bove,
 5. O would'st thou hear the dove with-in? Let Jesus cleanse thy heart from sin: Then in sweet measures from a - bove

REFRAIN.

Is but to ech-o love's sweet song."
 Of prais-es that the an-gels sing. The dove of peace, sings in my soul, "Thy Saviour's blood
 O'erflows the soul with tender song.
 I'll hear the sing-ing of the dove.
 Thon'lt hear the music of his love.

The dove of peace sings in my soul. "Thy Saviour's blood

doth make thee whole;" The Spirit's voice, like wooing dove, Sings of my Sa-viour's deathless love.
 doth make thee whole;"

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WONDERFUL PEACE.

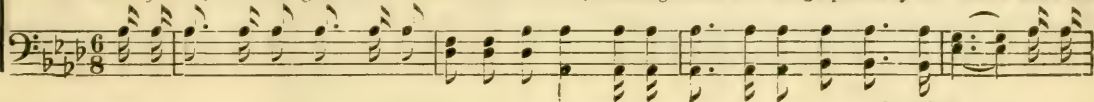
REV. W. D. CORNELL. Alt.

"My peace I give unto you."—John 14:27.

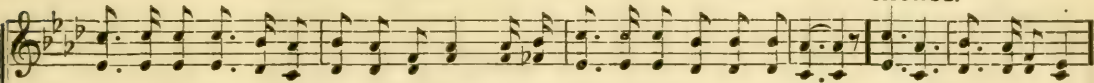
REV. W. G. COOPER.



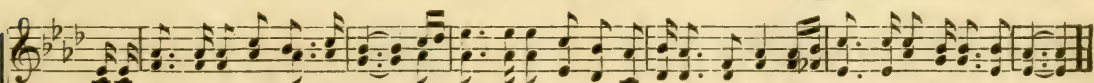
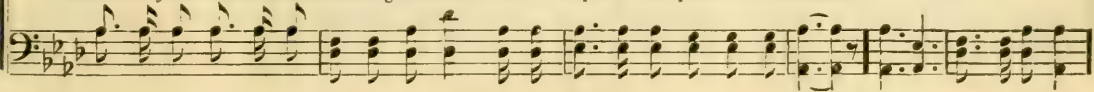
1. Far a-way in the depths of my spir-it to-night, Rolls a mel - o - dy sweet-er than psalm; In ce-
2. What a treas-ure I have in this wonderful peace, Buried deep in my in - ner-most soul; So se-
3. I am rest - ing to-night in this wonderful peace, Resting sweet-ly in Je - sus' con-trol; I am
4. I be-lieve when I rise to that cit-y of peace, Where the Author of peace I shall see, That one
5. Wea-ry soul, without glad-ness or com-fort or rest, Passing down the rough pathway of time! Make the



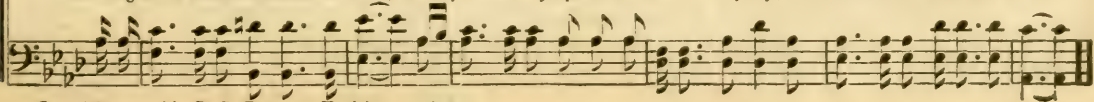
CHORUS.



les-tial like strains it un - ceas-ing-ly falls O'er my soul like an in - fi - nite calm.
 cure that no pow - er can mine it a - way, While the years of e-ter-ni - ty roll
 kept from all dan-ger by night and by day, And his glo - ry is flood-ing my soul. Peace! peace! wonderful peace,
 strain of the song which the ransomed will sing, In that heav-en-ly kingdom will be,—
 Sav-our your friend ere the shadows grow dark; O ac - cept of this peace so sub-lime.



Com-ing down from the Fa-ther a - bove; Sweep o-ver my spirit for-ev-er, I pray, In fathomless billows of love.



THE HAVEN OF REST.

H. L. GILMOUR.

"The Lord shall give thee rest from thy sorrows."—Isa. 14 : 3.

Geo. D. MOORE.

1. My soul in sad ex - ile was out on life's sea, So burdened with sin, and dis - tressed,
 2. I yield - ed my-self to his ten - der em-brace, And faith tak-ing hold of his Word,
 3. The song of my soul, since the Lord made me whole, Has been the OLD STO-RY so blest,
 4. How precious the tho't that we all may re - cline, Like John the be - lov - ed and blest,
 5. O come to the Sav - iour! he pa - tient - ly waits To save by his pow - er di - - vine;

Till I heard a sweet voice saying, "Make me your choice;" And I entered the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
 My fet - ters fell off, and I anchored my soul: The Ha - ven of Rest is my Lord.
 Of Je - sus, who'll save who - so - ev - er will have A home in the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
 On Je - sus' strong arm, where no tem-pest can harm, — Se - cure in the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
 Come, an - chor your soul in the "Ha - ven of Rest," And say, "my Be - lov - ed is mine."

D. S.— The tem-pest may sweep o'er the wild, storm-y deep, In Je - sus I'm safe ev - er - more.

CHORUS.

D. S.

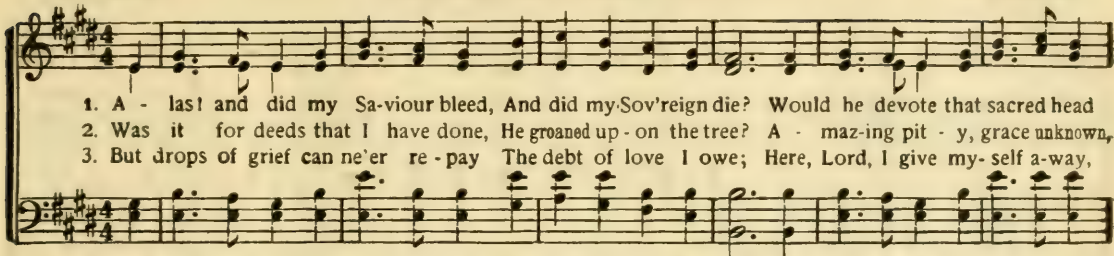
I've anchored my soul in the "Hav - en of Rest," I sail the wide seas no more;

AT THE CROSS.

ISAAC WATTS.

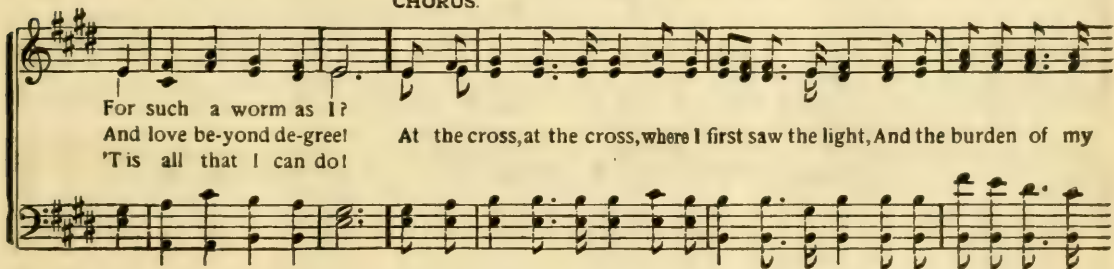
"Look unto me, and be ye saved." Isa. 45: 22.

R. E. HUDSON.

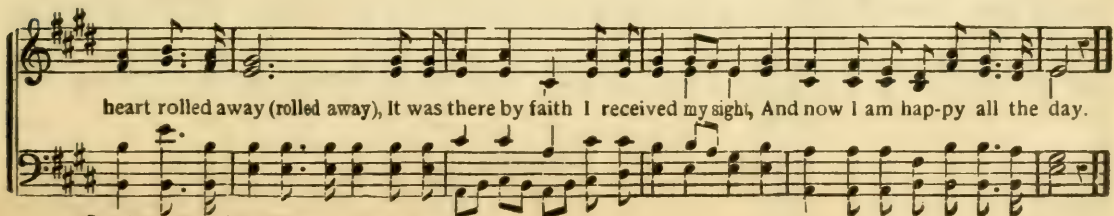


1. A - last and did my Sa-viour bleed, And did my Sov'reign die? Would he devote that sacred head
 2. Was it for deeds that I have done, He groaned up - on the tree? A - maz-ing pit - y, grace unknown,
 3. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe; Here, Lord, I give my- self a-way,

CHORUS.



For such a worm as I?
 And love be-yond de-gree! At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light, And the burden of my
 'Tis all that I can do!



heart rolled away (rolled away), It was there by faith I received my sight, And now I am hap-py all the day.

HALLELUJAH FOR THE CROSS!

"God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ,"—Gal. 6: 14.

HORATIUS BONAR, arr. *With vigor.*

(May be sung in Key of F for Congregational use.)

F. E. BELDEN.

mf *f*

1. The cross! it stand-eth fast, Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! De-fy-ing ev'ry blast,
 2. It is the old cross still, Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! Its tri-umph let us tell,
 3. 'Twas here the debt was paid, Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! Our sin on Je-sus laid,

m *mf*

Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! The winds of hell have blown, The world its hate hath shown,
 Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! The grace of God here shone Thro' Christ the blessed Son,
 Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! So round the cross we sing Of Christ our Of-fer-ing,

f *ff*

Yet 'tis not o-ver-thrown, Halle-lu-jah for the cross! Yet 'tis not o-ver-thrown, Halle-
 Who did for sin a - tone, Halle-lu-jah for the cross! Who did for sin a - tone, Halle-
 Of Christ our liv-ing King, Halle-lu-jah for the cross! Of Christ our liv-ing King, Halle-

CHORUS.

lu-jah for the cross! Hal-le-lu-jah for-ev-er! It nev-er shall
 Hal-le-lu-jah! stand for ev-er! Nev-er fail or

HAULLELUJAH FOR THE CROSS.—CONCLUDED.

suf-fer loss, Häl - le - lu - jah for - ev - er! We glo - ry in the grand old cross.
 Hal - le - lu - jah! stand for - ev - er! Glorious emblem! grand old cross.

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AWAKE MY SOUL.

R. L. FLETCHER.

"Now is Christ risen from the dead."—1 Cor. 15: 20.

ROBERT LOWRY.

1. A - wake, my soul, and greet the dawn, Be - hold, the drear - y night is gone: The sun - less grave gives
 2. A - mazed were they, the Ro - man guard. Who fast the sep - ul - cher had barred, To see how vain the
 3. In loft - y strains let Zi - on sing The praise of her tri - umph - ant King: Cap - tiv - i - ty is

CHORUS.

back its prey, For Christ came forth at break of day. } A - wake..... my soul, The
 watch the seal, When Je - sus did his might re - veal. }
 cap - tive led, For Christ is ris - en from the dead. } A - wake, a - wake, a - wake my soul,
 Sav - iour lives, no more to die, A - wake..... my soul. The Lord as - cends on high.
 A - wake, a - wake, a - wake, my soul.

"Above every name that is named."—Eph. 1 : 21.

W. C. MARTIN.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. The name of Je - sus is so sweet, I love its mu - sic to re - peat; It makes my joys full
 2. I love the name of Him whose heart Knows all my griefs and bears a part; Who bids all anx - ious
 3. That name I fond - ly love to hear, It nev - er fails my heart to cheer, Its mu - sic dries the
 4. No word of man can ev - er tell How sweet the name I love so well; Oh, let its prais - es

CHORUS.

and complete, The precious name of Je - sus.
 fears de - part—I love the name of Je - sus.
 fall - ing tears; Ex - alt the name of Je - sus.
 ev - er swell, Oh, praise the name of Je - sus.

1. Oh, praise the name "Je - sus," oh, how sweet the name!

"Je - sus," ev - 'ry day the same; "Je - sus," let all saints proclaim Its worthy praise for - ev - er.
 Its worthy praise

PRECIOUS NAME.

MRS. LYDIA BAXTER.

"Unto you therefore which believe he is precious."—1 Pet. 2:7.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Take the name of Je - sus with you, Child of sor-row and of woe; It will joy and comfort
 2. Take the name of Je - sus ev - er, As a shield from ev - 'ry snare; If temptations 'round you
 3. O the pre-cious name of Je - sus! How it thrills our souls with joy, When his lov-ing arms re-
 4. At the name of Je - sus bow-ing, Fall - ing prostrate at his feet, King of kings in heav'n we'll

REFRAIN.

give you, Take it, then, wher-e'er you go.
 gath - er, Breathe that ho-ly name in pray'r. Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of
 ceive us, And his songs our tongues employ!
 crown him, When our jour-ney is com-plete. Precious name, O how sweet!

earth and joy of heav'n; Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heav'n.
 Precious name, O how sweet, how sweet!

MARGARET MOODY. "Thou shalt call his name Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins,"—Matt. 1:21. W. A. OGDEN.

1. Dear-est name in earth or heav-en, Sweet-est name my heart hath known, By the Fa-ther it was giv-en
 2. To my heart it brings a blessing, And my lips take up the strain, And his wond'rous name confess-ing,
 3. Oh, my soul would swell the chorus, Sing-ing his re-deem-ing love, And ascribe e-ter-nal praises

CHORUS.

To his well be-lov-ed Son. 'Tis the ho-li-est name, 'Tis the lo-li-est name; From the Father's lips
 Tell its sweetness o'er a-gain. Blessed name! blessed name!
 To the name all names a-bove.

to the earth it came. Bro't by angels of light, In the stillness of night, Was the dear, dear name of Je-sus.
 Blessed name! blessed name!

1. O, the bit - ter pain and sor - row, That a time could ever be, When I proud - ly said to
 2. Yet He found me: I be - held Him Bleeding on th' accursed tree; And my wist - ful heart said
 3. Day by day His ten - der mer - cy, Heal - ing, help - ing, full and free, Brought me low - er, while I
 4. High - er than the high - est heav - ens, Deep - er than the deepest sea, Lord, Thy love at last has

Je - sus, "All of self and none of Thee!" All of self and none of Thee, All of
 faint - ly, "Some of self and some of Thee," Some of self and some of Thee, Some of
 whispered, "Less of self and more of Thee," Less of self and more of Thee, Less of
 conquered, "None of self and all of Thee, None of self and all of Thee, None of

self and none of Thee, When I proud - ly said to Je - sus, "All of self and none of Thee!"
 self and some of Thee, And my wist - ful heart said faint - ly, "Some of self and some of Thee!"
 self and more of Thee, Brought me low - er while I whispered, "Less of self and more of Thee!"
 self and all of Thee, Lord, Thy love at last has conquered, "None of self and all of Thee!"

STANDING ON THE PROMISES.

R. K. C. "For all the promises of God in him are yea, and in him amen, unto the glory of God by us."—2 Cor. 1:20.

R. KELSO CARTER.

1. Standing on the prom-is-es of Christ my King, Thro' e-ter-nal a-ges let his prais-es ring;
 2. Standing on the prom-is-es that can not fail, When the howling storms of doubt and fear as sail,
 3. Standing on the prom-is-es I now can see Per-fect, pres-ent cleans-ing in the blood for me;
 4. Standing on the prom-is-es of Christ the Lord, Bound to him e-ter-nal-ly by love's strong cord,
 5. Standing on the prom-is-es I can not fail, List-n'ing ev-'ry mo-ment to the Spir-it's call,

Glo-ry in the high-est, I will shout and sing,
 By the liv-ing Word of God I shall pre-vail,
 Stand-ing in the lib-er-ty where Christ makes free, Standing on the prom-is-es of God.
 O-ver-com-ing dai-ly with the Spir-it's sword,
 Rest-ing in my Sav-iour, as my all in all,

CHORUS.

Stand-ing, Stand-ing, Standing on the prom-is-es of God (my Saviour,)
 Standing on the promise, Standing on the promise,

STANDING ON THE PROMISES.—CONCLUDED.

Stand - ing, Stand - ing, I'm stand - ing on the prom - is - es of God.
 Stand-ing on the promise, Standing on the promise,

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IN THE BEAUTY OF HOLINESS.

ANON.

"O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness."—Ps. 96:9.

EDWIN BARNES.

1. O worship the Lord in the beau-ty of ho-li-ness, Bow down be-fore him, his glo-ry proclaim;
 2. Low at his feet lay thy burden of care-ful-ness, High on his heart he will bear it for thee,
 3. Fear not to en-ter his courts in the slender-ness Of the poor wealth thou wouldst reckon as thine;
 4. These, tho' we bring them in trembling and fear-ful-ness, He will ac-cept for the Name that is dear;

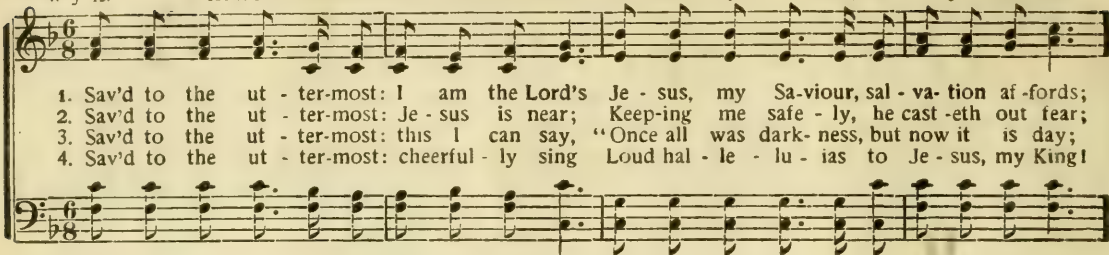
With gold of o-be-dience, and in-cense of low-li-ness, Kneel and a-dore him, the Lord is his name.
 Com-fort thy sor-rows, and answer thy prayerfulness, Guid-ing thy steps as may best for thee be.
 Truth in its beau-ty, and love in its ten-der-ness, These are the off-rings to lay on his shrine.
 Mornings of joy give for evenings of tear-ful-ness, Trust for our trembling, and hope for our fear.

SAVED TO THE UTTERMOST.

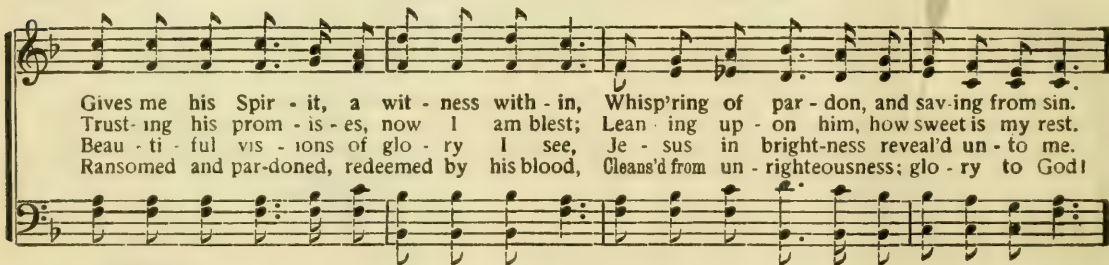
W J K.

"He is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him."— Heb. 7:25.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

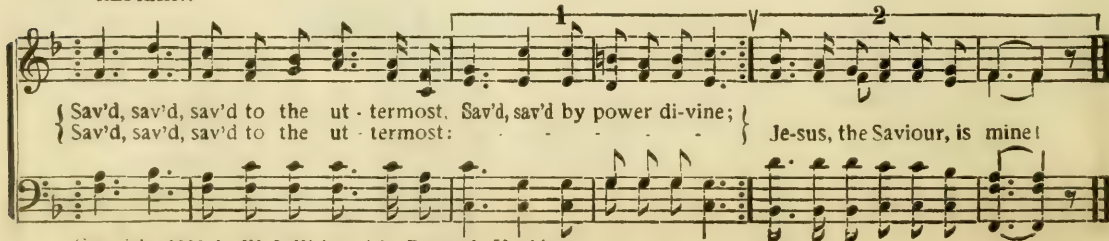


1. Sav'd to the ut - ter-most: I am the Lord's Je - sus, my Sa-viour, sal - va-tion af-fords;
 2. Sav'd to the ut - ter-most: Je - sus is near; Keep-ing me safe - ly, he cast-eth out fear;
 3. Sav'd to the ut - ter-most: this I can say, "Once all was dark-ness, but now it is day;
 4. Sav'd to the ut - ter-most: cheerful - ly sing Loud hal - le - lu - ias to Je - sus, my King!



Gives me his Spir - it, a wit - ness with - in, Whisp'ring of par - don, and sav-ing from sin.
 Trust-ing his prom - is - es, now I am blest; Lean-ing up - on him, how sweet is my rest.
 Beau - ti - ful vis - ions of glo - ry I see, Je - sus in bright-ness reveal'd un - to me.
 Ransomed and par-doned, redeemed by his blood, Cleans'd from un - righteousness; glo - ry to God!

REFRAIN.



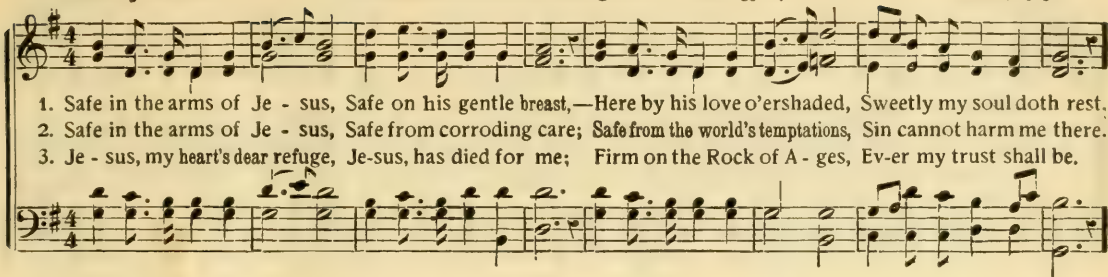
{ Sav'd, sav'd, sav'd to the ut - termost. Sav'd, sav'd by power di-vine; } Je-sus, the Saviour, is mine!
 { Sav'd, sav'd, sav'd to the ut - termost: }

SAFE IN THE ARMS OF JESUS.

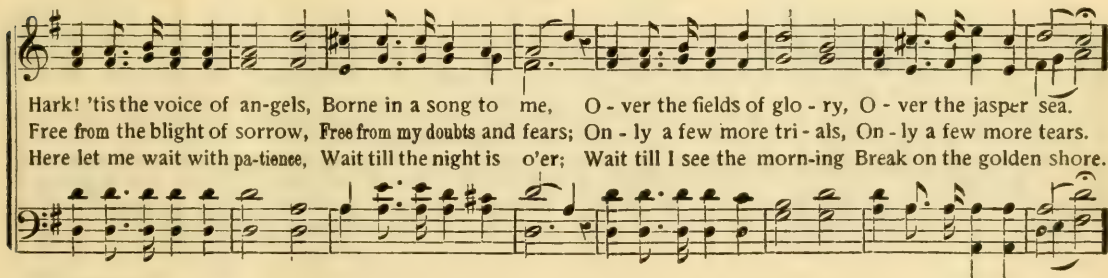
FANNY J. CROSBY.

"Underneath are the everlasting arms."—Deut. 33: 27.

W. H. DOANE, by per.

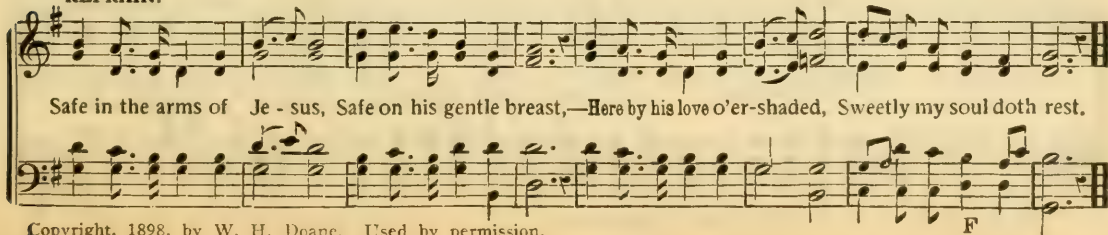


1. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on his gentle breast,—Here by his love o'er-shaded, Sweetly my soul doth rest,
 2. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe from corrod'ing care; Safe from the world's temptations, Sin cannot harm me there.
 3. Je - sus, my heart's dear refuge, Je-sus, has died for me; Firm on the Rock of A - ges, Ev-er my trust shall be.



Hark! 'tis the voice of an-gels, Borne in a song to me, O - ver the fields of glo - ry, O - ver the jasper sea.
 Free from the blight of sorrow, Free from my doubts and fears; On - ly a few more tri - als, On - ly a few more tears.
 Here let me wait with pa-tience, Wait till the night is o'er; Wait till I see the morn-ing Break on the golden shore.

REFRAIN.



Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on his gentle breast,—Here by his love o'er-shaded, Sweetly my soul doth rest.

"Ye were not redeemed with corruptible things as silver and gold; but with the precious blood of Christ."—1 Peter 1: 18, 19.
 JAMES M. GRAY. D. B. TOWNER.

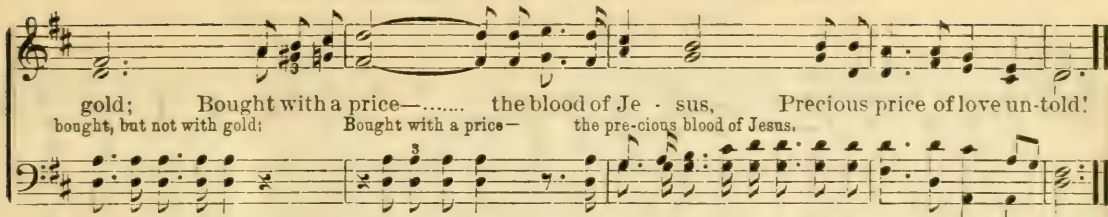
1. Nor sil - ver nor gold hath obtained my redemption, No rich - es of earth Could have saved my poor soul;
 2. Nor sil - ver nor gold hath obtained my redemption, The guilt on my conscience too heavy had grown;
 3. Nor sil - ver nor gold hath obtained my redemption, The ho - ly com - mand - ment forbade me draw near,
 4. Nor sil - ver nor gold hath obtained my redemption, The way in - to heav - en could not thus be bought;

The blood of the cross is my on - ly founda - tion, The death of my Saviour now mak - eth me whole.
 The blood of the cross is my on - ly founda - tion, The death of my Saviour could on - ly a - tone.
 The blood of the cross is my on - ly founda - tion, The death of my Saviour re - mov - eth my fear.
 The blood of the cross is my on - ly founda - tion, The death of my Saviour re - demp - tion hath wrought.

CHORUS.

I am re - deemed,..... but not with sil - ver, I am bought..... but not with
 I am re-deemed, I am re-deemed, but not with silver, I am bought, I am

NOR SILVER NOR GOLD.—CONCLUDED.



gold; Bought with a price—..... the blood of Je - sus, Precious price of love un-told!
bought, but not with gold; Bought with a price— the pre-cious blood of Jesus.

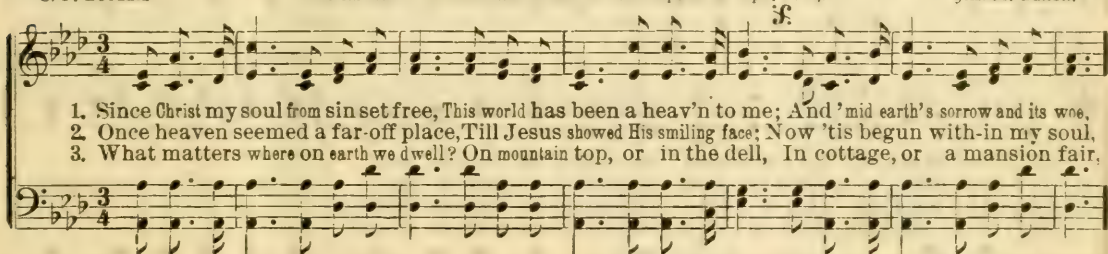
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WHERE JESUS IS, 'TIS HEAVEN.

C. F. BUTLER.

"The earnest of our inheritance until the redemption"—Eph. 1: 14.

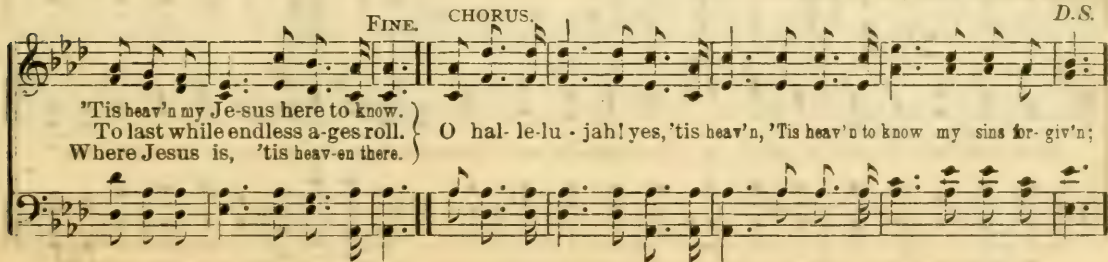
JAS. M. BLACK.



1. Since Christ my soul from sin set free, This world has been a heav'n to me; And 'mid earth's sorrow and its woe,
2. Once heaven seemed a far-off place, Till Jesus showed His smiling face; Now 'tis begun with-in my soul,
3. What matters where on earth we dwell? On mountain top, or in the dell, In cottage, or a mansion fair,

D. S. — On land or sea, what matters where i

D. S.



FINE. CHORUS.

'Tis heav'n my Je-sus here to know.
To last while endless a-ges roll. } O hal-le-lu-jah! yes, 'tis heav'n, 'Tis heav'n to know my sins for-giv'n;
Where Jesus is, 'tis heav-en there. }

Where Je sus is, 'tis heaven there.

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WASHED WHITE AS SNOW.

"Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord : though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow ; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."—Isa. 1 : 18.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Tho' my sins were once like crim-son red, To the heal - ing stream my feet were led; In the
 2. At the door of faith I entered in, And to him con-fessed my guilt and sin; With his
 3. Tho' my heart was all I had to give, Yet he smiled and bade me look and live; What a
 4. I will sing his pow'r from death to save, I will sing his tri - umph o'er the grave, I will

CHORUS.

pre - cious blood my Sav - iour shed He washed me white as snow.
 own dear hand he washed me clean, He washed me white as snow.
 calm, sweet peace did I re - ceive!—He washed me white as snow.
 sing be - yond death's chill-ing wave, "He washed me white as snow."

forth shall be, "Tis the blood of Je - sus cleanseth me, Cleanseth, cleanseth, O, yes, it cleanseth me."

FANNY J. CROSBY.

"I will sing praises unto my God."—Ps. 146: 2.

CHESTER G. ALLEN.

1. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our blessed Redeem-er! Sing, O earth—His won-der-ful love pro-claim!
 2. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our blessed Redeem-er! For our sins He suffered, and bled and died;
 3. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our blessed Redeem-er! Heav'nly por-tals, loud with ho-san-nas ring!

Hail Him! hail Him! high-est arch-an-gels in glo-ry; Strength and hon-or give to His ho-ly name!
 He—our Rock, our hope of e-ter-nal sal-va-tion, Hail Him! hail Him! Je-sus, the cru-ci-fied.
 Je-sus, Sav-iour, reigneth for-ev-er and ev-er: Crown Him! crown Him! Prophet, and Priest, and King!

D.S.—Praise Him! praise Him! tell of His ex-cel-lent greatness; Praise Him! praise Him ev-er in joy-ful song!

D.S.
 Like a shepherd, Je-sus will guard His children, In His arms He car-ries them all day long;
 Sound His praises!—Je-sus who bore our sor-rows, Love un-bound-ed, won-der-ful, deep and strong;
 Christ is com-ing o-ver the world vic-to-rious, Pow'r and glo-ry un-to the Lord be-long;

WAKE THE SONG OF JOY AND GLADNESS.

ANNIVERSARY SONG.

W. F. S.

"I will praise the name of God with a song."—Ps. 69 : 30.

W. F. SHERWIN.

1. Wake the song of joy and glad-ness, Hither bring your noblest lays; Ban-ish ev - 'ry tho't of sad-ness,
 2. Joy - ful-ly with songs and ban-ners, We will greet the fes-tal day; Shout aloud our glad ho-san-nas,
 3. Thanks to thee, O ho-ly Fa-ther, For the mercies of the year; May each heart, as here we gath-er.

Pour-ing forth your highest praise, Sing to him whose care has brought us Once a-gain with friends to meet,
 And our grate-ful hom-age pay. We will chant our Saviour's glo-ry While our tho'ts we raise a-bove,
 Swell with grat-i-tude sin-cere, Thanks to thee, O lov-ing Sav-iour, For redemption thro' thy blood:

REFRAIN.

And whose loving voice has taught us Of the way to Je-sus' feet. Wake the song, wake the
 Tell-ing still "the old, old sto-ry," Precious theme—*Redeeming love!*
 Breathe up-on us, Ho-ly Spir-it, Sweet-ly draw us near to God. Wake the song.

WAKE THE SONG—CONCLUDED.

Song, the song of joy and gladness, Wake the song, wake the song, The song of ju-bi - lee.
 Wake the song, Wake the song, wake the song,

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O COME, LET US SING!

"Sing aloud to God our strength."—Ps. 81 : 1.

Dr. BOYCE.

1. O come, let us sing un- to the Lord; Let us heartily rejoice in the Strength of our Sal - vation.
 2. For the Lord is a great — God, And a great King a - bove all gods.
 3. The sea is his, and he made it; And his hands pre - par-ed the dry — land.

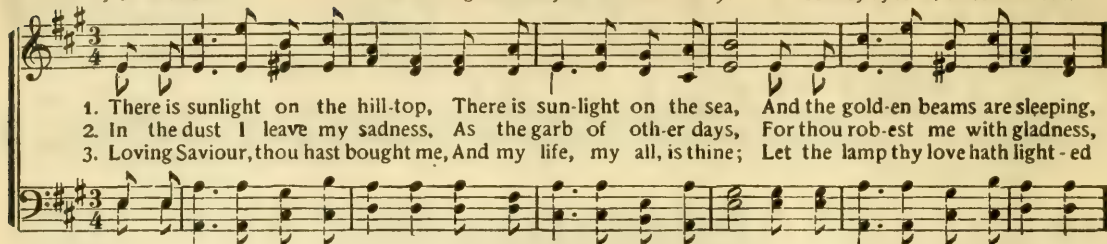
Let us come before his presence with thanks-giving, And show ourselves glad in him with psalms.
 In his hand are all the corners of the earth, And the strength of the hills is his — also.
 O come, let us worship and fall down, Let us kneel be - fore the Lord, our Mak-er.

SUNLIGHT IN THE HEART.

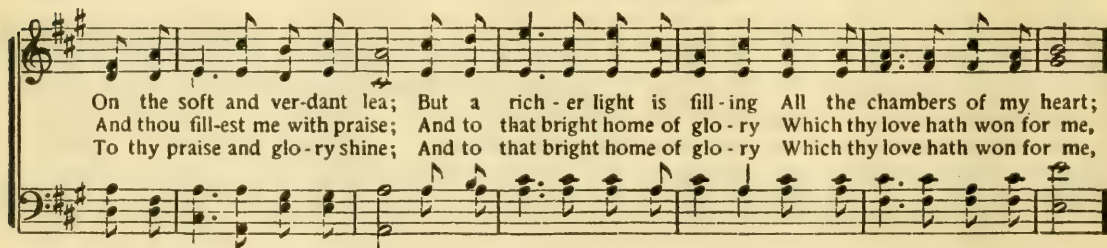
Arr. by F. E. BELDEN.

"I will be glad and rejoice in thee."—Ps. 9 : 1

Melody by M. T. HAUGHEY. Arr.



1. There is sunlight on the hill-top, There is sun-light on the sea, And the gold-en beams are sleeping,
 2. In the dust I leave my sadness, As the garb of oth-er days, For thou rob-est me with gladness,
 3. Loving Saviour, thou hast bought me, And my life, my all, is thine; Let the lamp thy love hath light-ed



On the soft and ver-dant lea; But a rich-er light is fill-ing All the chambers of my heart;
 And thou fill-est me with praise; And to that bright home of glo-ry Which thy love hath won for me,
 To thy praise and glo-ry shine; And to that bright home of glo-ry Which thy love hath won for me,

REFRAIN.



For thou dwellest there my Saviour, And 'tis sunlight where thou art.
 In my heart and mind as-cend-ing, My glad spir-it fol-lows thee. O the sunlight! beautiful sunlight!
 In my heart and mind as-cend-ing, My glad spir-it fol-lows thee.

SUNLIGHT IN THE HEART.—CONCLUDED.

O the sun-light in the heart! Je - sus' smile can ban-ish sadness; It is sunlight in the heart.

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NOT I, BUT CHRIST.

Arranged by F. E. B.

"Not I: but Christ liveth in me."—Gal. 2:20.

FANNIE E. BOLTON.

1. Not I but Christ, be honored, loved, ex-alt - ed; Not I, but Christ, be seen, be known, be heard;
 2. Not I, but Christ, to gent-ly soothe in sor-row, Not I, but Christ, to wipe the fall - ing tear;
 3. Christ, on- ly Christ! no i - dle words e'er fall-ing, Christ, on-ly Christ; no needless bustling sound;
 4. Not I, but Christ, my ev -'ry need sup- ply-ing, Not I, but Christ, my strength and health to be:

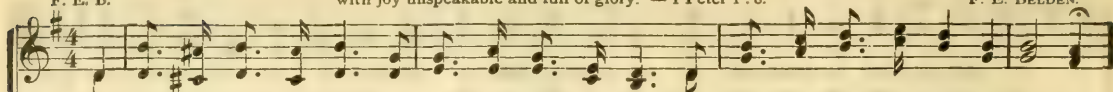
Not I, but Christ, in ev -'ry look and ac- tion, Not I, but Christ, in ev -'ry tho't and word.
 Not I, but Christ, to lift the wea - ry bur-den, Not I, but Christ, to hush a - way all fear.
 Christ, on- ly Christ; no self-im-por-tant bear-ing, Christ, on-ly Christ; no trace of "I" be found
 Christ, on- ly Christ, for bod -y, soul, and spir - it, Christ, on-ly Christ, here and e - ter - nal - ly.

MUSIC IN MY SOUL.

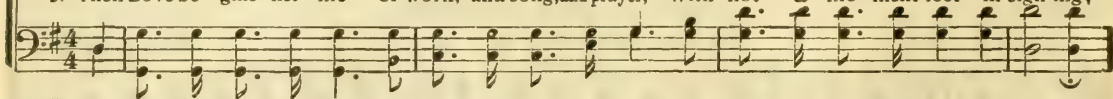
F. E. B.

"Whom having not seen, ye love; in whom, though now ye see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory."—1 Peter 1:8.

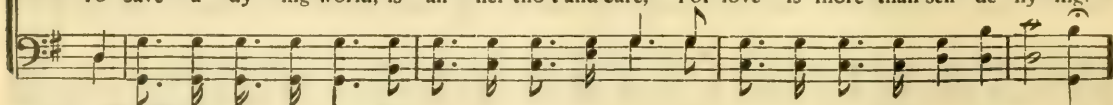
F. E. BELDEN.



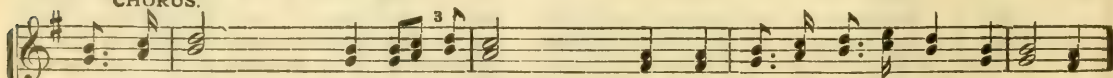
1. My heart's a tune-ful harp when Christ a-bides with-in, There's mu-sic in the name of Je-sus;
2. How cheer-ing is the voice of heav'n-ly mel-o-dy! How dif-f'rent is the world's com-plain-ing!
3. When we are dead to Self, then are we dead to sin; "An un-di-vid-ed heart," says Je-sus;
4. Don't bind the gi-ant down, nor lay him on the shelf, Ncr leave him dead on Si-ni's mountain;
5. Then Love be-gins her life of work, and song, and prayer, With not a mo-moment lost in sigh-ing;



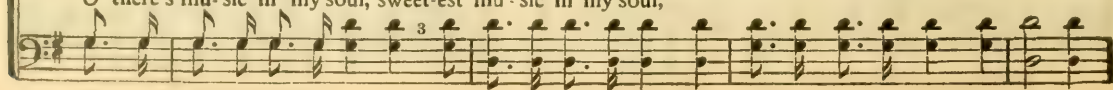
But Sa-tan al-ways strikes the chords of doubt and sin; I love the gen-tle touch of Je-sus.
 And we may make the choice of what this life shall be, With prom-ise of the life re-main-ing.
 Till then the Prince of Peace can-not a-bide with-in, With Self there is no room for Je-sus.
 There's on-ly one sure way to rid the heart of Self,—A bur-ial deep in Cal-v'ry's fountain.
 To save a dy-ing world, is all her tho't and care, For love is more than self-de-ny-ing.



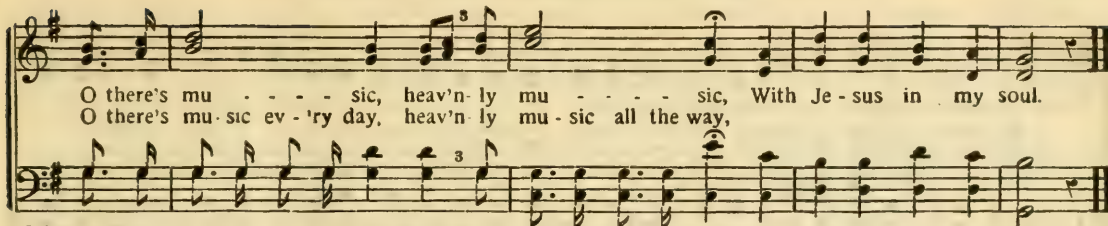
CHORUS.



O there's mu-sic, sweet-est mu-sic, There's mu-sic in the name of Je-sus;
 O there's mu-sic in my soul, sweet-est mu-sic in my soul,



MUSIC IN MY SOUL.—CONCLUDED.



O there's mu - - - sic, heav'n-ly mu - - - sic, With Je - sus in my soul.
O there's mu-sic ev-'ry day, heav'n-ly mu-sic all the way,

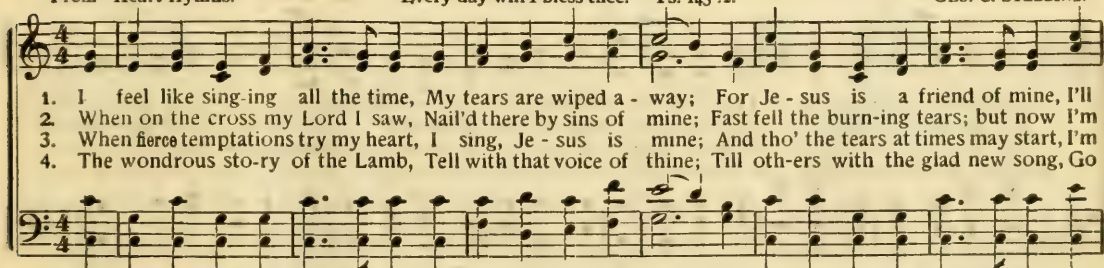
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SINGING ALL THE TIME.

From "Heart Hymns."

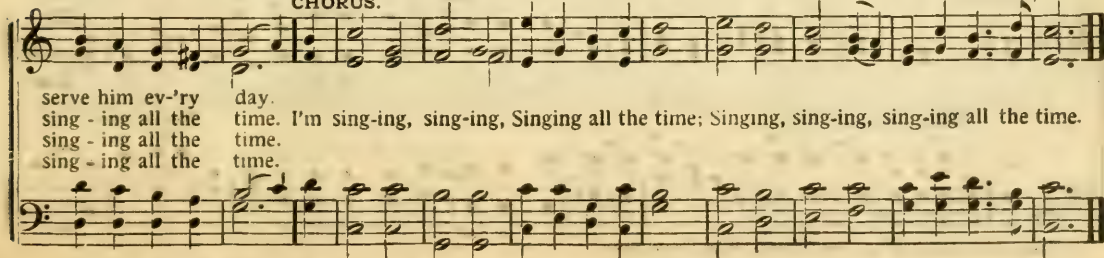
"Every day will I bless thee."—Ps. 145 :2.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.



1. I feel like sing-ing all the time, My tears are wiped a - way; For Je - sus is a friend of mine, I'll
2. When on the cross my Lord I saw, Nail'd there by sins of mine; Fast fell the burn-ing tears; but now I'm
3. When fierce temptations try my heart, I sing, Je - sus is mine; And tho' the tears at times may start, I'm
4. The wondrous sto-ry of the Lamb, Tell with that voice of thine; Till oth-ers with the glad new song, Go

CHORUS.



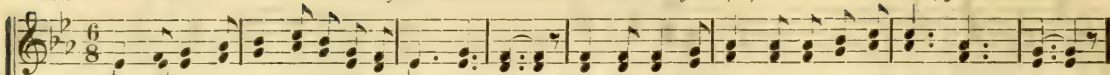
serve him ev-'ry day.
sing - ing all the time. I'm sing-ing, sing-ing, Singing all the time; Singing, sing-ing, sing-ing all the time.
sing - ing all the time.
sing - ing all the time.

WHEN LOVE SHINES IN.

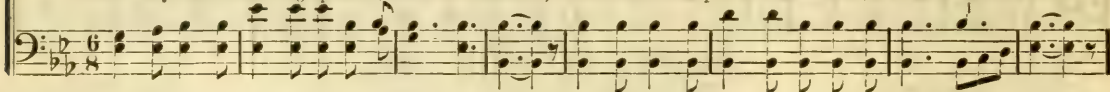
Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.

"Every one that loveth is born of God."—1 John 4: 7.

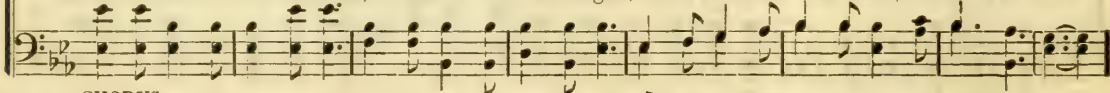
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



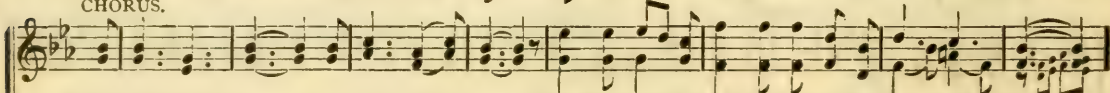
1. Je - sus comes with pow'r to gladden, When love shines in, Ev'ry life that woe can sadden, When love shines in;
2. How the world will glow with beauty, When love shines in! And the heart rejoice in du - ty, When love shines in;
3. Dark-est sorrows will grow brighter When love shines in, And the heaviest burden, lighter, When love shines in.
4. We may have unfad - ing splendor, When love shines in, And a friendship true and tender, When love shines in;



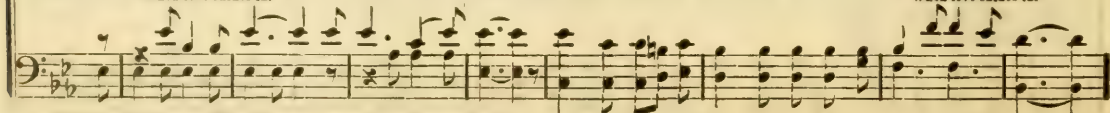
Love will teach us how to pray, Love will drive the gloom away, Turn our darkness into day, When love shines in.
Tri - als may be sanc - ti - fied, And the soul in peace a-bide; Life will all be glo - ri - fied, When love shines in.
'Tis the glory that will throw Light to show us where to go; O the heart shall blessing know When love shines in!
When earth - vic't'ries shall be won, And our life in heav'n begun, There will be no need of sun, For love shines in.



CHORUS.



When love shines in.....When love shines in, How the heart is tuned to singing, When love shines in !.....
When love shines in. When love shines in.



When love shines in, When love shines in, When love shines in,

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WHEN LOVE SHINES IN.—CONCLUDED.

When love shines in..... When love shines in, Joy and peace to oth- ers bringing, When love shines in
 When love shines in,... When love shines in.

When love shines in, When love shines in, When love shines in.

234

MY SONG.

F. E. BELDEN.

"The Lord is my strength and song."—Ps. 118: 14.

D. S. HAKES.

1. O Je-sus my Re-deem-er, Thou art my joy and song, My Saviour and my sol-ace When griefs around me throng.
 2. Thou art my hope and comfort, Thro' all the weary years, When shadows dark surround me, When fall the bitter tears.
 3. I trust in Thee, my Saviour, My faithful friend and guide, For Thou to me art dear-er Than all on earth be-side.
 4. Thou art my soul's rejoicing While in this world of sin, Thou shalt be my re-joic-ing The heav'nly gates within.

CHORUS.

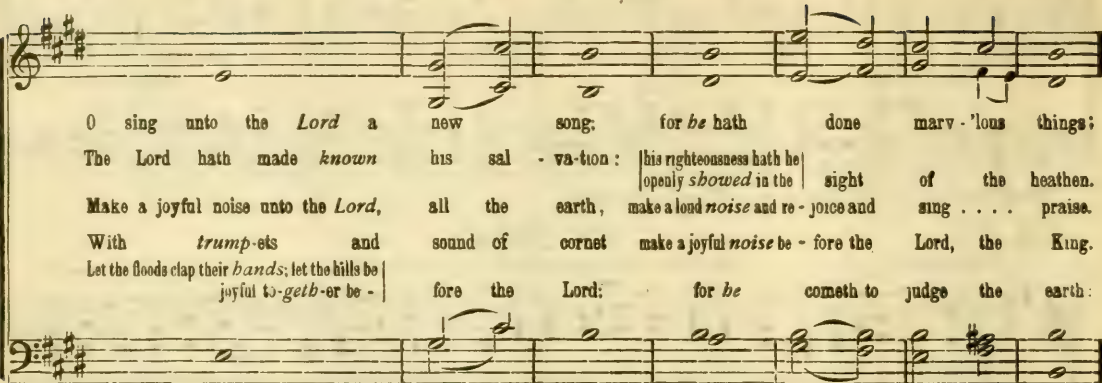
O Je-sus my Re-deem-er, My song shall be of Thee; No oth-er friend so con-stant, No friend so dear to me.

"A NEW SONG."

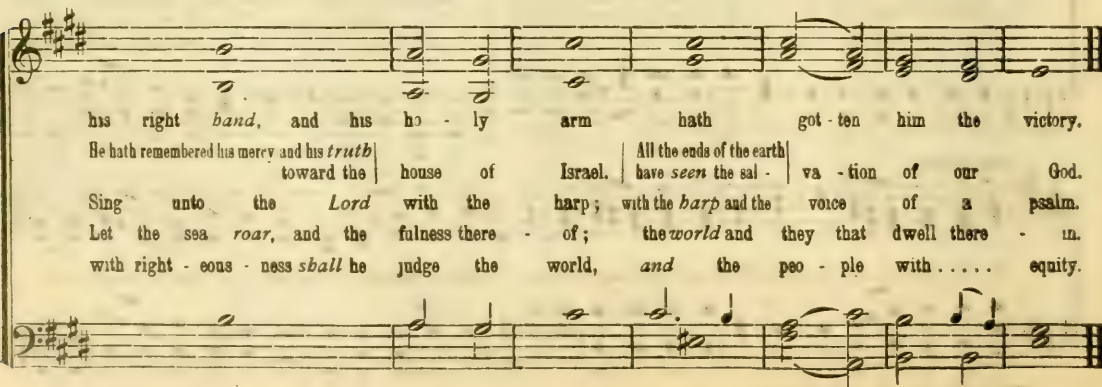
PSALM 98.

(Words in italics for emphatic dwelling tones.)

J. BARNEY.



0 sing unto the *Lord* a new song; for *he* hath done marv - 'lous things;
 The *Lord* hath made *known* his sal - va - tion : *his righteousness hath he*
openly showed in the sight of the heathen.
 Make a joyful noise unto the *Lord*, all the earth, make a loud *noise* and re - joice and sing . . . praise.
 With *trump-ets* and sound of cornet make a joyful *noise* be - fore the *Lord*, the King.
 Let the floods clap their *hands*; let the hills be
 joyful to - *geth-er* be - fore the *Lord*: for *he* cometh to judge the earth :



his right *band*, and his ho - ly arm hath got - ten him the victory.
 He hath remembered his mercy and his *truth* toward the house of Israel. *All the ends of the earth*
have seen the sal - va - tion of our God.
 Sing unto the *Lord* with the harp ; with the *harp* and the voice of a psalm.
 Let the sea *roar*, and the fulness there of ; the *world* and they that dwell there in.
 with right - eous - ness *shall* he judge the world, and the peo - ple with . . . equity.

E. O. E.

"With him is plenteous redemption."—Ps. 130: 7.

E. O. EXCELL.

1. I have a song I love to sing, Since I have been re-deem'd; Of my Re-deem-er, Sav-iour, King,
 2. I have a Christ that sat-is-fies, Since I have been re-deem'd; To do His will my high-est prize,
 3. I have a witness bright and clear, Since I have been re-deem'd; Dis-pell-ing ev-'ry doubt and fear,
 4. I have a home prepared for me, Since I have been re-deem'd; Where I shall dwell e-ter-nal-ly,

CHORUS.

Since I have been re-deem'd. Since I..... have been redeem'd, Since I have been redeem'd,
 Since I have been redeem'd, Since I have been redeem'd,

I will glory in His name; Since I..... have been red-ee-m'd. I will glo-ry in my Saviour's name.
 Since I have been redeem'd, Since I have been redeem'd,

BEAUTY FOR ASHES.

J. G. C.

"Give unto them that mourn in Zion, beauty for ashes, . . . the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." Isa. 61: 3.

J. G. CRABBE.

1. I sing the love of God, my Fa-ther, Whose Spir-it a-bides with-in, Who chang-es all my grief to glad-ness,
2. I sing the love of Christ, my Sav-iour, Who suf-fer'd up-on the tree, That in the se-cret of His pres-ence,
3. I sing the beau-ty of the Gos-pel That scatters not thorns, but flow'rs, That bids me scat-ter smiles and sunbeams

And par-dons me all my sin. Tho' clouds may low-er, dark and drear-y, Yet He has promised to be near;
My bond-age might freedom be. He comes "to bind the bro-ken heart-ed;" He comes the faint-ing soul to cheer;
Wher-ev-er are lone-ly hours. The "gar-ment of His praise" it of-fers For "heav-i-ness of spir-it," drear;

END.

He gives me sun-shine for my shad-ow, And "beauty for ash-es," here. He gives me joy.....
He gives me "oil of joy" for mourn-ing, And "beauty for ash-es," here.
It gives me sun-shine for my shad-ow, And "beauty for ash-es," here. He gives me joy

D S.—gives me sunshine for my shadow, And "beauty for ash-es," here.

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BEAUTY FOR ASHES.—CONCLUDED.

D. S.

in place of sor - row; He gives me love..... that casts out fear;..... He
in place of care; He gives me love that casts out fear;

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O HOW HE LOVES.

'I have loved thee with an everlasting love. Jer. 31: 3.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. One there is a - bove all oth - ers, O how He loves! His is love be - yond a brother's, O how He loves!
2. 'Tis e - ter - nal life to know Him, O how He loves! Think, O think how much we owe Him, O how He loves!
3. Bless - ed Je - sus! would you know Him, O how He loves! Give your - selves en - tire - ly to Him, O how He loves!
4. Thro' His name we are for - giv - en, O how He loves! Back - ward shall our foes be driv - en, O how He loves!

Earthly friends may fail or leave us, One day soothe, the next day grieve us; But this Friend will ne'er deceive us, O how He loves!
With His precious blood He bought us, In the wil - der - ness He sought us, To His fold He safe - ly brought us, O how He loves!
Leave the past for bright to - morrow, From His word new courage borrow, Je - sus car - ries all your sor - row, O how He loves!
Best of bless - ings He'll provide us, Naught but good shall e'er betide us, Safe to glo - ry He will guide us, O how He loves!

"BRING YE ALL THE TITHES."

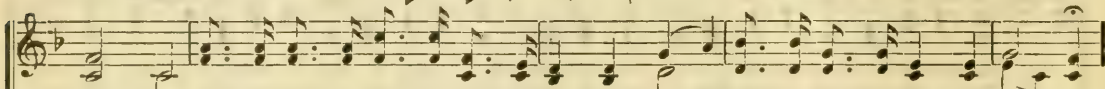
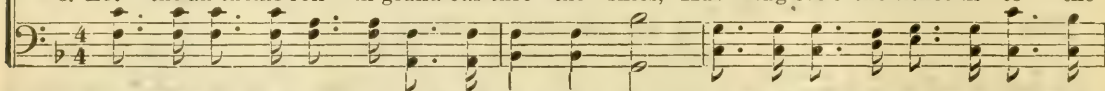
HELEN E. RASMUSSEN,

"Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse,"—Mal. 3: 10.

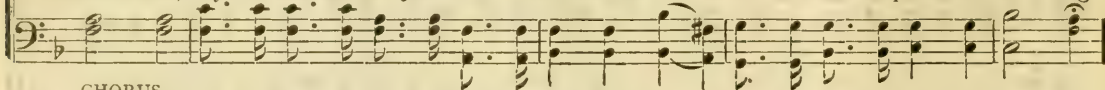
H. L. GILMOUR.



1. Hear the words of Scripture from the a - ges past, "Bring ye all the tithes in - to the
2. Do you seek to know the Ho - ly Spir - it's pow'r? "Bring ye all the tithes in - to the
3. Is there aught that stands between you and your Lord? "Bring ye all the tithes in - to the
4. Lift your heart this moment, claim Him Lord and King, As ye bring the tithes in - to the
5. Let the an-thems roll in grand-eur thro' the skies, Hav - ing bro't the tithes in - to the



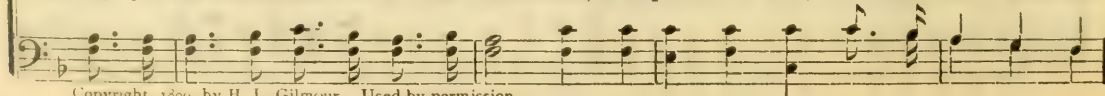
store-house." Make a con - se - cra - tion that will ev - er last, Trust-ing for the promised bless - ing.
 store house." Live in sweet communion with Him hour by hour, While He gives the promised bless - ing.
 store-house." Bring them on conditions promised in His word. And He'll pour you out a bless - ing.
 store house; Trust the blessed promise, and your praise shall ring. From the heart He is pos - sess - ing.
 store-house; Joy-ous hal - le - lu - jahs from our hearts a - rise. For we have the promised bless - ing.



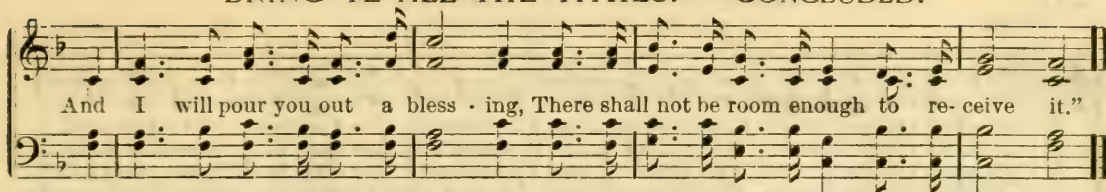
CHORUS.



"Bring ye all the tithes in - to the store-house, And prove me now," saith the Lord of hosts;



"BRING YE ALL THE TITHES."—CONCLUDED.



And I will pour you out a bless - ing, There shall not be room enough to re - ceive it."

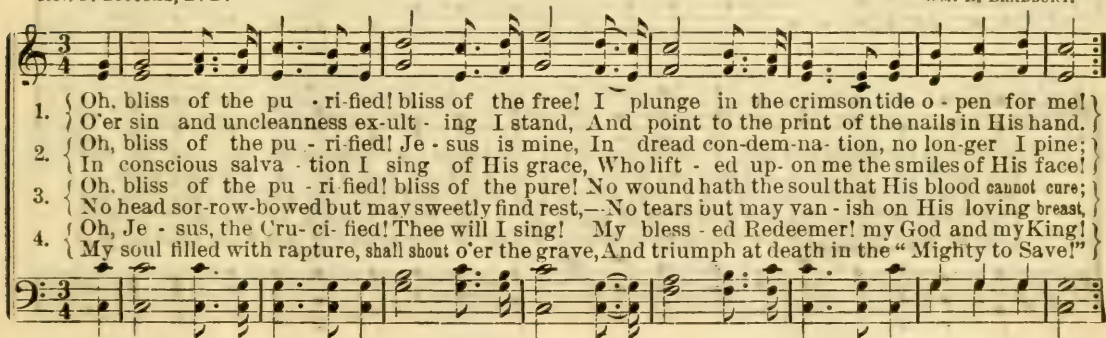
240

SING OF HIS MIGHTY LOVE.

Rev. F. BORTOME, D. D.

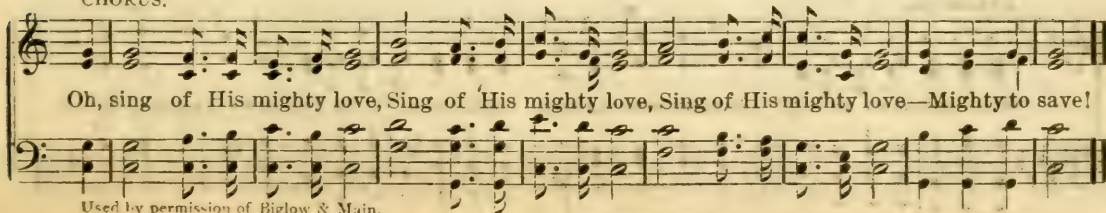
"I will sing of thy righteousness." - Ps. 145 : 7.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. { Oh, bliss of the pu - ri - fied! bliss of the free! I plunge in the crimson tide o - pen for me! }
2. { O'er sin and uncleanness ex - ult - ing I stand, And point to the print of the nails in His hand. }
3. { Oh, bliss of the pu - ri - fied! Je - sus is mine, In dread con - dem - na - tion, no lon - ger I pine; }
4. { In conscious salva - tion I sing of His grace, Who lift - ed up - on me the smiles of His face! }
5. { Oh, bliss of the pu - ri - fied! bliss of the pure! No wound hath the soul that His blood cannot cure; }
6. { No head sor - row - bowed but may sweetly find rest, - No tears but may van - ish on His loving breast, }
7. { Oh, Je - sus, the Cru - ci - fied! Thee will I sing! My bless - ed Redeemer! my God and my King! }
8. { My soul filled with rapture, shall shout o'er the grave, And triumph at death in the "Mighty to Save!" }

CHORUS.



Oh, sing of His mighty love, Sing of His mighty love, Sing of His mighty love—Mighty to save!

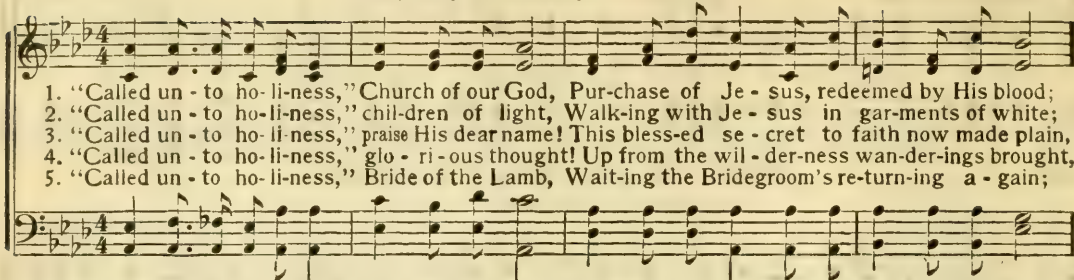
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"HOLINESS UNTO THE LORD."

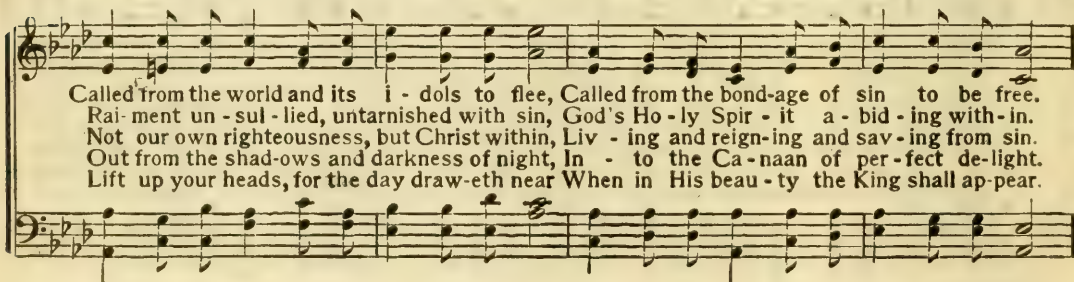
C. H. M.

"Be ye holy, for I am holy."—1 Peter 1: 16.

MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

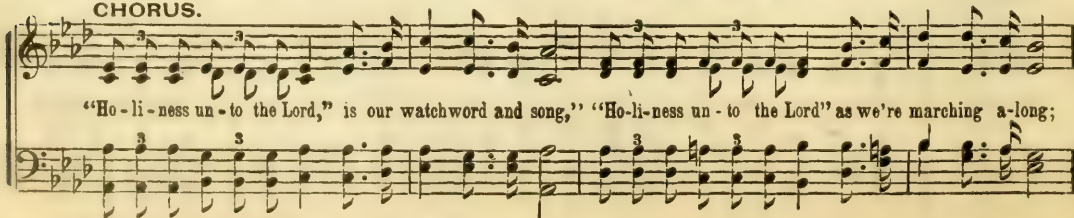


1. "Called un - to ho - li - ness," Church of our God, Pur - chase of Je - sus, redeemed by His blood;
 2. "Called un - to ho - li - ness," chil - dren of light, Walk - ing with Je - sus in gar - ments of white;
 3. "Called un - to ho - li - ness," praise His dear name! This bless - ed se - cret to faith now made plain,
 4. "Called un - to ho - li - ness," glo - ri - ous thought! Up from the wil - der - ness wan - der - ings brought,
 5. "Called un - to ho - li - ness," Bride of the Lamb, Wait - ing the Bridegroom's re - turn - ing a - gain;



Called from the world and its i - dols to flee, Called from the bond - age of sin to be free.
 Rai - ment un - sul - lied, untarnished with sin, God's Ho - ly Spir - it a - bid - ing with - in.
 Not our own righteousness, but Christ within, Liv - ing and reign - ing and sav - ing from sin.
 Out from the shad - ows and darkness of night, In - to the Ca - naan of per - fect de - light.
 Lift up your heads, for the day draw - eth near When in His beau - ty the King shall ap - pear.

CHORUS.



"Ho - li - ness un - to the Lord," is our watchword and song, "Ho - li - ness un - to the Lord" as we're march - ing a - long;

"HOLINESS UNTO THE LORD."—CONCLUDED.

Cres.

Sing it, shout it, loud and long, "Ho-li-ness un-to the Lord," now and for - ev - er.
 "Ho-li-ness un-to the Lord," Sing "Ho-li-ness un-to the Lord,"

The musical score consists of two staves, Treble and Bass clef, in G major (one flat). The melody is in the Treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the Bass staff. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

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'TIS SHINING STILL.

F. E. B.

"There shall come a Star out of Jacob, and a scepter shall rise out of Israel."—Num. 24: 17.

F. E. BELDER.

Children's Duet if preferred.

1. A beau-ti-ful star a-rose one night, Di-vine-ly it shone with pur-est light; Its won-der-ful rays the wise men led
 2. They knew by the word of truth di-vine, 'Twas time that the guiding star should shine; They follow'd its light which shone a-far,—
 3. We'll follow its light, like those of old, The "Light of the World," by seers fore-told; We'll fol-low his light till we shall come

The musical score is for a duet, with Treble and Bass staves. It is in 6/8 time and G major. The melody is in the Treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the Bass staff.

CHORUS.

To find the Sav-iour's low-ly bed.
 'Twas Christ, "the bright and Morning Star."
 To per-fect rest in heav'n, our home.

{ 'Tis shin-ing still, 'tis shin-ing still, That beau-ti-ful star, o'er plain and hill;
 { 'Tis shin-ing still, 'tis shin-ing still, Sal-va-tion's star of God's good will. }

The chorus is marked with a repeat sign and a double bar line. The musical score continues with the Treble and Bass staves.

KEEP ON THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE.

ADA BLENKHORN.

"In thy light I shall see light."—Ps. 36: 9.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. There's a dark and a troubled side of life; There's a bright and a sun-ny side, too; Tho' we meet with the
 2. Tho' the storm in its fu-ry breaks to-day, Crushing hopes that we cherished so dear; Storm and cloud will in
 3. Let us greet with a song of hope each day, Tho' the moments be cloudy or fair; Let us trust in our

CHORUS.

dark-ness and strife, The sun-ny side we al-so may view.
 time pass a-way, The sun again will shine bright and clear. } Keep on the sun-ny side, Al-ways on the
 Sav-iour al-way, Who keep-eth ev-ery one in His care. }

sun-ny side, Keep on the sun-ny side of life, It will help us ev-ery day, It will bright-en all the way, If we keep on the sun-ny side of life.

JULIA A. MATHEWS.

Luke 2: 14.

ROBERT LOWRY.

1. "Peace up-on earth!" the an-gels sang, "Good will un-to men!" the cho- rus rang, "Glo-ry to God!" the
 2. "Peace up-on earth!" 'tis sounding still, "Glo-ry un - to God, to men good-will!" Bethlehem's song, 'tis
 3. "Je - sus has come!" it ech - oes wide, Thro' valley and plain, on mountain side; But not a-lone the
 4. Yes! let them sing, for Christ has laid His hand with a bless-ing on their head; Sweeter to Him than

REFRAIN.

Christ has come, His bright star shines in the clear blue dome. Joyously sing, Joyously sing,
 caught from far, And lift - ed up to that glow-ing star.
 an - gels sing, For e - ven children the an - them ring.
 an - gels' tones Are songs that come from His lit - tle ones. Joyously, Joyously,

Joy-ous - ly sing, Joy-ous - ly sing! Shout hal - le - lu - jah to Christ, our King!
 Joy-ous - ly

WONDERFUL LOVE OF JESUS.

E. D. MUND.

"He loved them unto the end."—John 13 : 1.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. In joy - ful high and ho - ly lays My soul her grateful voice would raise; But who can sing the
 2. A joy by day, a peace by night, In storms a calm, in dark-ness light, In pain a balm, in
 3. My hope for par - don when I call, My trust for lift - ing when I fall; In life, in death, my

REFRAIN.

worthy praise Of the won - der - ful love of Je - sus?
 weakness might, Is the won - der - ful love of Je - sus. Won - der - ful love! won - der - ful love!
 all in all, Is the won - der - ful love of Je - sus.

Won - der - ful love of Je - sus! Won - der - ful love! won - der - ful love! Won - der - ful love of Je - sus!

C. W. FRY.

Cant. 2:1.

Arr. from English Melody.

1. I've found a friend in Jesus, He's ev'-ry thing to me, He's the fair-est of ten-thousand to my soul; The
 2. He all my grief has taken, and all my sorrows borne; In temptation he's my strong and mighty tow'r; I've
 3. He'll nev-er, nev-er leave me, nor yet forsake me here, While I live by faith and do his blessed will; A

Lil-y of the Val-ley, in him a-lone I see All I need to cleanse and make me ful-ly whole.
 all for him for-sak-en, and all my i-dols torn From my heart, and now he keeps me by his pow'r.
 wall of fire a-bout me, I've noth-ing now to fear; With his man-na he my hun-gry soul doth fill.

D. S.—Lil-y of the Valley, the bright and Morning Star; He's the fair-est of ten-thous-and to my soul'

In sorrow he's my comfort, in trouble he's my stay, He tells me ev'ry care on him to roll. He's the
 Tho' all the world forsake me, and Satan tempts me sore, Thro' Je-sus I shall safely reach the goal. He's the
 Then sweeping up to glo-ry, I'll see his blessed face, Where rivers of delight shall ev-er roll. He's the

"And he went forth again by the sea side, and all the multitude resorted unto him."—Mark 2 : 13.

ROBERT MORRIS, L. L. D.

(FOR MALE VOICES.)

Dr. H. R. PALMER.

1. Each cooing dove (each cooing dove) and sighing bough (and sighing bough), That makes the eve (that makes the eve)
 2. Each flow'ry glen (each flow'ry glen) and moss - y dell (and moss - y dell), Where happy birds (where happy birds)
 3. And when I read (and when I read) the thrill-ing lore (the thrill-ing lore), Of him who walk'd (of him who walk'd)

so blest to me (so blest to me), Has something far (has something far) di - vin - er now (di - vin - er now),
 in song a - gree (in song a - gree), Thro' sunny morn (thro' sunny morn) the prais-es tell (the prais-es tell),
 up-on the sea (up-on the sea), I long, oh, how (I long, oh, how) I long once more (I long once more),

CHORUS.
 It bears me back (it bears me back) to Gal-i - lee (to Gal - i - lee).
 Of sights and sounds (of sights and sounds) in Gal-i - lee (in Gal - i - lee). O Gal - i - lee, sweet Gal - i - lee, Where
 To fol - low him (to fol - low him) in Gal-i - lee (in Gal - i - lee).

MEMORIES OF GALILEE.—CONCLUDED.

Je-sus loved so much to be, O Gal - i - lee, blue Gal - i-lee, Come, sing thy song a-gain to me.
sing thy song a - gain to me.

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HAPPY SONGS.

"And the multitude that went before, and that followed, cried, saying, Hosanna to the Son of David: Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord; Hosanna in the highest."—Matt. 21:9. F. E. BELDEN.

1. Long a-go the children sang a song Of praise to Je-sus as he rode along:
2. As of old he loves to hear us sing Our songs of praise to him, our heav'nly King: "Ho - san - na! Ho - san - na! Ho -
3. By and by we'll sing a sweeter song With all the saved, a glad and glorious throng:

CHORUS.

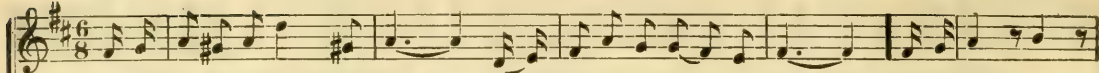
san - na in the highest!" } Happy songs, happy songs, Let the children sing their happy, happy songs; }
} Happy songs, happy songs, Je - sus (Omit.) } loves to hear our songs.

OUR GOD IS A GOD OF LOVE.

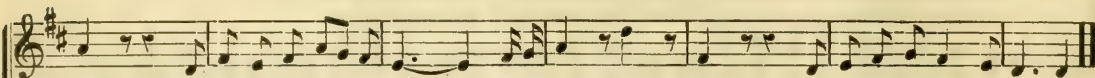
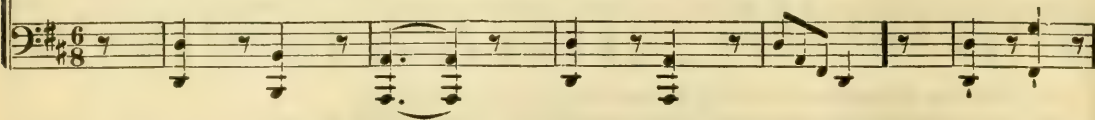
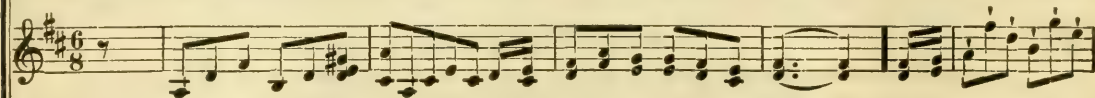
M. H. H.

"He that loveth not knoweth not God, for God is love."—1 John 4 : 8.

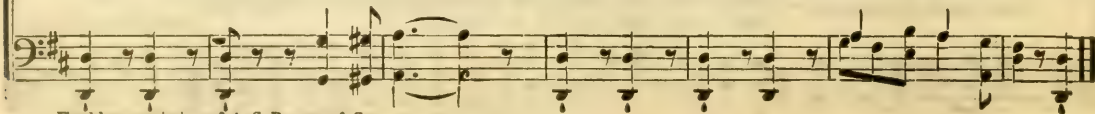
M. H. HOWLISTON.



- | | | |
|---|--------------------------------------|--------------------|
| 1. Do you know what the dew-drops say, | As they sparkle at break of day? | It is "Love, love, |
| 2. Do you know what the sun-beams bright, | Are singing from morning till night? | It is "Love, love, |
| 3. Do you know what the soft rain tells, | As it tinkles like fair - y bells? | It is "Love, love, |
| 4. Do you know what the winds pro-claim, | As they rustle the gold - en grain? | It is "Love, love, |



love, Our God is a God of love;" It is "Love, love, love, Our God is a God of love."

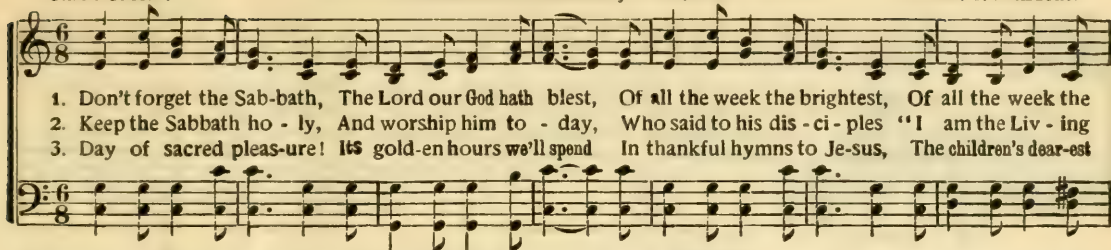


DON'T FORGET THE SABBATH.

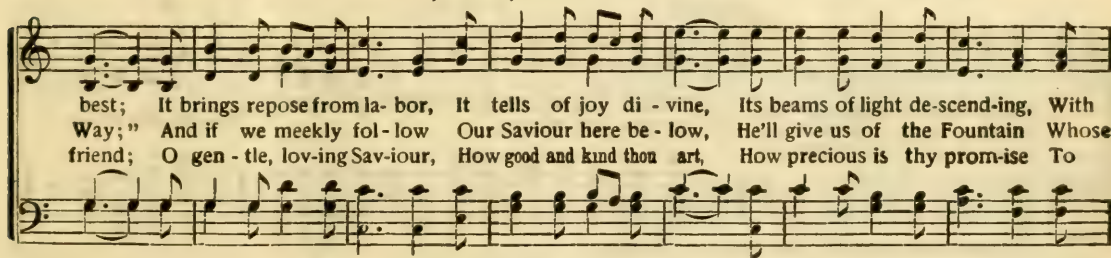
FANNY CROSBY.

"Remember the Sabbath-day."—Ex. 20:8.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

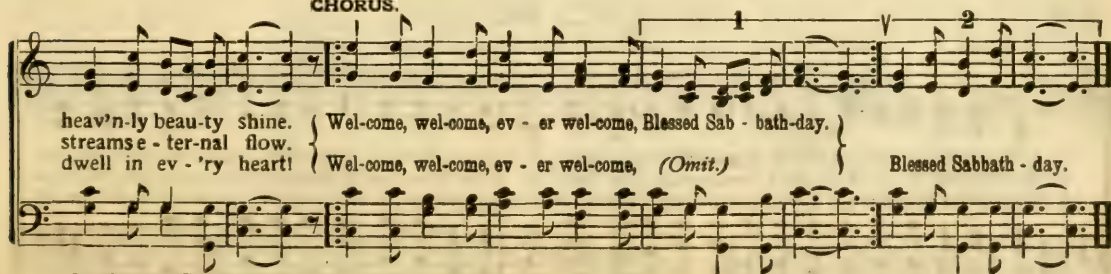


1. Don't forget the Sab-bath, The Lord our God hath blest, Of all the week the brightest, Of all the week the
 2. Keep the Sabbath ho - ly, And worship him to - day, Who said to his dis - ci - ples "I am the Liv - ing
 3. Day of sacred pleas-ure! Its gold-en hours we'll spend In thankful hymns to Je-sus, The children's dear-est



best; It brings repose from la - bor, It tells of joy di - vine, Its beams of light de-scend-ing, With
 Way;" And if we meekly fol - low Our Saviour here be - low, He'll give us of the Fountain Whose
 friend; O gen - tle, lov-ing Sav-iour, How good and kind thou art, How precious is thy prom-ise To

CHORUS.



heav'n-ly beau-ty shine. { Wel-come, wel-come, ev - er wel-come, Blessed Sab - bath-day. }
 streamse - ter-nal flow. { Wel-come, wel-come, ev - er wel-come, (Omit.) } Blessed Sabbath - day.
 dwell in ev - 'ry heart!

TWO LITTLE HANDS.

W. A. O. *Moderato.*

"As long as he liveth he shall be lent to the Lord."—1 Sam. 1: 28.

W. A. Oakes

1. I've two lit-tle hands to work for Je- sus, One lit-tle tongue his praise to tell, Two lit-tle ears to hear his coun-sel,
 2. I've two lit-tle feet to tread the pathway Up to the heav'nly courts a-bove; Two lit-tle eyes to read the Bi-ble,
 3. I've one lit-tle heart to give to Je-sus, One lit-tle soul for him to save, One lit-tle life for his dear serv-ice.

CHORUS.

One lit-tle voice a song to swell. Lord, we come, Lord, we come, In our childhood's early morning, }
 Tell-ing of Je-sus' wondrous love. Lord, we come, Lord, we come, } Come to learn of thee.
 One lit-tle self that he must have.

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HE LOVES ME, TOO.

MARIA STRAUB.

"Fear ye not, therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows."—Matt. 10: 31.

S. W. STRAUB.

1. God sees the lit-tle sparrow fall, It meets his tender view; If God so loves the lit-tle birds, I know he loves me, too.
 2. He paints the lil-y of the field, Perfumes each lil-y bell; If he so loves the lit-tle flow'rs, I know he loves me well.
 3. God made the little birds and flow'r's, And all things large and small; He'll not forget his lit-tle ones, I know he loves them all.

HE LOVES ME, TOO.—CONCLUDED.

CHORUS.

He loves me, too, he loves me, too, I know he loves me, too; Be-cause he loves the lit-tle things, I know he loves me, too.

By permission of S. W. Straub.

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HOW I WISH I KNEW.

GRACE GLENN.

"We have seen his star in the East."—Matt. 2:2.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Lit-tle stars that twin-kle in the heav-en's blue, I have oft-en wondered if you ev-er knew,
 2. Did you see the cost-ly presents they had bro't? Did you see the sta-ble they in won-der sought?
 3. Did you hear the mothers pleading thro' their tears For the babes that Her-od slew the com-ing years?
 4. Did you watch the Sav-iour all those years of strife? Did you know, for sin-ners, how he gave his life?

How there 'rose one like you, leading wise old men From the East, thro' Judah, down to Beth-le-hem.
 Did you see the wor-ship ten-der-ly they paid To that strang-er ba-by in the man-ger laid?
 Did you see how Joseph, warn'd of God in dreams, Hur-ried in-to E-gypt guid-ed by your beams?
 Lit-tle stars that twin-kle in the heav-en's blue, All you saw of Je-sus how I wish I knew.

By permission of Fillmore Bros.

I WILL FOLLOW THEE.

GRACE GLENN.

"Follow not that which is evil."—3 John 11.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Je - sus, I will fol - low thee, For I hear thee call - ing me; Lov - ing, trust - ing,
 2. Lit - tle eyes might lose the way, Lit - tle feet might go a - stray; I might weak and
 3. Grief and want may be my foes, Fool - ish sins my way op - pose; Full of cour - age

End. CHORUS.

D. S.

glad I come, To let thee lead me home. I will fol - low thee, I will fol - low thee, I will
 wea - ry be, But thou art strong for me. I will be, Where'er I fol - low thee.

D. S.—fol - low thee Where - ev - er thou dost lead.

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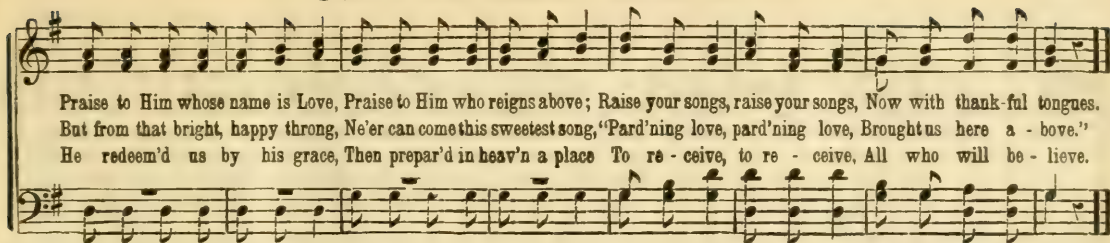
SWEETLY SING.

MISS J. W. SAMPSON.

"Sing unto the Lord, praise ye the Lord."—Jer. 20: 13.

1. Sweetly sing, sweetly sing, Praises to our heav'nly King; Let us raise, let us raise High our notes of praise;
 2. Angels bright, angels bright, Rob'd in garments pure and white, Chant his praise, chant his praise, In me - lo - dious lays;
 3. Far a - way, far a - way, We in sin's dark val - ley lay, Jesus came, Je - sus came, Bless - ed be his name;

SWEETLY SING.—CONCLUDED.



Praise to Him whose name is Love, Praise to Him who reigns above; Raise your songs, raise your songs, Now with thank-ful tongues.
But from that bright, happy throng, Ne'er can come this sweetest song, 'Pard'ning love, pard'ning love, Brought us here a - bove.'
He redeem'd us by his grace, Then prepar'd in heav'n a place To re - ceive, to re - ceive, All who will be - lieve.

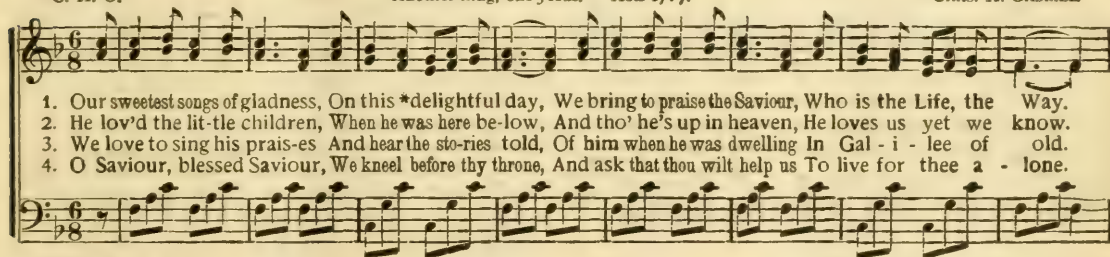
256

OUR KING.

C. H. G.

"Another king, one Jesus,"—Acts 17:7.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL



1. Our sweetest songs of gladness, On this *delightful day, We bring to praise the Saviour, Who is the Life, the Way.
2. He lov'd the lit-tle children, When he was here be-low, And tho' he's up in heaven, He loves us yet we know.
3. We love to sing his prais-es And hear the sto-ries told, Of him when he was dwelling In Gal - i - lee of old.
4. O Saviour, blessed Saviour, We kneel before thy throne, And ask that thou wilt help us To live for thee a - lone.

CHORUS.



We sing, we sing The praises of our King, We sing, we sing The glo-ry of our King.
We sing, we sing Heav'nly King, We sing, we sing

E. PERRONET,

Arr. by T. G. RICHARDS.

"The Lamb shall overcome them; for he is Lord of Lords and king of kings."—Rev. 17: 14.

1. All hail the power of Je - sus' name, Let an - gels prostrate fall, Let an - gels pros - trate fall;
 2. Ye chos - en seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ransomed from the fall, Ye ransomed from the fall,
 3. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball, On this ter - res - trial ball,
 4. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng, We at His feet may fall; We at His feet may fall.

And crown.....

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him,
 Hail Him who saves you by His grace, }
 To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe. }
 We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown.....

And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him,

crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him,
 crown Him, And crown Him Lord of all, crown Him, And crown Him Lord of all.
 crown Him, crown..... Him,
 crown Him, And crown Him Lord of all.

EDWARD PERRONET. (CORONATION. C. M.) OLIVER HOLDEN.

1. All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name! Let an-gels pros-trate fall;
 2. Ye e-nos-en seed of Israel's race, A remnant weak and small,
 3. Let ev'-ry kindred, ev'-ry tribe, On this ter-res-trial ball,
 4. O that with yonder sacred throng, We at His feet may fall;

Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all;
 Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all;
 To Him all maj-es-ty as-cribe, And crown Him Lord of all;
 We'll join the ev-er-last-ing song, And crown Him Lord of all;

Bring forth the royal di-a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
 Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all.
 To Him all maj-es-ty as-cribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
 We'll join the everlasting song, And crown Him Lord of all.

259 THE POWER OF JESUS' NAME.

(MILES LANE. C. M.) W. SHRUBSOLE.

1. { All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name! Let an-gels prostrate fall;
 Bring forth the royal di-a-dem, (Omit.) }

And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him Lord of all.

260 PRAISE YE JEHOVAH'S NAME.

WM. GOODE. (AMERICA. 6s & 4s.) HENRY CAREY.

1. Praise ye Je-ho-vah's name, Praise thro' His courts proclaim,
 2. Now let the trump-et raise Sounds of tri-um-phant praise,
 3. While His high praise you sing, Soake ev'-ry sound-ing string;

Rise and a-dore. High o'er the heav'ns above, Sounds His great
 Wide as His fame. There let the harp be found; Or-gans of
 Sweet the ac-cord! He vi-tal breath bestows; Let ev'-ry

acts of love, While His rich grace we prove, Vast as His pow'r.
 solemn sound, Roll your deep notes around, Filled with His name,
 breath that flows, His no-ble fame dis-close; Praise ye the Lord.

M. BRIDGES. (DIADEMATATA. S. M. D.) G. J. ELVEY.

1. Crown him with many crowns, The Lamb upon his throne; Hark!
 2. Crown him the Lord of love! Be-hold his hands and side, Those
 3. Crown him the Lord of peace! Whose hand a scepter sways From
 4. Crown him the Lord of years, The Po-ten-tate of time, Cre -

how the heav'nly anthem drowns All mu-sic but its own!
 wounds, yet vis-i-ble a-bove, In beau-ty glo-ri-fied:
 pole to pole, that wars may cease, And all be pray'r and praise:
 a-tor of the roll-ing spheres, In-ef-fa-bly sub-lime!

A-wake, my soul, and sing Of him who died for thee;
 No an-gel in the sky Can ful-ly bear that sight,
 His reign shall know no end, And round his pierc-ed feet
 Ail hail! Re-deem-er, hail! For thou hast died for me;

And hail him as thy matchless King Thro' all e-ter-ni-ty.
 But downward bends his wond'ring eye At mys-ter-ies so great.
 Fair flow'rs of par-a-dise ex-tend Their fragrance ev-er sweet.
 Thy praise shall never, nev-er fail Throughout e-ter-ni-ty.

S. MEDLEY.

(ARIEL. C. P. M.)

L. MASON.

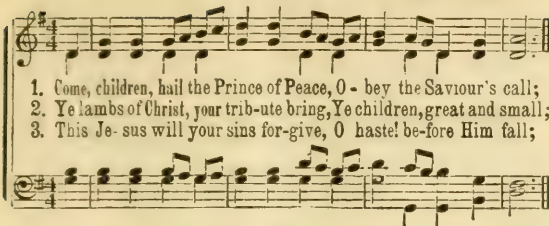
1. O could I speak the match-less worth, O could I sound
 2. I'd sing the pre-cious blood he spilt, My ransom from
 3. I'd sing the char-ac-ter he bears, And all the forms
 4. Well, the de-light-ful day will come, When my dear Lord

the glories forth, Which in my Saviour shine! I'd soar and
 the dreadful guilt of sin and wrath di-vine! I'd sing his
 of love he wears, Ex-alt-ed on his throne; In loft-iest
 will take me home, And I shall see his face; Then, with my

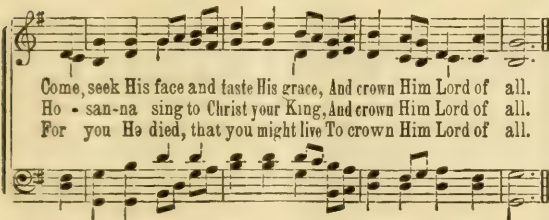
touch the heav'nly strings, And vie with Ga-briel while he sings
 glo-rious righteousness, In which all-per-fect heav'nly dress
 songs of sweetest praise, I would to ev-er-last-ing days
 Sav-iour, Brother, Friend, A blest e-ter-ni-ty I'll spend,

In notes al-most di-vine, In notes al-most di-vine.
 My soul shall ev-er shine, My soul shall ev-er shine.
 Make all his glo-ries known, Make all his glo-ries known
 Tri-um-phant in his grace, Tri-um-phant in his grace.

ROBERT LOWRY.

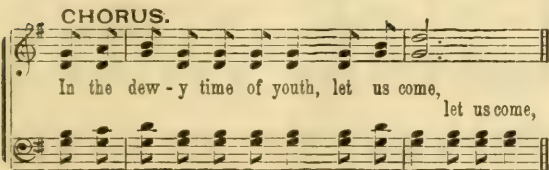


1. Come, children, hail the Prince of Peace, O - bey the Saviour's call;
 2. Ye lambs of Christ, your trib-ute bring, Ye children, great and small;
 3. This Je - sus will your sins for-give, O haste! be-fore Him fall;



Come, seek His face and taste His grace, And crown Him Lord of all.
 Ho - san-na sing to Christ your King, And crown Him Lord of all.
 For you He died, that you might live To crown Him Lord of all.

CHORUS.

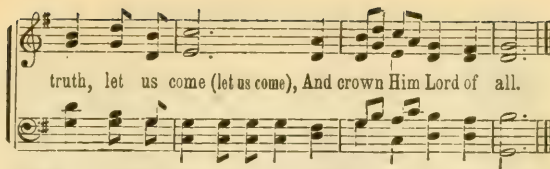


In the dew - y time of youth, let us come, let us come,



Be - fore the brown leaves fall; He will guide us with His

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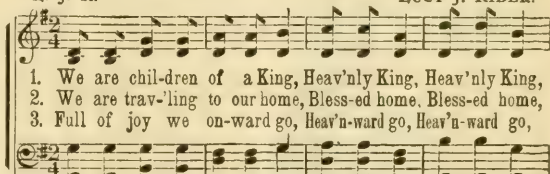
truth, let us come (let us come), And crown Him Lord of all.

264

SINGING AS WE JOURNEY.

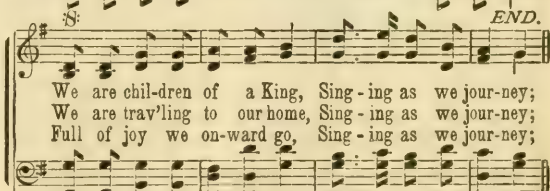
L. J. R.

LUCY J. RIDER.



1. We are chil-dren of a King, Heav'nly King, Heav'nly King,
 2. We are trav'ling to our home, Bless-ed home, Bless-ed home,
 3. Full of joy we on-ward go, Heav'n-ward go, Heav'n-ward go,

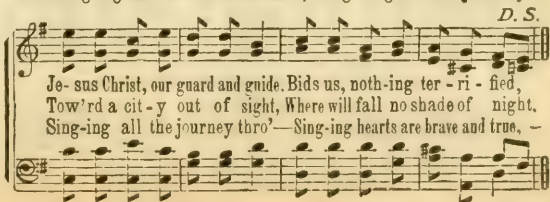
END.



We are chil-dren of a King, Sing-ing as we jour-ney;
 We are trav'ling to our home, Sing-ing as we jour-ney;
 Full of joy we on-ward go, Sing-ing as we jour-ney;

D.S.—Fol-low close-ly at His side, Sing-ing as we jour-ney.
 D.S.—For our Sav-iour is its light, Sing-ing as we jour-ney.
 D.S.—Sing-ing till our home we view, Sing-ing as we jour-ney.

D. S.

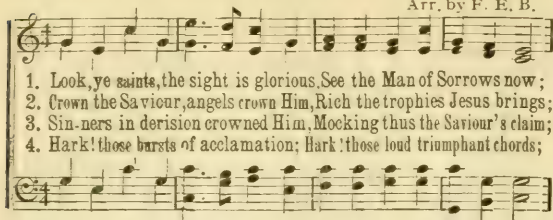


Je - sus Christ, our guard and guide. Bids us, noth-ing ter - ri - fied,
 Tow'rd a cit-y out of sight, Where will fall no shade of night.
 Sing-ing all the journey thro'—Sing-ing hearts are brave and true, —

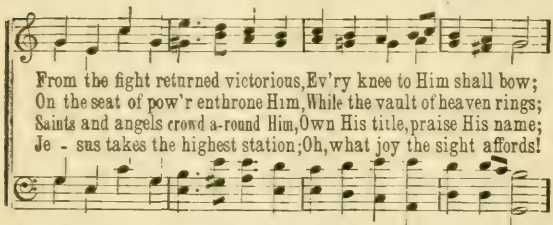
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265

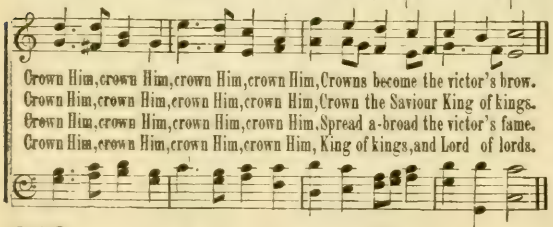
CROWN HIM, CROWN HIM.

T. KELLY. (REGENT SQUARE. 8s. 7s. 6L.) HENRY SMART,
Arr. by F. E. B.

1. Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious, See the Man of Sorrows now;
2. Crown the Saviour, angels crown Him, Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
3. Sinners in derision crowned Him, Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
4. Hark! those bursts of acclamation; Hark! those loud triumphant chords;



From the fight returned victorious, Ev'ry knee to Him shall bow;
On the seat of pow'r enthrone Him, While the vault of heaven rings;
Saints and angels crowd a-round Him, Own His title, praise His name;
Je - sus takes the highest station; Oh, what joy the sight affords!



Crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crowns become the victor's brow.
Crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown the Saviour King of kings.
Crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Spread a-broad the victor's fame.
Crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, King of kings, and Lord of lords.

266

COME AND WORSHIP.

(8s. 7s. 6 lines.)

1. Angels, from the realms of glory, Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye who sang creation's story, Now proclaim Messiah's birth.

Cho.—Come and worship, come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

2. Shepherds in the field abiding, Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing, Yonder shines the infant light.

Chorus.

3. Sages, leave your contemplations, Brighter visions beam afar,
Seek the great Desire of nations; Ye have seen his natal star.

Chorus.

4. Saints, before the altar bending, Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord descending, In His temple shall appear.

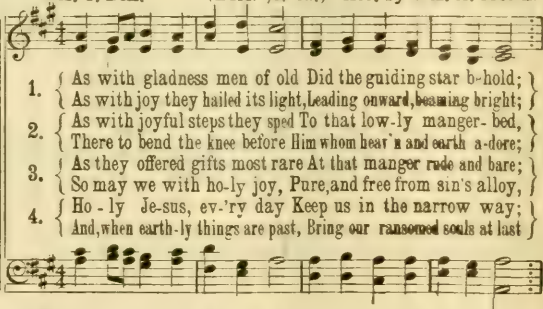
Cho.—Come and worship, come and worship,
Worship Christ, the com-ing King.

267

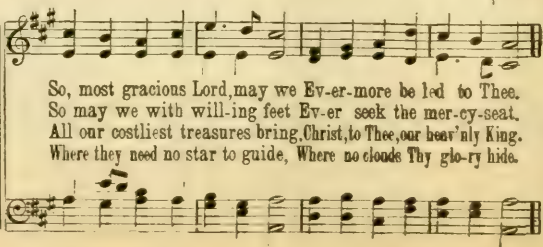
SO MAY WE.

WM. C. DIX.

(DIX. 7s. 6L.) Arr. by WM. H. MONK.



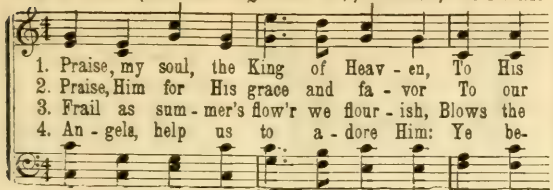
1. { As with gladness men of old Did the guiding star b-hold; }
 { As with joy they hailed its light, Leading onward, beaming bright; }
2. { As with joyful steps they sped To that low-ly manger-bed; }
 { There to bend the knee before Him whom hear'n and earth a-dore; }
3. { As they offered gifts most rare At that manger rude and bare; }
 { So may we with ho-ly joy, Pure, and free from sin's alloy, }
4. { Ho-ly Je-sus, ev'-ry day Keep us in the narrow way; }
 { And, when earth-ly things are past, Bring our ransomed souls at last }



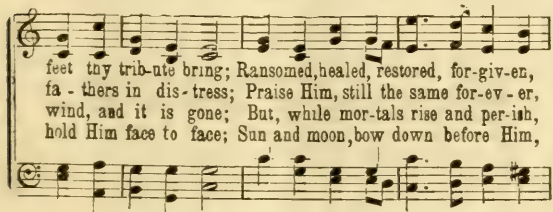
So, most gracious Lord, may we Ev-er-more be led to Thee.
So may we with will-ing feet Ev-er seek the mer-cy-seat.
All our costliest treasures bring, Christ, to Thee, our heav'nly King.
Where they need no star to guide, Where no clouds Thy glo-ry hide.

268 PRAISE THE KING OF HEAVEN.

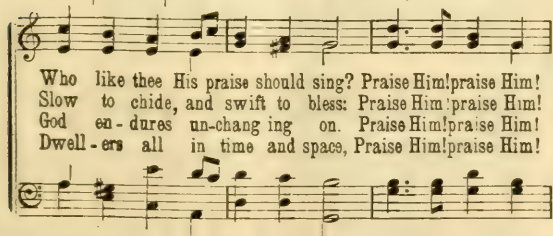
H. F. LYTE. (REGENT SQUARE. 8s, 7s. 6 lines.) H. SMART.



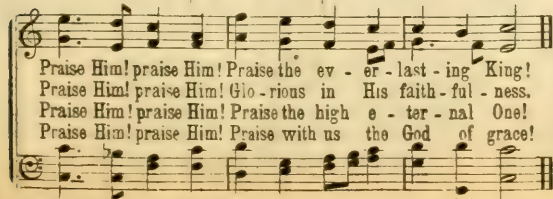
1. Praise, my soul, the King of Heav - en, To His
2. Praise, Him for His grace and fa - vor To our
3. Frail as sum - mer's flow'r we flour - ish, Blows the
4. An - gels, help us to a - dore Him: Ye be -



feet thy trib - ute bring; Ransomed, healed, restored, for - giv - en,
fa - thers in dis - tress; Praise Him, still the same for - ev - er,
wind, and it is gone; But, while mor - tals rise and per - ish,
hold Him face to face; Sun and moon, bow down before Him,



Who like thee His praise should sing? Praise Him! praise Him!
Slow to chide, and swift to bless: Praise Him! praise Him!
God en - dures un - chang - ing on. Praise Him! praise Him!
Dwell - ers all in time and space, Praise Him! praise Him!

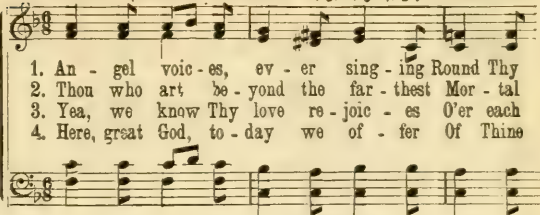


Praise Him! praise Him! Praise the ev - er - last - ing King!
Praise Him! praise Him! Glo - rious in His faith - ful - ness.
Praise Him! praise Him! Praise the high e - ter - nal One!
Praise Him! praise Him! Praise with us the God of grace!

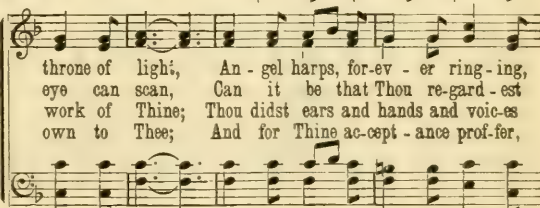
(See 265 for easy harmony.)

269 ANGEL VOICES, EVER SINGING.

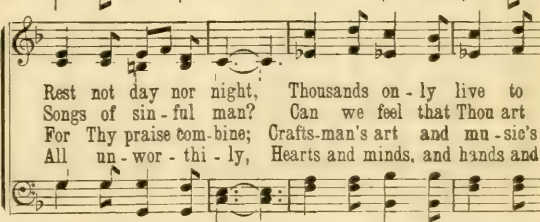
F. POTT. (ANGEL VOICES. 8, 5, 3, 5, 4, 3.) SULLIVAN.



1. An - gel voice - es, ev - er sing - ing Round Thy
2. Thou who art be - yond the far - thest Mor - tal
3. Yea, we know Thy love re - joic - es O'er each
4. Here, great God, to - day we of - fer Of Thine



throne of light, An - gel harps, for - ev - er ring - ing,
eye can scan, Can it be that Thou re - gard - est
work of Thine; Thou didst ears and hands and voice - es
own to Thee; And for Thine ac - cept - ance prof - fer,



Rest not day nor night, Thousands on - ly live to
Songs of sin - ful man? Can we feel that Thou art
For Thy praise com - bine; Crafts - man's art and mn - sie's
All un - wor - thi - ly, Hearts and minds, and hands and

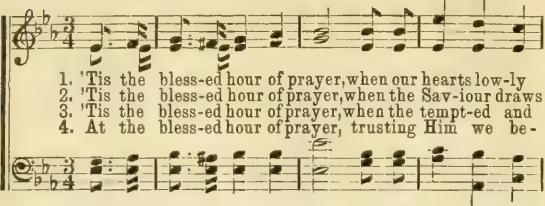


bles Thee, And con - fess Thee Lord of might,
near us, And wilt hear us? Yea, we can.
meas - ure For Thy pleas - ure Didst de - sign.
voice - es, In our choic - est Mel - o - dy. A - men.

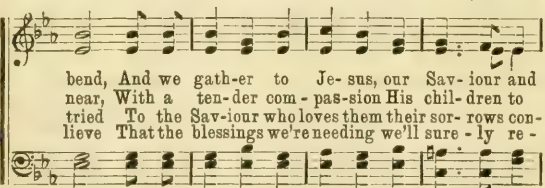
270 BLESSED HOUR OF PRAYER.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

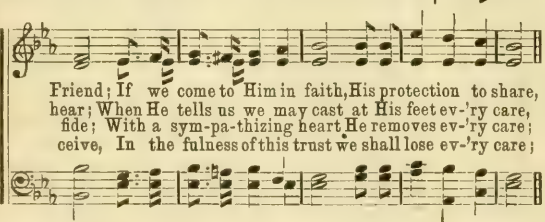
W. H. DOANE.



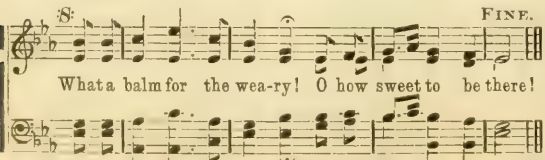
1. 'Tis the bless-ed hour of prayer, when our hearts low-ly
 2. 'Tis the bless-ed hour of prayer, when the Sav-iour draws
 3. 'Tis the bless-ed hour of prayer, when the tempt-ed and
 4. At the bless-ed hour of prayer, trusting Him we be-



bend, And we gath-er to Je-sus, our Sav-iour and
 near, With a ten-der com-pas-sion His chil-dren to
 tried To the Sav-iour who loves them their sor-rows con-
 lieve That the blessings we're need-ing we'll sure-ly re-



Friend; If we come to Him in faith, His protection to share,
 hear; When He tells us we may cast at His feet ev'-ry care,
 fide; With a sym-pa-thiz-ing heart He removes ev'-ry care;
 ceive, In the fulness of this trust we shall lose ev'-ry care;



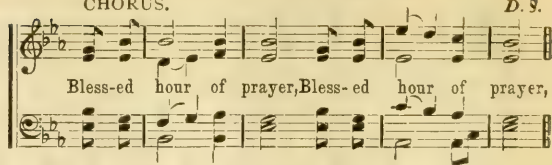
What a balm for the wea-ry! O how sweet to be there!

D. S.—What a balm for the wea-ry! O how sweet to be there!

BLESSED HOUR OF PRAYER.—CONCLUDED.

CHORUS.

D. S.



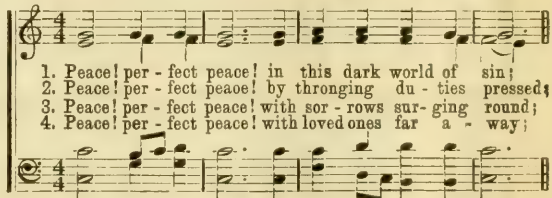
Bless-ed hour of prayer, Bless-ed hour of prayer,

271 PEACE: PERFECT PEACE!

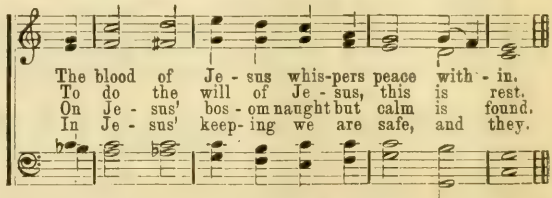
(PAX TECUM. 105.)

Rev. E. H. BICKERSTETH.

G. T. CALDBECK.



1. Peace! per-fect peace! in this dark world of sin;
 2. Peace! per-fect peace! by thronging du-ties pressed;
 3. Peace! per-fect peace! with sor-rows sur-ging round;
 4. Peace! per-fect peace! with loved ones far a-way;



The blood of Je-sus whis-pers peace with-in.
 To do the will of Je-sus, this is rest.
 On Je-sus' bos-om naught but calm is found.
 In Je-sus' keep-ing we are safe, and they.

5 Peace! perfect peace! our future all unknown;
 Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.

6 Peace! perfect peace! death shadowing us and ours;
 Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.

7 It is enough! earth's struggle soon shall cease,
 And Jesus call to heaven's perfect peace.

F. E. B.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. List to the chime, 'tis meet-ing time, The joy-ous bells are
 2. Join with the throng and swell the song, The Saviour's love con-
 3. Learn of the way, and then o - bey The truth so kind-ly

ring-ing; This is the day, they seem to say, To meet for
 fess-ing; Of-fer a pray'r that you may share The ful-ness
 giv-en; Thus, may you say, each clos-ing day; I'm near-er

CHORUS.

pray'r and sing-ing. Ring, ring, ring, ring, Ring, ye joy-ous
 of His bless-ing.
 home and heav-en. (Last) On time, on time, An-swer to the

bells; Ring, ring, ring, ring, Ring, ye joy-ous bells.
 chime; On time, on time, Al-ways here on time.

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F. J. E. & F. E. B.

F. J. E. arr. by F. E. B.

1. Children sing-ing, sweet bells ringing! Welcome, welcome,
 2. 'Tis an hour of hap-py meeting, We have met for
 3. We'll not keep our teachers waiting, While we tar-ry

hap-py day! Pray'r's of thou-sands now are wing-ing
 praise and pray'r; But the hour is short and fleet-ing;
 by the way, Nor dis-turb the school re-cit-ing,

CHORUS.

Up to heav'n their si-lent way.
 This is why we're ear-ly here. } Wel-come, welcome,
 'Tis the ho-ly Sab-bath day. }

joy-ous welcome; Teachers, scholars, wel-come here!

Arrangement Copyright, 1903, by F. E. Belden. G 2

274 MY SABBATH SONG.

Mrs. MARY A. KIDDER.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Strains of music oft - en greet me, As I join the bus - y
 2. 'Tis a song of love and mercy, Speaking peace to all man -
 3. While I live, O, may I ev - er Love the ho - ly Sabbath

throng, But there's nothing half so pleasant, As the ho - ly
 kind, Tell - ing sinners poor and needy, Where the Saviour
 song, And in - yon - der home e - ter - nal, Sing it with the

CHORUS.

Sabbath song. } No fear of ill, no fear of wrong, While
 they may find. } My Sabbath song, my Sabbath song, I
 blood-bought throng.

1 I can sing my Sabbath song: }
 [Omit.] } love to sing my Sabbath song.

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275 VALLEY LILIES.

FLORA KIRKLAND.

GIRLS. Unison.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Val - ley - lil - ies, meek and lowly, Let me hear your message sweet,
 2. Val - ley - lil - ies, golden hearted, Love's sweet mission you ful - fill,
 3. Val - ley - lil - ies, cups inverted, Still the Master you proclaim:

Tell of Christ the pure and holy, Bending as to touch His feet.
 For you tell in perfumed language, How he wrought his Father's will.
 Emp - ty of all pomp and glo - ry, To redeem the world He came.

REFRAIN.

Snow - y lil - ies of the val - ley, Speak again your message rare;

Tes - ti - fy to me of Je - sus, Heaven's Lily, wondrous fair!

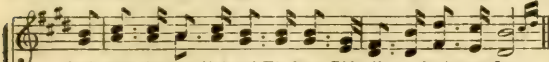
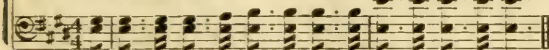
From "Valley-Lilies," by per. of Geible & Lehman, publishers.

J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

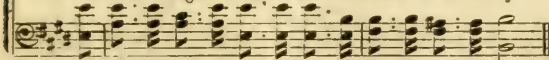
W. S. WEEDEN.



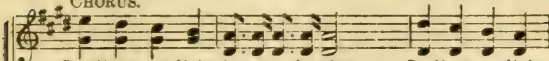
1. I wandered in the shades of night, Till Je-sus came to me,
2. Tho' clouds may gather in the sky, And billows 'round me roll,
3. While walking in the light of God, I sweet communion find;
4. I cross the wide-extended fields, I jour-ney o'er the plain,
5. Soon I shall see Him as He is, The Light that came to me;



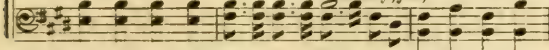
And with the sun-light of His love Bid all my darkness flee.
How-ev-er dark the world may be, I've sun-light in my soul.
I press with ho-ly vig-or on, And leave the world behind.
And in the sun-light of His love I reap the gold-en grain.
Be-hold the brightness of His face Thro'-out e-ter-ni-ty.



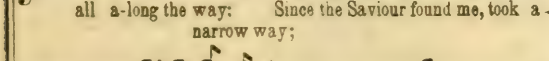
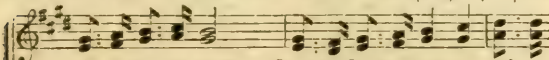
CHORUS.



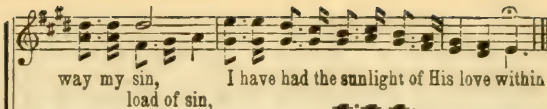
Sun-light, sun-light, in my soul to-day, Sunlight, sunlight,
to-day, yes,



all a-long the way: Since the Saviour found me, took a-
narrow way;



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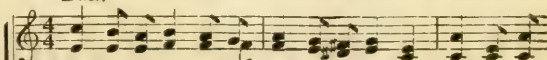
way my sin, I have had the sunlight of His love within
load of sin,



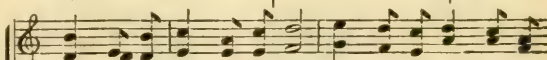
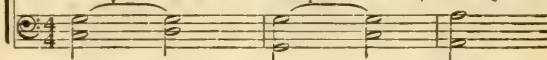
277

BRIGHTEST AND BEST.

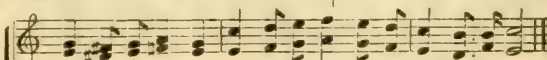
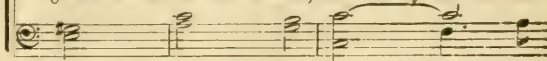
REGINALD HEBER. (L.R.A. 118 & 108.) F. E. BELDEN.
Duet.



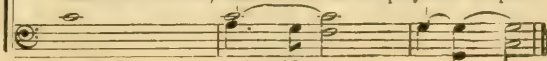
1. Brightest and best of the sons of the morning, Dawn on our
2. Cold on His cra-dle the dew-drops are shining; Low lies His
3. Tho' we should yield Him, in costly de-vo-tion, O - dors of
4. Vain-ly we of-fer each am-ple ob-la-tion, Vain-ly with



dark-ness, and lend us Thine aid; Star of the East, the ho-
head with the beasts of the stall; An-gels a-dore Him, in
E-dom and of-f'rings di-vine, Gems of the moun-tain, and
gifts would His fa-vor se-cure; Rich-er by far is the



ri-son adorning, Guide where our infant Re-deem-er is laid.
slumber reclining.—Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.
pearls of the ocean, Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine,—
heart's ad-o-ra-tion, Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

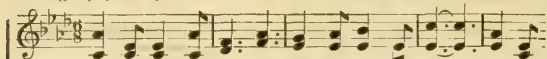


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278 JESUS, COME AND BLESS US.

E. R. LATTA.

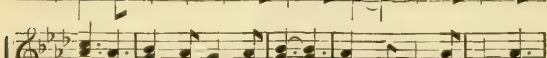
DR. W. O. PERKINS.



1. Je-sus, Thou hast promised That where two or three In Thy
2. Je-sus, Thou hast met us Oft in sea-sons past, But we
3. Je-sus, tune our voic-es To Thy songs of praise; Be in



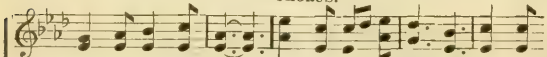
name have gathered, Thou wilt present be; And Thy word be-
neen Thy presence With us till the last; Come, O bless-ed
each pe-ti-tion That to Thee we raise; May our faith grow



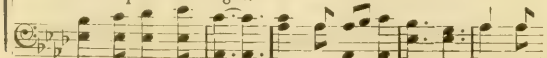
liev-ing, Now in pray'r we kneel; Je-sus, come and bless us;
Say-lour, And Thy grace display; Hear us and ac-cept us;
stronger, And our hope more bright; May our love be pur-er,



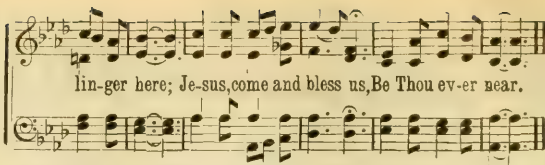
CHORUS.



Lord, Thy-self re-veal.
Bless us while we pray. Je-sus, come and bless us While we
And our path more light.



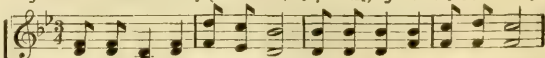
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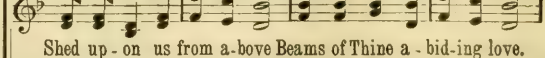
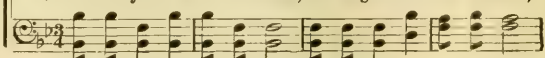
lin-ger here; Je-sus, come and bless us, Be Thou ev-er near.

279 GOD OF LIFE AND LIGHT.

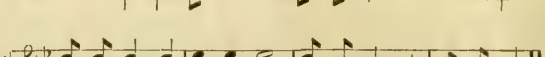
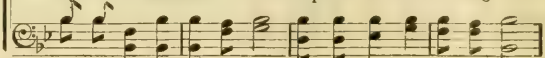
JOHN R. CLEMENTS. (SUMNER, 7S. 6L.) JOHN B. SUMNER.



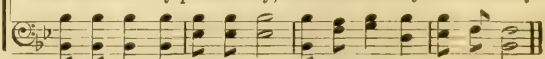
1. God of life and God of light, Robed in all Thy glo-ry might,
2. God of good and God of grace Show again Thy radiant face,
3. God of each and God of all, Low be-fore Thy feet we fall,
4. Thou our years of toil hast blest, Ev-er giv-en what was best;



Shed up-on us from a-bove Beams of Thine a-bid-ing love.
As in Je-sus long a-go Thou Thy-self to earth didst show.
Take the gifts of love we bring; Hear us as Thy praise we sing.
May the fu-ture hold in store Cups of serv-ice running o'er.



Bless us with Thy peace to-day, While within Thy courts we stay.

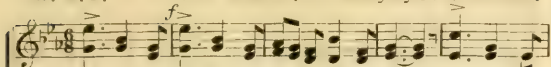


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(For Conventions.)

W. W. B.

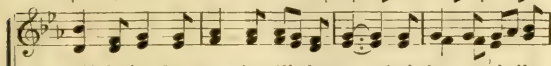
W. W. BARKER. Harmony by F. E. BELDEN.



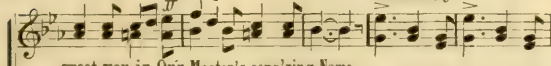
1. Wel-come! thrice welcome! Ye loy-al host of God, Welcome! thrice
2. Wel-come! thrice welcome! Be-liev-ers in the Lord; Welcome! thrice
3. Wel-come! thrice welcome! Besteadfast in the right, Welcome! thrice



wel-come! From near and from a-broad; Tho' changing years pass
wel-come! Up-hold-ers of His word; We meet our Saviour's
wel-come! Till faith is lost in sight; And when our battles



swift-ly by, Our cause is still the same, And thus we gladly
name to praise, To learn what He requires, And by His Spirit's
all are won We'll join the blessed throng, Then God will welcome

CHORUS. *f*

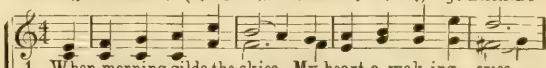
greet you in Our Master's conq'ring Name.
help resolve To fol-low His de-sires. Welcome! thrice welcome to
us and we Will hear hear's welcome song.



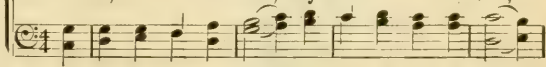
homes and hearts and love; Welcome! thrice welcome! And blessings from above.

281 MAY JESUS CHRIST BE PRAISED.

TR. E. CASWELL. (LAUDES DOMINI, 6S, 6L.) J. BARNBY



1. When morning gilds the skies, My heart a-wak-ing cries,
2. Does sad-ness fill my mind, A sol-ace here I find,
3. Do e-vil tho'ts mo-lest? With this I shield my breast,
4. Be this, while life is mine, My can-ti-cle di-vine,



May Je-sus Christ be praised! A-like at work and pray'r,
May Je-sus Christ be praised! Or fades my earthly bliss,
May Je-sus Christ be praised! The pow'rs of darkness fear,
May Je-sus Christ be praised! Be this the'e-ter-nal song



To Je-sus I re-pair. May Je-sus Christ be praised!
My com-fort still is this, May Je-sus Christ be praised!
When this sweet chant they hear May Je-sus Christ be praised!
Thro' all the a-ges long, May Je-sus Christ be praised!



FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy
 2. Con-secrate me now to Thy service, Lord, By the pow'r of
 3. O the pure de-light of a single hour That be-fore Thy
 4. There are depths of love that I cannot know Till I cross the

love to me; But I long to rise in the arms of faith,
 grace di-vine; May my soul look up with a steadfast hope
 throne I spend, When I kneel in pray'r, and with Thee, my God,
 nar-row sea; There are heights of joy that I may not reach

REFRAIN.

And be clos-er drawn to Thee. Draw me near-er,
 And my will be lost in Thine.
 I commune as friend with friend!
 Till I rest in peace with Thee. near-er near-er,

nearer, blessed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died; Draw me

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near-er, near-er. near-er, blessed Lord, To Thy precious, bleeding side.

ANNA WARNER.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Je-sus loves me! this I know, For the Bi-ble tells me so;
 2. Je-sus loves me! He who died, Heaven's gate to open wide;
 3. Je-sus loves me! loves me still, When I'm sad or weak and ill;
 4. Je-sus loves me; He will stay, Close beside me all the way,

Little ones to Him be-long, They are weak, but He is strong.
 He will wash away my sin. Let His lit-tle child come in.
 From His shining throne on high, Comes to watch me where I lie.
 If I love Him, by and by He will take me home on high.

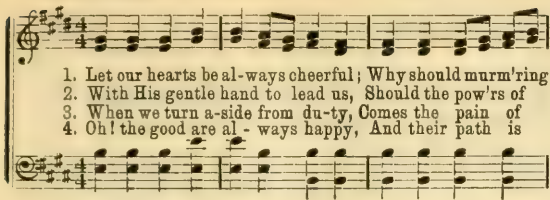
CHORUS.

{ Yes, Jesus loves me, Yes, Jesus loves me; }
 { Yes, Jesus loves me, (Omit.) } The Bible tells me so.

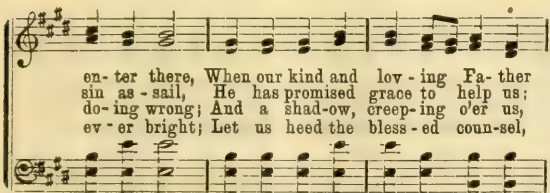
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284 ALWAYS CHEERFUL.

FANNY CROSBY. (Childrens' Song.) ROBERT LOWRY.

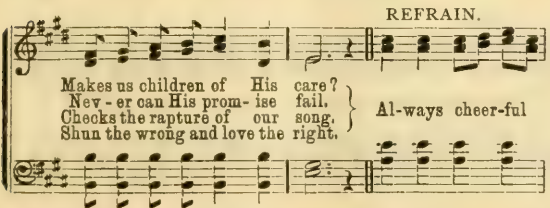


1. Let our hearts be al-ways cheerful; Why should murm'ring
2. With His gentle hand to lead us, Should the pow'rs of
3. When we turn a-side from du-ty, Comes the pain of
4. Oh! the good are al-ways happy, And their path is

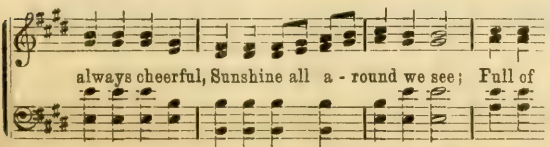


en-ter there, When our kind and lov-ing Fa-ther
sin as-sail, He has promised grace to help us;
do-ing wrong; And a shad-ow, creep-ing o'er us,
ev-er bright; Let us heed the bless-ed coun-sel,

REFRAIN.



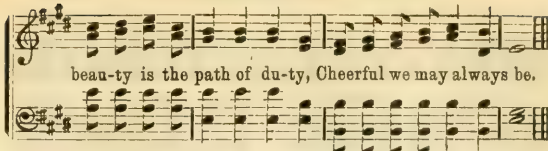
Makes us children of His care?
Nev-er can His prom-ise fail.
Checks the rapture of our song, } Al-ways cheer-ful
Shun the wrong and love the right.



always cheerful, Sunshine all a-round we see; Full of

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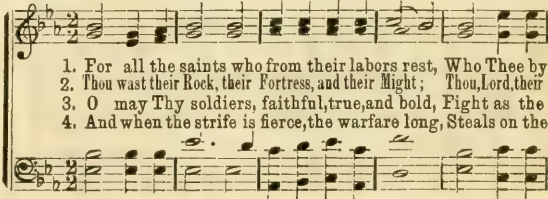
ALWAYS CHEERFUL.—CONCLUDED.



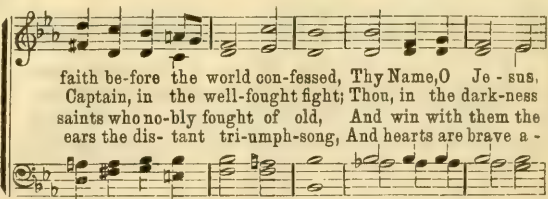
beau-ty is the path of du-ty, Cheerful we may always be.

285 ALLELUIA! ALLELUIA!

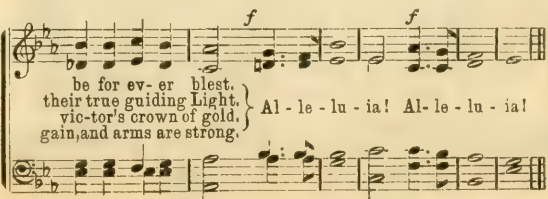
Bp. W. W. How. (SARUM. 10, 10, 10, 8.) J. BARNEY.



1. For all the saints who from their labors rest, Who Thee by
2. Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, and their Might; Thou, Lord, their
3. O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold, Fight as the
4. And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long, Steals on the



faith be-fore the world con-fessed, Thy Name, O Je-sus,
Captain, in the well-fought fight; Thon, in the dark-ness
saints who no-bly fought of old, And win with them the
ears the dis-tant tri-umph-song, And hearts are brave a-



be for ev-er blest.
their true guiding Light. } Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia!
vic-tor's crown of gold.
gain, and arms are strong.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

(7s. D.)

W. H. DOANE.

1. More like Je - sus would I be; Let my Saviour dwell with me,
2. If he hears the rav-en's cry; If his ev - er watch-ful eye
3. More like Je - sus when I pray. More like Je - sus day by day;

Fill my soul with peace and love, Make me gentle as a dove;
Marks the sparrows when they fall, Sure-ly he will hear my call,
May I rest me by his side, Where the tranquil waters glide;

More like Je - sus while I go, Pil - grim in this world below;
He will teach me how to live, All my sim - ple tho'ts for - give;
Born of him, thro' grace renew'd, By his love my will sub - dued,

Poor in Spir - it would I be — Let my Saviour dwell in me.
Pure in heart I still would be — Let my Saviour dwell in me.
Rich in faith I still would be — Let my Saviour dwell in me.

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F. E. B.

(HATTIE. 7s & 6s. P.)

F. E. BELDEN.

1. Saviour, keep me pure in heart, By thy pow'r re - new - ing;
2. In thy sin-less life I see Matchless grace and beau - ty:
3. One with thee! thus would I live, Till the morn im - mor - tal;

Seal my life of thine a part, All my tho'ts be - dew - ing.
Per - fect Pat - tern, guide for me, Teaching love for du - ty.
Thus my - self for oth - ers give, — With them pass the por - tal.

Refrain.

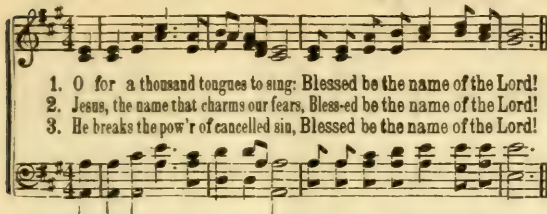
Pure in heart, pure in heart, — Je - sus, on - ly giv - er;

Seal my life of thine a part, Here and then for - ev - er.

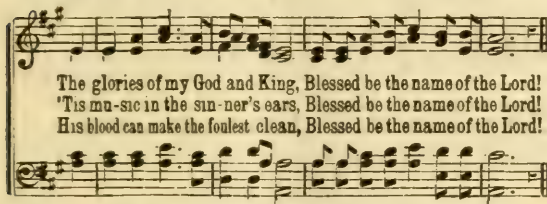
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CHAS. WESLEY (alt.)

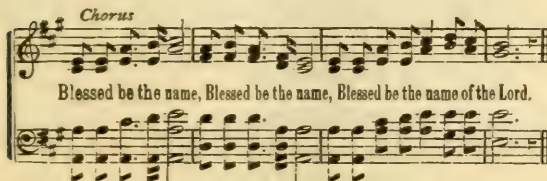
R. E. HUDSON.



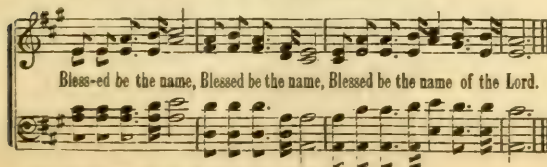
1. O for a thousand tongues to sing: Blessed be the name of the Lord!
2. Jesus, the name that charms our fears, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!
3. He breaks the pow'r of cancelled sin, Blessed be the name of the Lord!



The glories of my God and King, Blessed be the name of the Lord!
 'Tis mu-sic in the sin-ner's ears, Blessed be the name of the Lord!
 His blood can make the foulest clean, Blessed be the name of the Lord!



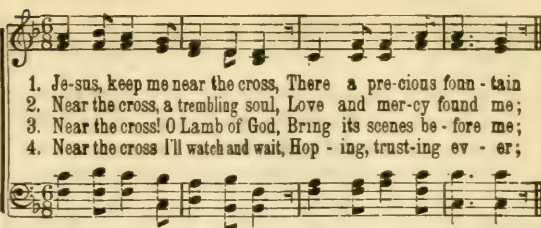
Blessed be the name, Blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord.



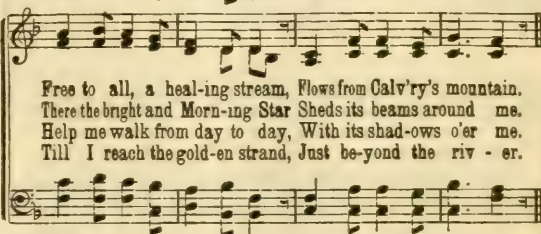
Bless-ed be the name, Blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord.

FANNY J CROSBY.

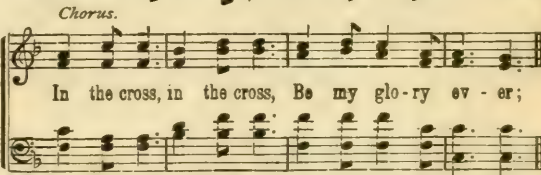
W. H. DOANE



1. Je-sus, keep me near the cross, There a pre-cious foun-tain
2. Near the cross, a trembling soul, Love and mer-cy found me;
3. Near the cross! O Lamb of God, Bring its scenes be-fore me;
4. Near the cross I'll watch and wait, Hop-ing, trust-ing ev-er;



Free to all, a heal-ing stream, Flows from Calv'ry's mountain.
 There the bright and Morn-ing Star Sheds its beams around me.
 Help me walk from day to day, With its shad-ows o'er me.
 Till I reach the gold-en strand, Just be-yond the riv-er.



Chorus.

In the cross, in the cross, Be my glo-ry ev-er;



Till my raptur'd soul shall find Rest beyond the riv-er.

290 I KNOW WHOM I HAVE BELIEVED.

E. E. HEWITT.
DUET.

2 Tim. 1: 12.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. Since on my Saviour I believed, His beams around me shine;
2. I know His love, His faithful care; His mighty saving pow'r;
3. In His dear wounded hands I leave All that concerneth me;
4. Tho' all things else should pass away, He changeless, would remain.

The Spir-it's witness I re-ceived, I know that He is mine.
His willingness to answer pray'r, His grace in sun and show'r.
The flow'rs that please, the thorns that grieve, Shall fraught with blessing be.
So will I sing, till dawns His day, Faith's ju-bi-lant re-frain.

CHORUS.

"I know . . . whom I have be-liev-ed, and am per-
I know

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sua-d-ed that He is a-ble To keep . . . what
To keep
I have com-mit-ted un-to Him a-against that day."

291 I KNOW MY REDEEMER LIVES.

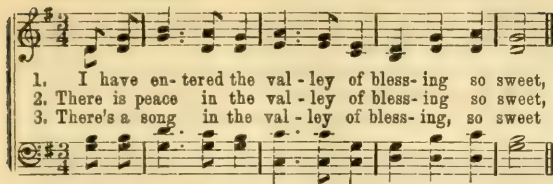
CHARLES WESLEY, 1st stanza: others
arr. from SAMUEL MEDLEY.
(Sing to 267, using its Chorus.)

1. "I know that my Redeemer lives,"
And ever prays for me;
A token of His love He gives,
A pledge of liberty.
2. He lives all glorious in the sky,
He lives who once was dead;
He lives exalted there on high,
My everlasting Head.
3. He lives, triumphant o'er the grave,
And while He lives I'll sing;
He lives eternally to save,
My Prophet, Priest and King.
4. He lives, my mansion to prepare,
My Jesus, still the same;
He lives to bring me safely there,
All glory to His name.

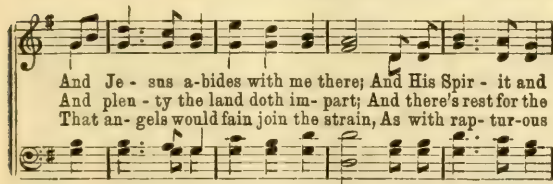
292 THE VALLEY OF BLESSING.

ANNIE WITTENMEYER.

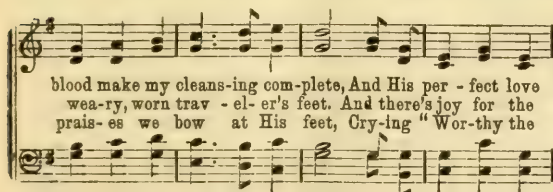
WM. G. FISCHER.



1. I have en-tered the val-ley of bless-ing so sweet,
2. There is peace in the val-ley of bless-ing so sweet,
3. There's a song in the val-ley of bless-ing, so sweet

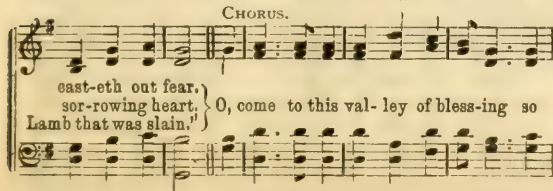


And Je - sus a-bides with me there; And His Spir - it and
And plen - ty the land doth im - part; And there's rest for the
That an - gels would fain join the strain, As with rap - tur - ous



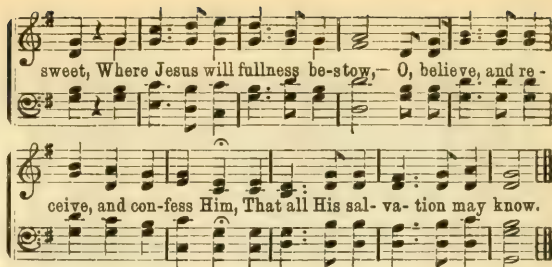
blood make my cleans-ing com-plete, And His per - fect love
wea-ry, worn trav - el-er's feet. And there's joy for the
prais-es we bow at His feet, Cry-ing "Wor-thy the

CHORUS.



east-eth out fear,
sor-rowing heart," O, come to this val-ley of bless-ing so
Lamb that was slain."

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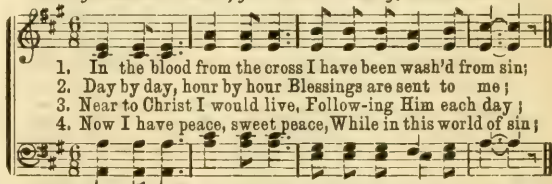


sweet, Where Jesus will fullness be-stow, - O, believe, and re -
ceive, and con-fess Him, That all His sal - va - tion may know.

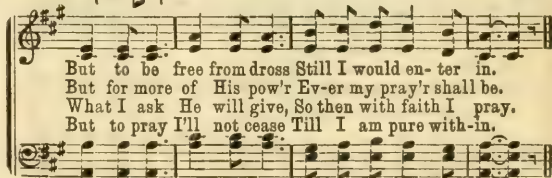
293 DEEPER YET.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

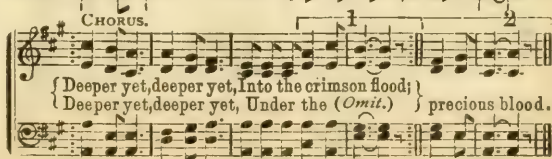


1. In the blood from the cross I have been wash'd from sin;
2. Day by day, hour by hour Blessings are sent to me;
3. Near to Christ I would live, Follow-ing Him each day;
4. Now I have peace, sweet peace, While in this world of sin;



But to be free from dross Still I would en-ter in.
But for more of His pow'r Ev-er my pray'r shall be.
What I ask He will give, So then with faith I pray.
But to pray I'll not cease Till I am pure with-in.

CHORUS.



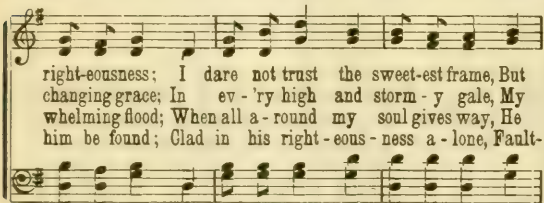
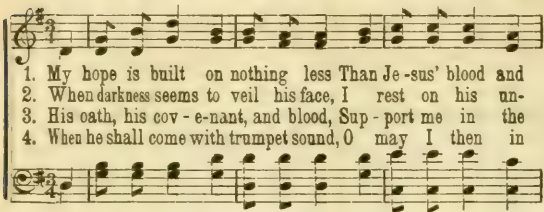
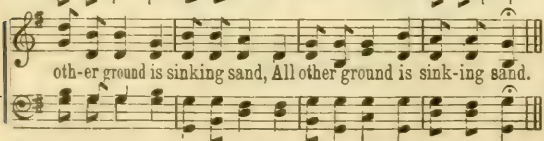
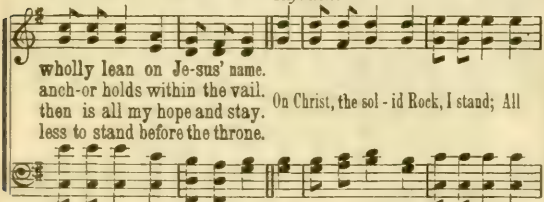
{ Deeper yet, deeper yet, Into the crimson flood; }
{ Deeper yet, deeper yet, Under the (Omit.) } pre-cious blood.

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REV. EDWARD MOTE.

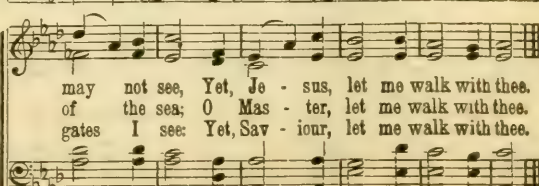
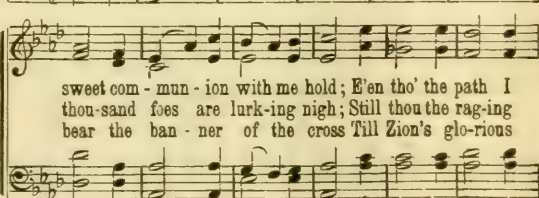
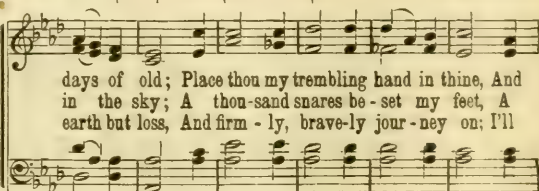
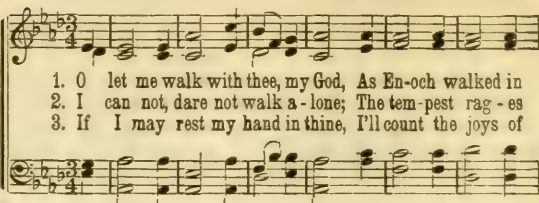
(L. M. 6L.)

WM. B. BRADBURY.

*Refrain.*

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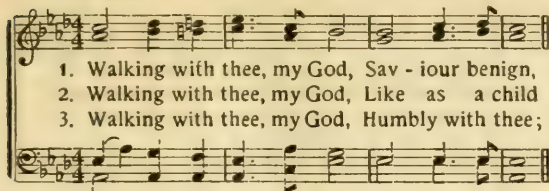
MRS. L. D. A. STUTTLE. (MORTON. L. M. 6L.) EDWIN BARNES.



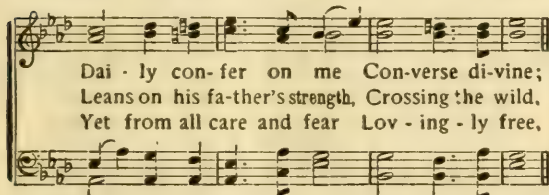
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296 WALKING WITH THEE.

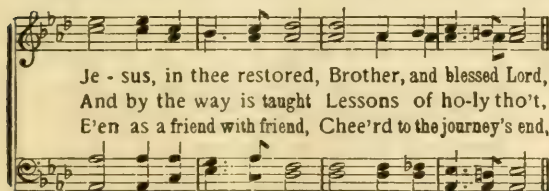
GEO. RAWSON. (MALE VOICES.) W. H. PONTIUS, by per.




1. Walking with thee, my God, Sav - iour benign,
2. Walking with thee, my God, Like as a child
3. Walking with thee, my God, Humbly with thee;



Dai - ly con - fer on me Con - verse di - vine;
Leans on his fa - ther's strength, Crossing the wild,
Yet from all care and fear Lov - ing - ly free,



Je - sus, in thee restored, Brother, and blessed Lord,
And by the way is taught Lessons of ho - ly tho't,
E'en as a friend with friend, Chee'rd to the journey's end,

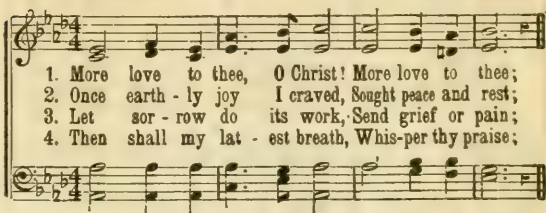


Let it be mine, Let it be mine.
Faith un - de - filed, Faith un - de - filed.
Walk - ing with thee, Walk - ing with thee.

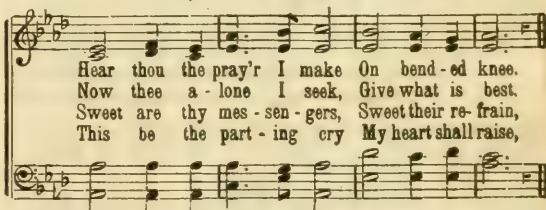
297 MORE LOVE TO THEE.

MRS. E. PRENTISS.

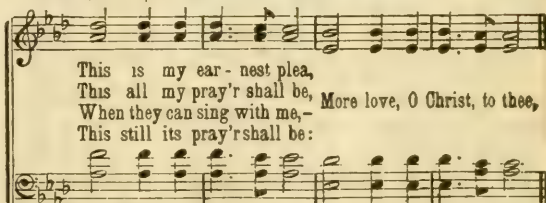
W. H. DOANE.



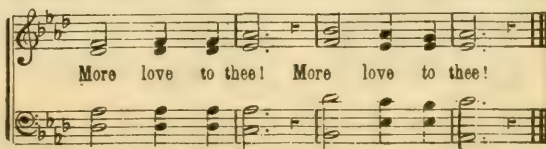
1. More love to thee, O Christ! More love to thee;
2. Once earth - ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest;
3. Let sor - row do its work, Send grief or pain;
4. Then shall my lat - est breath, Whis - per thy praise;



Hear thou the pray'r I make On bend - ed knee.
Now thee a - lone I seek, Give what is best.
Sweet are thy mes - sen - gers, Sweet their re - frain,
This be the part - ing cry My heart shall raise,



This is my ear - nest plea,
This all my pray'r shall be, More love, O Christ, to thee,
When they can sing with me,
This still its pray'r shall be:



More love to thee! More love to thee!

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F. BOTTOME. ARR.

(MALE VOICES.)

KOSCHAT. ARR.

1. O bliss of the pure ones! O bliss of the free! I've plung'd in the
 2. O bliss of the sav'd ones! Christ Jesus is mine! No more condem-
 3. O bliss of the glad ones! O bliss of the pure! No wound hath the
 4. O Cru-ci-fied Je - sus! of thee will I sing, My bless-ed Re-

Solo.

fountain once open'd for me! O'er sin and uncleanness ex-
 na - tion; no long-er I pine. In conscious sal - va - tion I
 spir - it that he can not cure; No head bow'd with sorrow but
 deem-er, my God and my King; My soul fill'd with rapture, shall

ult - ing I stand, And point to the nail-prints in his ho-ly
 sing of his grace Who lift-ed up - on me the smiles of his
 sweet-ly may rest, No tears but may van-ish on his lov-ing
 shout o'er the grave; In him will I tri-umph, the "Might-y to

hands, And point to the nail-prints in his ho - ly hands.
 face, Who lift-ed up - on me the smiles of his face.
 breast, No tears but may van-ish on his lov-ing breast.
 Save!" In him will I tri-umph, the "Might-y to Save!"

ANON.

(HIS.)

A. J. GORDON.

1. My Je - sus, I love thee, I know thou art mine,
 2. I love thee, be - cause thou hast first lov - ed me,
 3. I'll love thee in life, and I'll love thee in death;
 4. In man-sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light,

For thee all the fol - lies of sin I re - sign;
 And purchased my par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree;
 I'll praise thee as long as thou lend - est me breath,
 I'll ev - er a - dore thee in heav - en so bright,

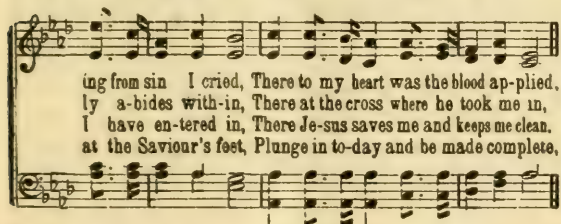
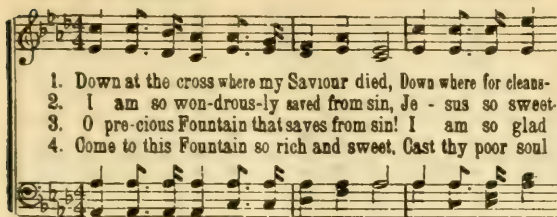
My gra-cious Re-deem-er, my Sav - iour art thou;
 I love thee for wear-ing the thorns on thy brow;
 And say when the death-dew lies cold on my brow,
 And sing with the glit - ter - ing crown on my brow,

If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

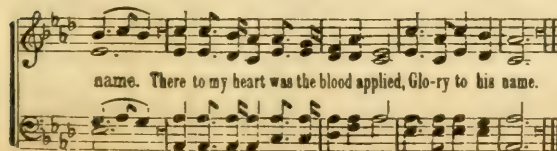
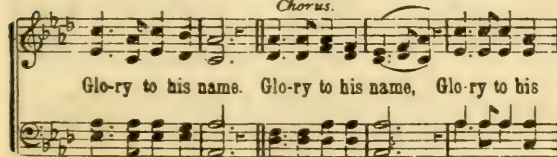
300, GLORY TO HIS NAME.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

REV. J. H. STOCKTON.



Chorus.

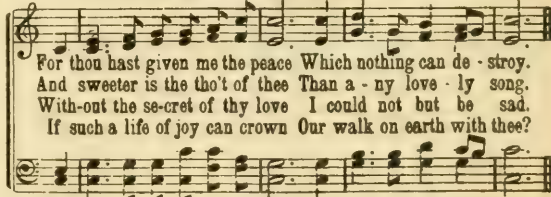
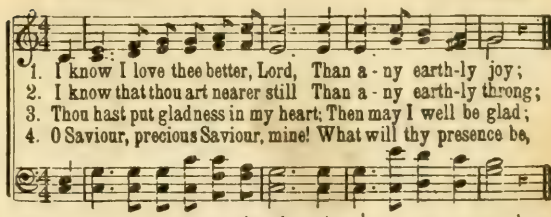


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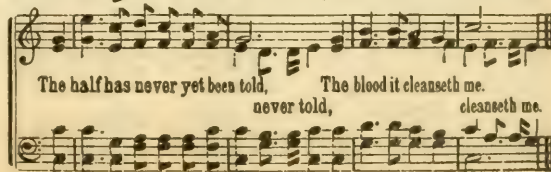
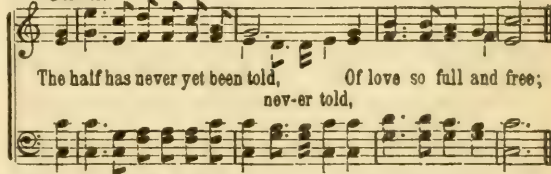
301 I LOVE THEE BETTER, LORD.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

R. E. HUDSON.



Chorus.



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F. E. B.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. There's no oth-er name like Je - sus, 'Tis the dear-est name we know,
 2. There's no oth-er name like Je - sus When the heart with grief is sad,
 3. 'Tis the hope that I shall see Him, When in glo - ry He ap - pears,
 4. If He wills that I should la - bor In His vine-yard day by day,
 5. If He wills that death's cold fin - ger Touch my fee - ble, mor - tal clay,

'Tis the an - gels' joy in heav - en, 'Tis the Christian's joy be - low.
 There's no oth - er name like Je - sus, When the heart is free and glad.
 'Tis the hope to hear His wel - come, That my fainting spir - it cheers.
 Then 'tis well if on - ly Je - sus Bless-es all I do or say,
 Then 'tis well if on - ly Je - sus Is my dy - ing trust and stay.

Refrain.

Sweet name, dear name, There's no oth - er name like Je - sus;
 Sweet name, dear name,

Sweet name, dear name, There's no oth - er name like Je - sus.
 Sweet name, dear name,

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CORIE F. DAVIS,

Dr. W. O. PERKINS.

1. Have I need of aught, O Saviour! Aught on earth but thee?
 2. Tho' I have of friends so ma - ny, Love, and gold, and health;
 3. Is there heart so kind and patient With my fail - ings all?
 4. Not for worlds would I exchange it, - This sweet faith in thee!

Have I a - ny in the heavens, A - ny one but thee?
 If I have not thee, my Saviour, Hold I a - ny wealth?
 Or a voice so true and read - y, Answer - ing my call?
 Earth - ly treasures cannot e - qual All thou art to me.

Chorus.

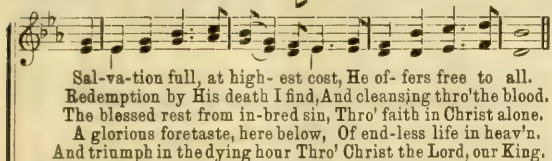
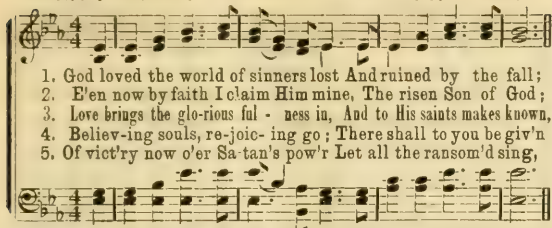
On - ly thee, on - ly thee, O the wondrous love shown me!
 On - ly thee, on - ly thee,

On - ly thee, on - ly thee, None on earth but thee.
 On - ly thee, on - ly thee,

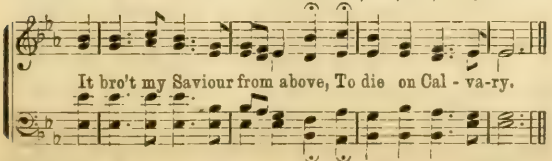
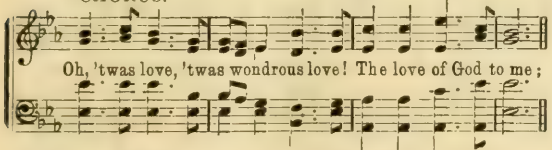
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Mrs. M. STOCKTON.

WM. G. FISCHER.



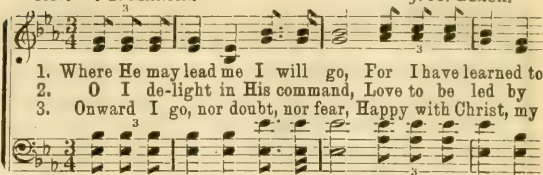
CHORUS.



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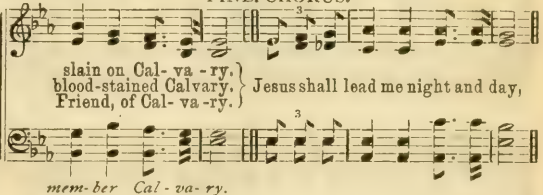
Rev. W. C. MARTIN.

J. M. BLACK.

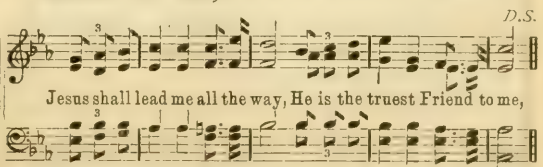


D. S.—For I re-

FINE. CHORUS.



mem-ber Cal - va-ry.



D. S.

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MRS. CATHERINE J. BONAR. (6s & 4s.)

T. E. PERKINS.

1. Fade, fade each earthly joy, Je-sus is mine! Break ev'-ry
 2. Tempt not my soul a-way, Je-sus is mine! Here would I
 3. Farewell, yedreams of night, Je-sus is mine! Lost in this
 4. Farewell, mor-tal - i - ty, Je-sus is mine! Welcome e-

ten-der tie, Je - sus is mine! Dark is the wil-der-ness,
 ev - er stay, Je - sus is mine! Per-ish - ing things of clay,
 dawn-ing light, Je - sus is mine! All that my soul has tried,
 ter - ri - ty, Je - sus is mine! Welcome, O lov'd and blest,

Earth has no resting place, Je-sus a-lone can bless, Je-sus is mine!
 Born but for one brief day, Pass from my heart a-way, Je-sus is mine!
 Left but a dis-mal void, Jesus has sat - is - fied, Je-sus is mine!
 Welcome, sweet scenes of rest, Welcome my Saviour's breast, Je-sus is mine!

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F. E. B.

(BRADBURY. L. M.)

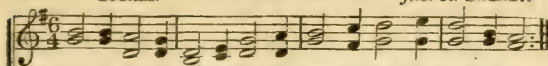
F. E. BELDEN.

1. When soft - ly falls the twi - light hour, O'er moor and
 2. In sol - emn mid - night's si - lence deep, When Nature's
 3. And when with burn - 'ning blush of morn The new - born
 4. When mid-day's red - ing heat we feel, When dai - ly

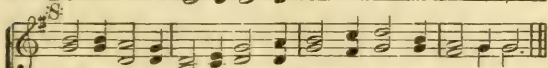
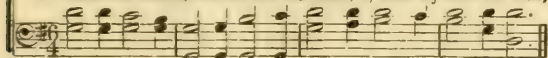
moun - tain, field and flow'r, How sweet to leave a
 voice is hush'd in sleep, Then heav - y hearts with
 day be - gins to dawn, Then up - ward to the
 cares our hearts would steal, O, then to heav'n we

world of care. And lift to heav'n the voice of pray'r!
 grief op-press'd May find in pray'r the sweet-est rest.
 mer - cy - seat Let pray'r as - cend like in - cense sweet
 look a - way, And find in pray'r our sur - est stay.

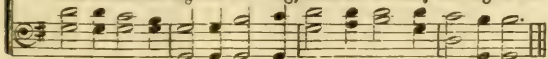
Copyright, 1886, by F. E. Belden.



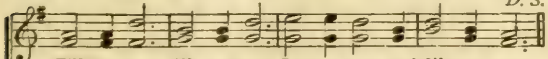
1. Hov-er o'er me, Ho-ly Spir-it, Bathe my trembling heart and brow;
2. Thou canst fill me, gracious Spirit, Tho' I can-not tell thee how;
3. I am weakness, full of weakness; At thy sa-cred feet I bow;
4. Cleanse and comfort, bless and save me; Bathe, O, bathe my heart and brow;



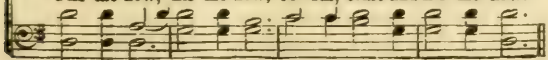
Fill me with thy hallow'd presence, Come, O come and fill me now.
 But I need thee, greatly need thee; Come, O come and fill me now.
 Blest, divine, e-ter-nal Spir-it, Fill with love, and fill me now.
 Thou art com-fert-ing and sav-ing, Thou art sweetly fill-ing now.



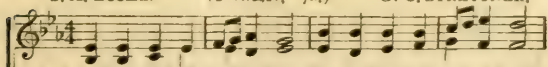
D. S. Fill me with thy hallow'd presence, Come, O come and fill me now.
D. S.



Fill me now, fill me now, Je-sus, come and fill me now.



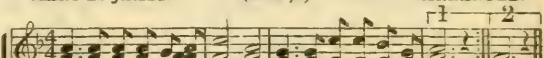
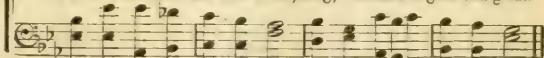
Copyright, 1907, by L. E. Sweney. Used by her permission.



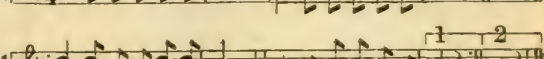
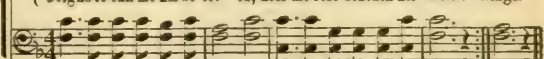
1. Let the whole Cre-a-tion cry Glo-ry to the Lord on high!
2. Praise Him, all ye hosts a-bove, Praise Him, Lord of life and love!
3. Riv-ers roll His praise along, O-cean chant His anthem song!
4. Kings of knowledge and of law, To the glorious cir-cle draw;



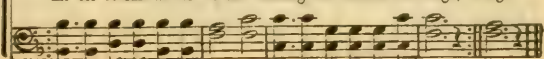
Heav'n and earth, awake and sing "God is good, and therefore King."
 Sun and moon, uplift your voice, Night and stars in God rejoice.
 Sunshine, darkness, cloud and storm, Rain and snow His praise perform.
 All who work and all who wait, Sing, "The Lord is good and great."



1. All for Jesus, all for Je-sus! All my being's ransomed pow'rs:
 All my tho'ts, and words, and doings, All my days and all my hours.
2. Let my hands perform his bidding, Let my feet run in his ways—
 Let my eyes see Je-sus on-ly, Let my lips speak forth his praise.
3. Since my eyes were fixed on Jesus, I've lost sight of all be-side;
 So enchained my spirit's vi-sion, Looking at the Cru-ci- fied.
4. Oh, what wonder! how a-maz-ing! Je-sus, glorious King of kings,
 Deigns to call me his be-lov-ed, Lets me rest beneath his wings.



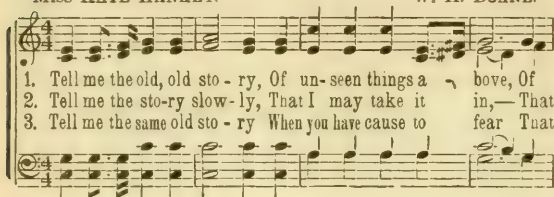
All for Je-sus! all for Je-sus! All my days and all my hours; hours.
 All for Je-sus! all for Je-sus! Let my lips speak forth his praise; praise.
 All for Je-sus! all for Je-sus! Looking at the Cru-ci-fied; fied.
 All for Je-sus! all for Je-sus! Resting now beneath his wings; wings.



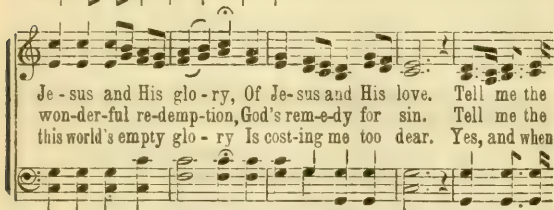
311 TELL ME THE OLD, OLD STORY.

Miss KATE HANKEY.

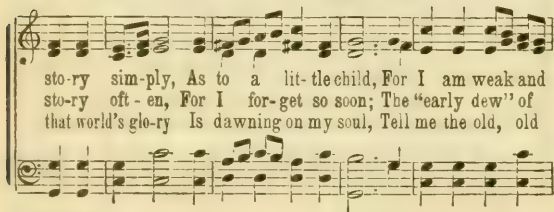
W. H. DOANE.



1. Tell me the old, old sto-ry, Of un-seen things a-bove, Of
2. Tell me the sto-ry slow-ly, That I may take it in,—That
3. Tell me the same old sto-ry When you have cause to fear That

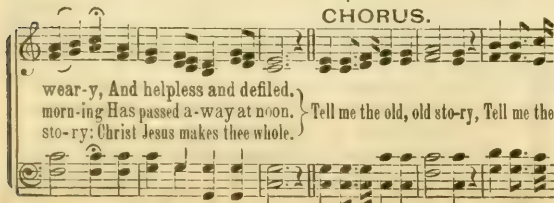


Je-sus and His glo-ry, Of Je-sus and His love. Tell me the
won-der-ful re-demp-tion, God's rem-e-dy for sin. Tell me the
this world's empty glo-ry Is cost-ing me too dear. Yes, and when



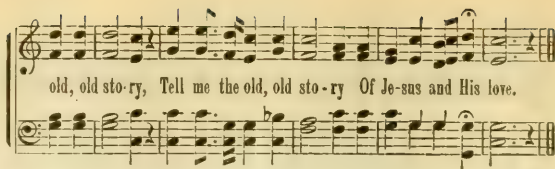
sto-ry sim-ply, As to a lit-tle child, For I am weak and
sto-ry oft-en, For I for-get so soon; The "early dew" of
that world's glo-ry Is dawning on my soul, Tell me the old, old

CHORUS.



wear-y, And helpless and defiled,
morn-ing Has passed a-way at noon. } Tell me the old, old sto-ry, Tell me the
sto-ry: Christ Jesus makes thee whole.

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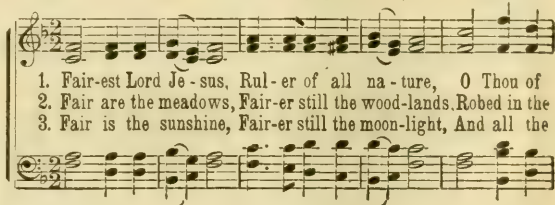


old, old sto-ry, Tell me the old, old sto-ry Of Je-sus and His love.

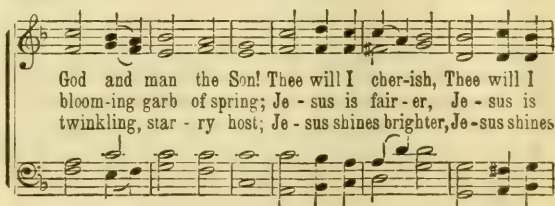
312 FAIREST LORD JESUS.

German, 1677. (CRUSADER, 5, 5, 6, 8, D.)

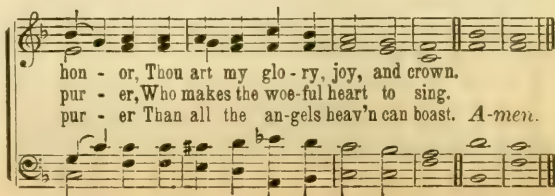
German.



1. Fair-est Lord Je-sus, Rul-er of all na-ture, O Thou of
2. Fair are the meadows, Fair-er still the wood-lands. Robed in the
3. Fair is the sunshine, Fair-er still the moon-light, And all the



God and man the Son! Thee will I cher-ish, Thee will I
bloom-ing garb of spring; Je-sus is fair-er, Je-sus is
twinkling, star-ry host; Je-sus shines brighter, Je-sus shines

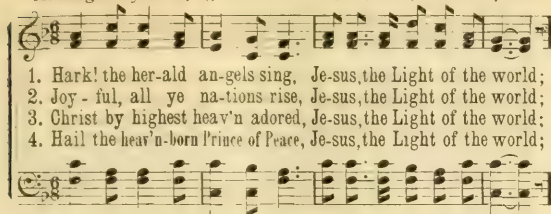


hon-or, Thou art my glo-ry, joy, and crown.
pur-er, Who makes the woe-ful heart to sing.
pur-er Than all the an-gels heav'n can boast. A-men.

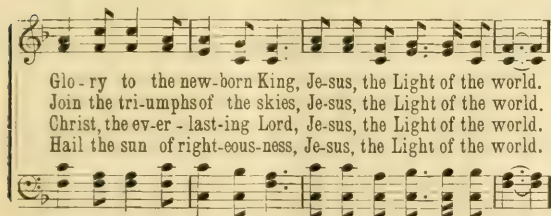
313 JESUS, THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

Arranged by G. D. E.

GEO. D. ELDERKIN, arr.

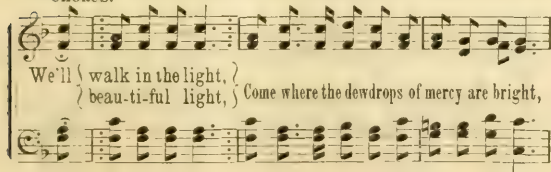


1. Hark! the her-ald an-gels sing, Je-sus, the Light of the world;
 2. Joy-ful, all ye na-tions rise, Je-sus, the Light of the world;
 3. Christ by highest heav'n adored, Je-sus, the Light of the world;
 4. Hail the heav'n-born Prince of Peace, Je-sus, the Light of the world;

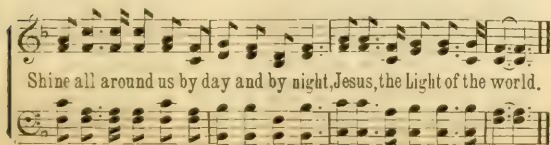


Glo-ry to the new-born King, Je-sus, the Light of the world.
 Join the tri-umphs of the skies, Je-sus, the Light of the world.
 Christ, the ev-er-last-ing Lord, Je-sus, the Light of the world.
 Hail the sun of right-eous-ness, Je-sus, the Light of the world.

CHORUS.



We'll { walk in the light, }
 { beau-ti-ful light, } Come where the dewdrops of mercy are bright,

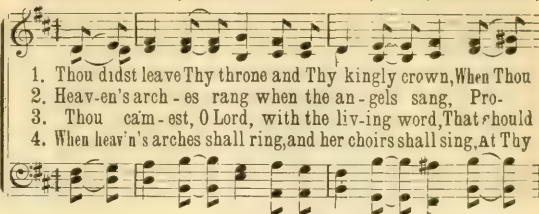


Shine all around us by day and by night, Jesus, the Light of the world.

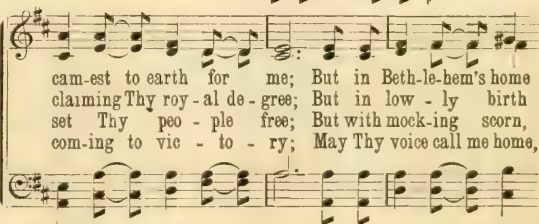
Copyright, 1890, by Geo. D. Elderkin. Used by permission.

314 ROOM IN MY HEART.

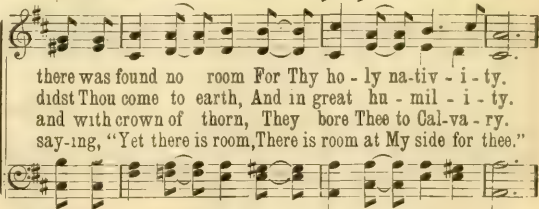
EMILY ELLIOTT, (MARGARET, 10. 8. D.) T. R. MATTHEWS.



1. Thou didst leave Thy throne and Thy kingly crown, When Thou
 2. Heav-en's arch-es rang when the an-gels sang, Pro-
 3. Thou cam-est, O Lord, with the liv-ing word, That should
 4. When heav'n's arches shall ring, and her choirs shall sing, At Thy

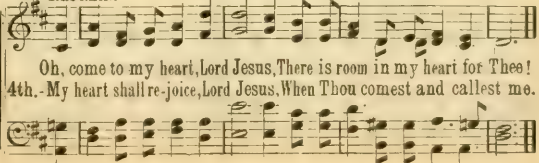


cam-est to earth for me; But in Beth-le-hem's home
 claiming Thy roy-al de-gree; But in low-ly birth
 set Thy peo-ple free; But with mock-ing scorn,
 com-ing to vic-to-ry; May Thy voice call me home,



there was found no room For Thy ho-ly na-tiv-i-ty.
 didst Thou come to earth, And in great hu-mil-i-ty.
 and with crown of thorn, They bore Thee to Cal-va-ry.
 say-ing, "Yet there is room, There is room at My side for thee."

REFRAIN.



Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus, There is room in my heart for Thee!
 4th. My heart shall re-joice, Lord Jesus, When Thou comest and callest me.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Take the world, but give me Je - sus, All its
 2. Take the world, but give me Je - sus, Sweet-est
 3. Take the world, but give me Je - sus, Let me
 4. Take the world, but give me Je - sus, In His

joys are but a name; But His love a - bid - eth
 com - fort of my soul; With my Sav - iour watch - ing
 view His con - stant smile; Then thro' - out my pil - grim
 cross my trust shall be; Till, with clear - er, bright - er

D. S.—Oh, the full - ness of re -

FINE. CHORUS.
 ev - er, Thro' e - ter - nal years the same.
 o'er me, I can sing, tho' bil - lows roll. } Oh, the height and
 journey Light will cheer me all the while. }
 vis - ion. Face to face my Lord I see.

demption, Pledge of end - less life a - bove!

D. S.
 depth of mer - cy! Oh, the length and breadth of love!

Copyright, 1879, by Jno. R. Sweeney; 1907, by L. E. Sweeney.

F. R. HAVERGAL, CHO by W. J. K.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se - cra - ted, Lord, to Thee;
 2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beautiful for Thee;
 3. Take my lips and let them be Filled with messages for Thee;
 4. Take my moments and my days, Let them flow in endless praise;
 5. Take my will, and make it Thine: It shall be no longer mine!
 6. Take my love, my Lord, I pour At Thy feet its treasure - store;

Take my hands and let them move At the impulse of Thy love.
 Take my voice and let me sing Al - ways, on - ly, for my King.
 Take my sil - ver and my gold, — Not a mite would I withhold.
 Take my in - tellect, and use, Ev'ry pow'r as Thou shalt choose.
 Take my heart, — it is Thine own, — It shall be Thy royal throne.
 Take my - self, and I will be By - er, on - ly, all for Thee.

CHORUS.
 { Wash me in the Saviour's precious blood the (precious blood,) }
 { Cleanse me in its pu - ri - fy - ing flood (the healing flood.) }

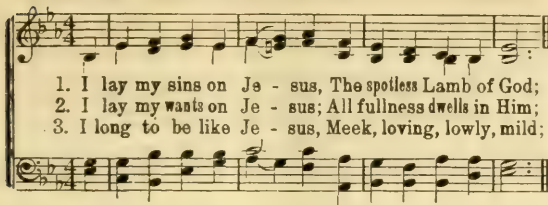
Lord, I give to Thee, my life and all, to be, Thine, henceforth eternal - ly.

(Or omit chorus, and sing to "Hendon," No. 937.)

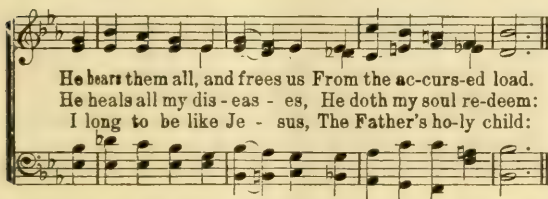
Copyright 1903, by W. J. Kirkpatrick.

317 I LAY MY SINS ON JESUS.

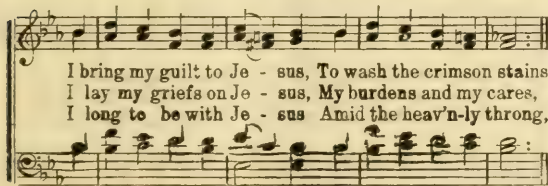
HOBATIUS BONAB. (NORVAL. 7s, 6s. D.) F. E. BELDEN.



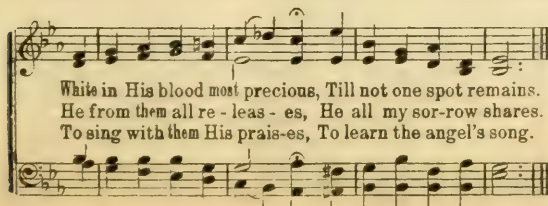
1. I lay my sins on Je - sus, The spotless Lamb of God;
2. I lay my wants on Je - sus; All fullness dwells in Him;
3. I long to be like Je - sus, Meek, loving, lowly, mild;



He bears them all, and frees us From the ac-curs-ed load.
He heals all my dis-eas-es, He doth my soul re-deem:
I long to be like Je - sus, The Father's ho-ly child:



I bring my guilt to Je - sus, To wash the crimson stains
I lay my griefs on Je - sus, My burdens and my cares,
I long to be with Je - sus Amid the heav'n-ly throng,

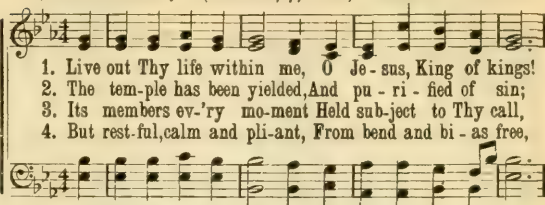


White in His blood most precious, Till not one spot remains.
He from them all re-leas-es, He all my sor-row shares.
To sing with them His prais-es, To learn the angel's song.

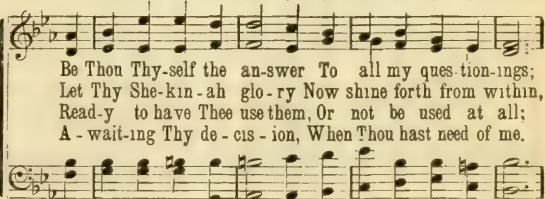
Copyright, 1903, by F. E. Belden.

318 THY LIFE WITHIN ME.

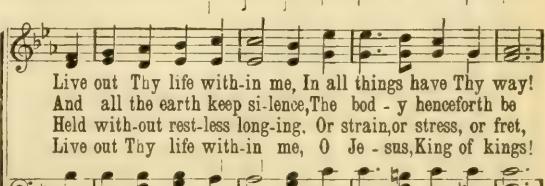
F. R. HAVERGAL. (Aurelia, 7, 6. D.) SAMUEL WESLEY.



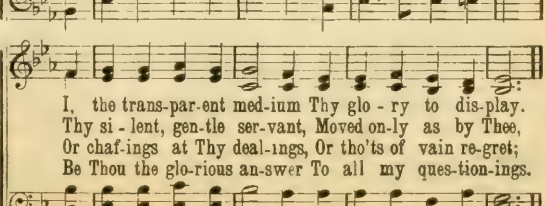
1. Live out Thy life within me, O Je - sus, King of kings!
2. The tem-ple has been yielded, And pu - ri - fied of sin;
3. Its members ev'-ry mo-ment Held sub-ject to Thy call,
4. But rest-ful, calm and pli-ant, From bend and bi - as free,



Be Thou Thy-self the an-swer To all my ques-tion-ings;
Let Thy She-kin-ah glo-ry Now shine forth from within,
Read-y to have Thee use them, Or not be used at all;
A - wait-ing Thy de-cis-ion, When Thou hast need of me.



Live out Thy life with-in me, In all things have Thy way!
And all the earth keep si-lence, The bod - y henceforth be
Held with-out rest-less long-ing, Or strain, or stress, or fret,
Live out Thy life with-in me, O Je - sus, King of kings!

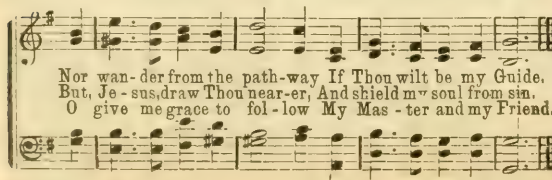
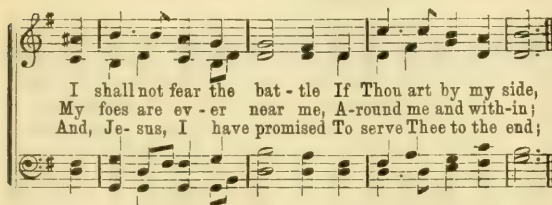
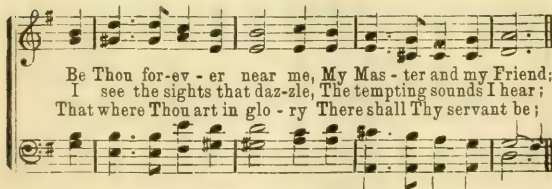
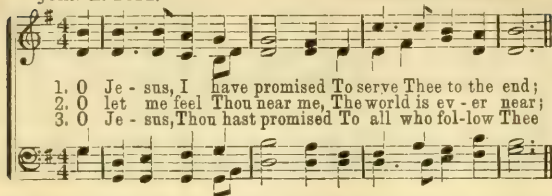


I, the trans-par-ent med-i-um Thy glo-ry to dis-play.
Thy si-lent, gen-tle ser-vant, Moved on-ly as by Thee,
Or chaf-ings at Thy deal-ings, Or tho'ts of vain re-gret;
Be Thou the glo-rious an-swer To all my ques-tion-ings.

(ANGEL'S STORY. 7s. 6s. D.)

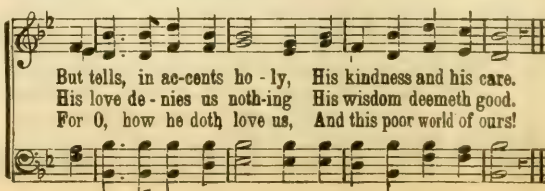
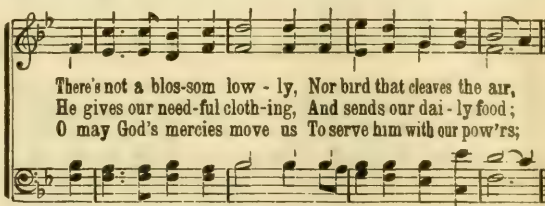
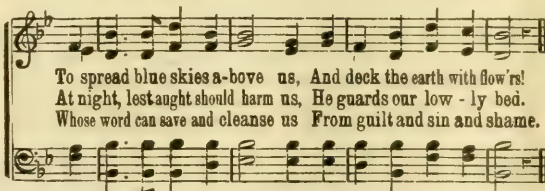
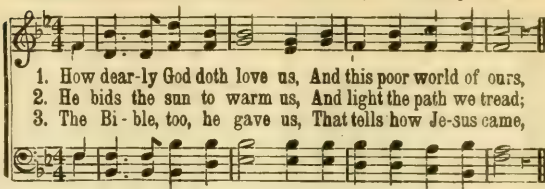
JOHN E. BODE.

ARTHUR H. MANN.



SAMUEL PARTRIDGE (WEBB. 7s & 6s. D.)

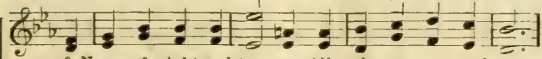
GEO. J. WEBB



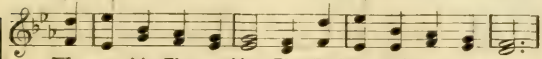
F. HAVERGAL. (GREENLAND 7s, 6s, D.) Lausanne Psalter.



1. O Saviour, precious Saviour, Whom yet unseen we love,
2. O bring-er of sal-va-tion, Who wondrously hast wrought,
3. In Thee all ful-ness dwelleth, All grace and pow'r di-vine;
4. Oh, grant the con-sum-ma-tion Of this our song a-bove,



O Name of might and fa-vor, All oth-er names a-bove!
 Thy-self the rev-e-la-tion Of love be-yond our tho't,
 The glo-ry that ex-cel-eth, O Son of God, is Thine;
 In end-less ad-o-ra-tion, And ev-er-last-ing love;



We wor-ship Thee, we bless Thee, To Thee, O Christ, we sing;
 We wor-ship Thee, we bless Thee, To Thee, O Christ, we sing;
 We wor-ship Thee, we bless Thee, To Thee, O Christ, we sing;
 Then shall we praise and bless Thee Where perfect praises ring,



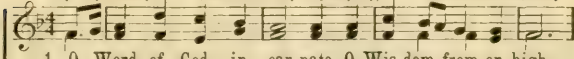
We praise Thee, and confess Thee Our ho-ly Lord and King.
 We praise Thee, and confess Thee Our gracious Lord and King.
 We praise Thee, and confess Thee Our glorious Lord and King.
 And ev-er-more con-fess Thee Our Saviour and our King.



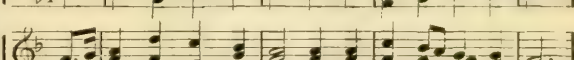
W. W. HOW.

(MUNICH, 7s, 6s, D.)

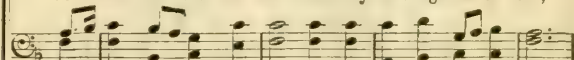
MENDELSSOHN.



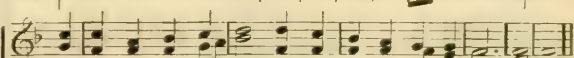
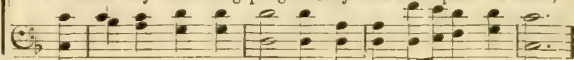
1. O Word of God in-car-nate, O Wis-dom from on high,
2. The Church from her dear Master Received the gift di-vine,
3. It float-eth like a ban-ner Be-fore God's host un-furled:
4. O make Thy Church, dear Saviour, A lamp of pur-est gold,



O Truth unchanged, un-chang-ing, O Light of our dark sky!
 And still that light she lift-eth O'er all the earth to shine;
 It shin-eth like a bea-con A-bove the darkling world;
 To bear be-fore the na-tions Thy true light as of old;



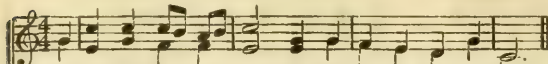
We praise Thee for the radiance That from the hal-low'd page,
 It is the gold-en cas-ket Where gems of truth are stored,
 It is the chart and com-pass That o'er life's surg-ing sea,
 O teach Thy wand'ring pil-grims By this their path to trace,



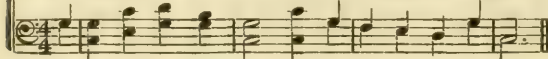

A lamp to guide our foot-steps, Shines on from age to age.
 It is the heav'n-drawn pic-ture Of Christ, the living Word.
 Mid mists and rocks and quick-sands, Still guides, O Christ, to Thee.
 Till, clouds and darkness ended, They see Thee face to face. Amen.




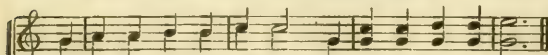
REV. JOHN KING. (LINNIE, 7s & 6s. D.) F. E. BELDEN.



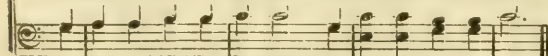
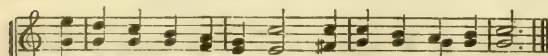
1. When, His sal - va - tion bring - ing, To Zi - on Je - sus came,
2. And, since the Lord re - tain - eth His love for chil - dren still,
3. For, should we fail pro - claim - ing Our great Redeemer's praise,

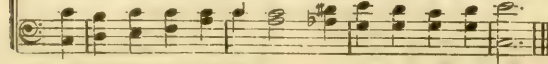
The chil - dren all stood sing - ing "Ho - san - na" to his name.
Tho' now as King he reign - eth On Zi - on's heav'n - ly hill,
The stones, our si - lence sham - ing, Would their ho - san - nas raise.

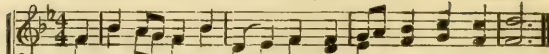
Nor did their zeal of - fend him, But, as he rode a - long,
We flock a - round his ban - ner, Who sits up - on the throne,
But shall we on - ly ren - der The trib - ute of our words?

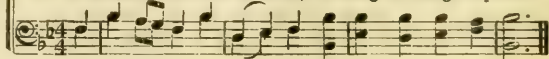
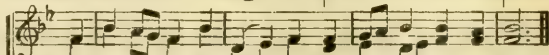
He let them still at - tend him And smiled to hear their song.
And cry a - loud, "Ho - san - na To Da - vid's roy - al Son."
No; while our hearts are tender, They too shall be the Lord's.



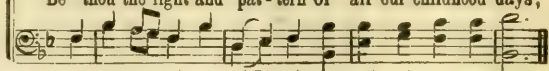
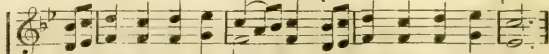
BP. WM. HOW. (ELLACOMBE, 7s & 6s. D.) GERMAN.



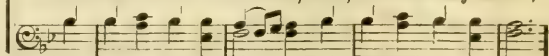
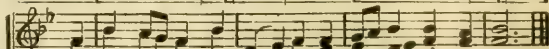
1. Come, praise your Lord and Sav - iour, In strains of ho - ly mirth;
2. Let boyhood loud - ly praise thee With songs of ho - ly joy,
3. Let girlhood sweetly praise thee, The low - ly maiden's Son;
4. To thee, with voic - es blend - ed, We sing our songs of praise:

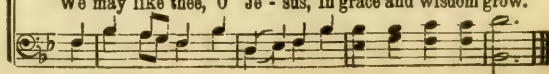
Give thanks to him, O chil - dren, Who lived a child on earth.
For thou on earth didst so - journ, A pure and spot - less boy.
In thee all gent - lest grac - es Are gath - ered in - to one.
Be thou the light and pat - tern Of all our childhood days;

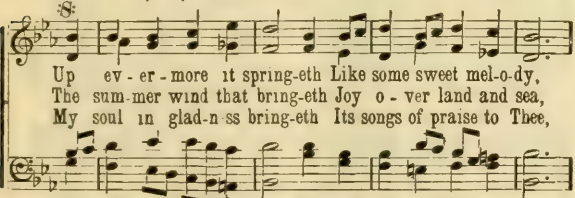
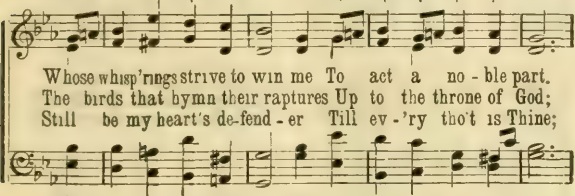
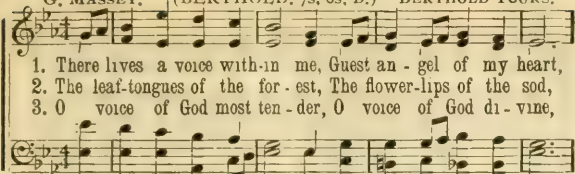
He loved the lit - tle chil - dren And call'd them to his side,
Make us like thee o - be - dient, Like thee from e - vil free;
O give that best a - dorn - ment Which Christian maid can wear,—
And lead us ev - er on - ward, That, while we stay be - low,

His lov - ing arms embraced them, And for their sake he died.
Like thee in God's own tem - ple; In hap - py home like thee.
The meek and qui - et spir - it, Which shone in thee so fair.
We may like thee, O Je - sus, in grace and wisdom grow.

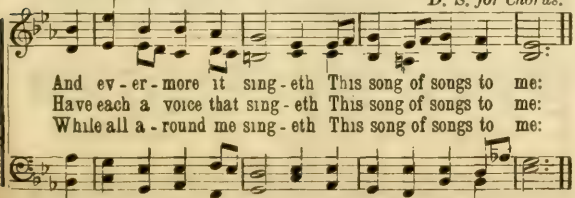


G. MASSEY. (BERTHOLD, 7s, 6s, D.) BERTHOLD TOURS.



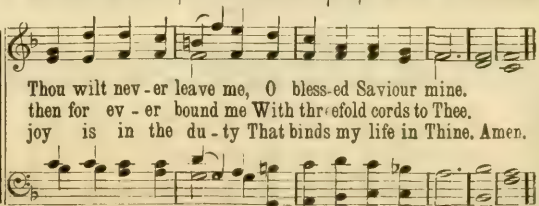
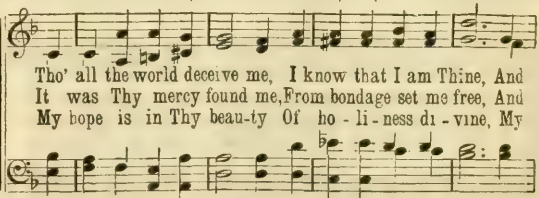
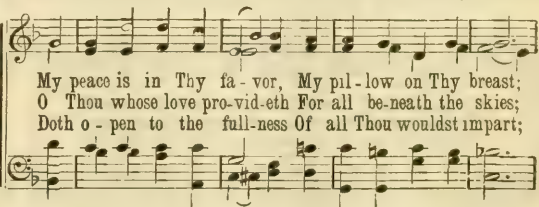
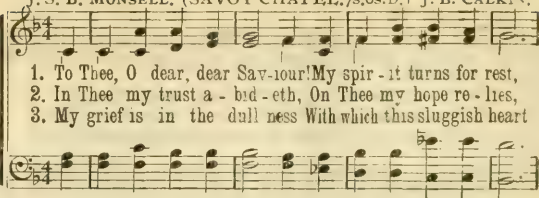
D. S.—This world is full of beau-ty, That points the soul above,

D. S. for Chorus.



And if we did our du-ty, It might be full of love.

J. S. B. MONSELL. (SAVOY CHAPEL, 7s, 6s, D.) J. B. CALKIN.



(Or sing to No. 324.)

REGINALD HEBER. (NICÆA. ITS & 12S.) JOHN B. DYKES.

1. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly! Lord God Al-might-y!
 2. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly! an-gels a-dore thee,
 3. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly! though dark-ness hide thee,

Ear-ly in the morn-ing our song shall rise to thee;
 Casting down their bright crowns around the glass-y sea;
 Though the eye of man thy great glo-ry may not see;

Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly, mer-ci-ful and might-y!
 Thousands and ten thousands wor-ship low be-fore thee,
 On-ly thou art ho-ly; there is none be-side thee,

God o-ver all, who rules e-ter-ni-ty.
 Which wert and art and ev-er-more shalt be.
 Per-fect in power, in love and pu-ri-ty.

ANON.

(WORTHY. P. M.)

ARRANGED.

1. Worthy, worthy, is 'the Lamb, Worthy, worthy is the Lamb;
 2. Sa-viour, let thy kingdom come! Now the pow'r of sin con-sume;
 3. Thus may we each mo-ment feel, Love him, serve him, praise him still.

Worthy, worthy is the Lamb That was slain.
 Bring thy blest mil-len-ni-um, Ho-ly Lamb.
 Till we all on Zi-on's hill See the Lamb.

Chorus.
 Glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah! Praise him, hal-le-lu-jah!

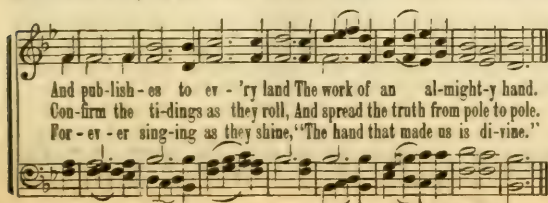
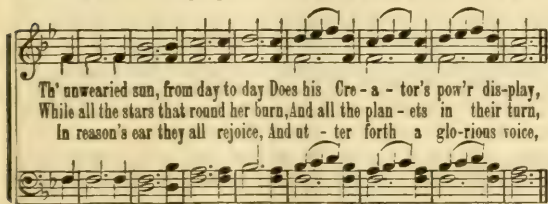
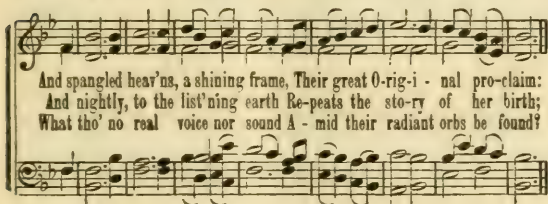
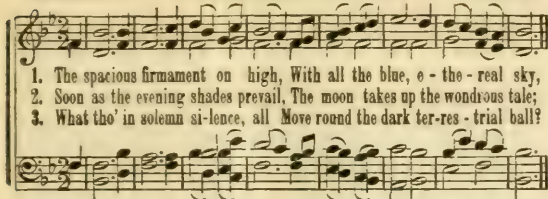
Glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah To the Lamb!

329 THE HAND THAT MADE US.

ADDISON.

(CREATION. L. M. D.)

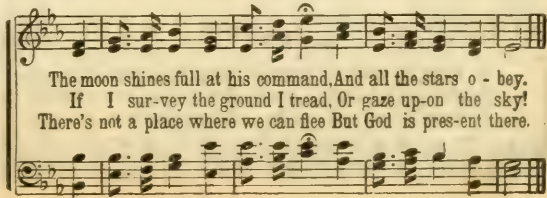
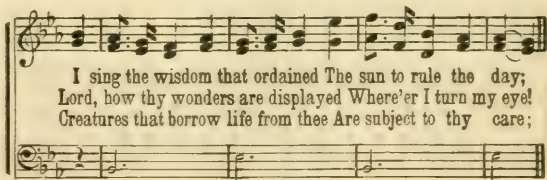
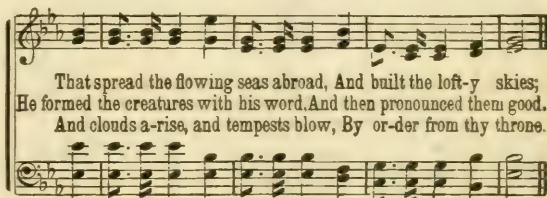
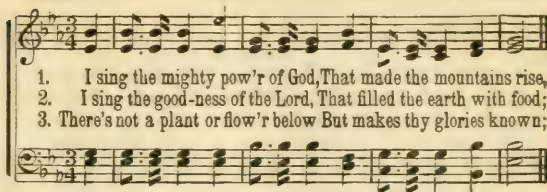
HAYDN.



330 I SING THE POWER OF GOD.

ISAAC WATTS.

(VARINA. C. M. D.) Arr. by F. ROOT.



331 HOW CAN I KEEP FROM SINGING? 332 I'VE FOUND A FRIEND.

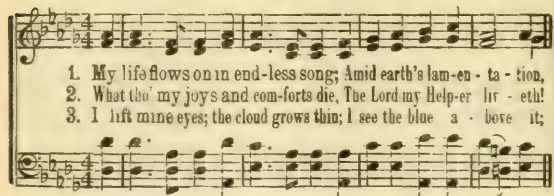
ANON.

(MATERNA. 8s & 7s. D.)

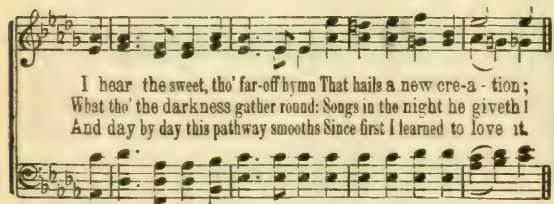
S. A. WARD.

J. G. SMALL.

(FRIEND. 8s, 7s. D.) GEO. C. STEBBINS.



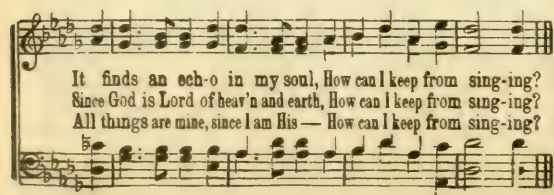
1. My life flows on in end-less song; Amid earth's lam-en - ta - tion;
2. What tho' my joys and com-forts die, The Lord my Help-er liv - eth!
3. I lift mine eyes; the cloud grows thin; I see the blue a - bove it;



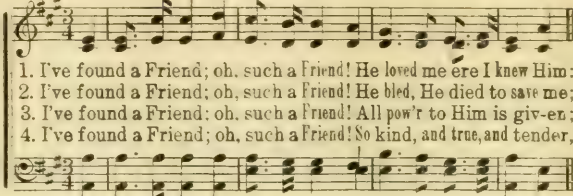
I hear the sweet, tho' far-off hymn That hails a new cre-a - tion;
What tho' the darkness gather round: Songs in the night he giveth!
And day by day this pathway smooths Since first I learned to love it.



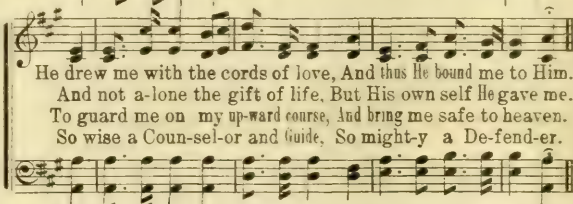
Thro' all the tumult and the strife I hear the mu-sic ring-ing;
No storm can shake my inmost calm While to that refuge cling-ing;
The peace of God makes fresh my heart, A fountain ev-er spring-ing;



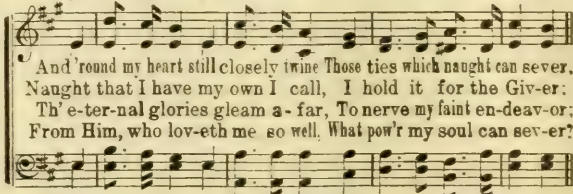
It finds an ech-o in my soul, How can I keep from sing-ing?
Since God is Lord of heav'n and earth, How can I keep from sing-ing?
All things are mine, since I am His — How can I keep from sing-ing?



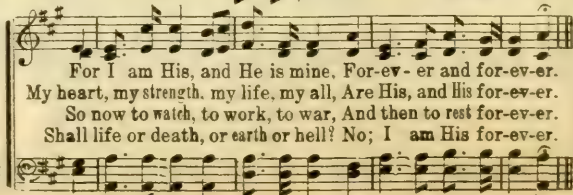
1. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! He loved me ere I knew Him:
2. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! He bled, He died to save me;
3. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! All pow'r to Him is giv-en;
4. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! So kind, and true, and tender,



He drew me with the cords of love, And thus He bound me to Him.
And not a-lone the gift of life, But His own self He gave me.
To guard me on my up-ward course, And bring me safe to heaven.
So wise a Coun-sel-or and Guide, So might-y a De-fend-er.



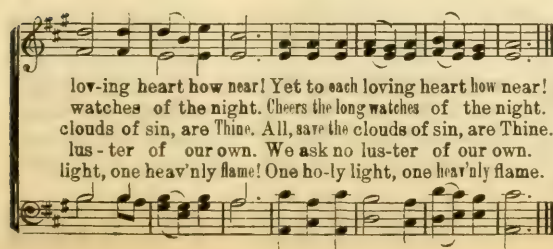
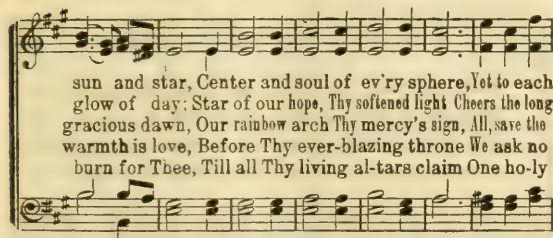
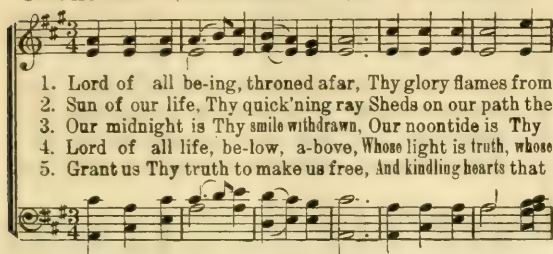
And 'round my heart still closely twine Those ties which naught can sever,
Naught that I have my own I call, I hold it for the Giv-er:
Th'e-ter-nal glories gleam a-far, To nerve my faint en-deav-or;
From Him, who lov-eth me so well, What pow'r my soul can sever?



For I am His, and He is mine, For-ev-er and for-ev-er.
My heart, my strength, my life, my all, Are His, and His for-ev-er.
So now to watch, to work, to war, And then to rest for-ev-er.
Shall life or death, or earth or hell? No; I am His for-ev-er.

333 LORD OF ALL BEING.

O. W. HOLMES. (PARK STREET. L. M.) F. M. A. VENNA.

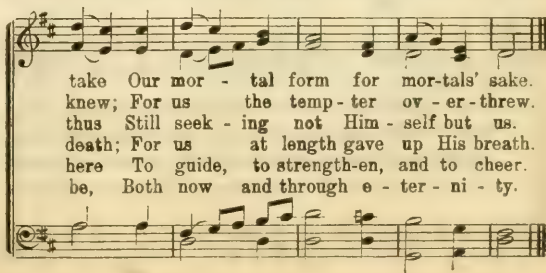
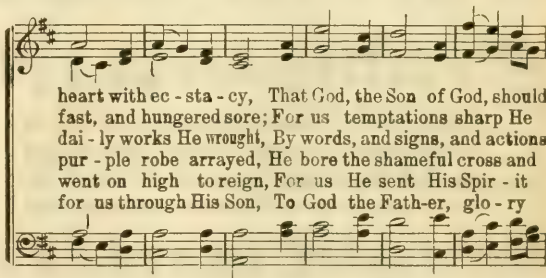
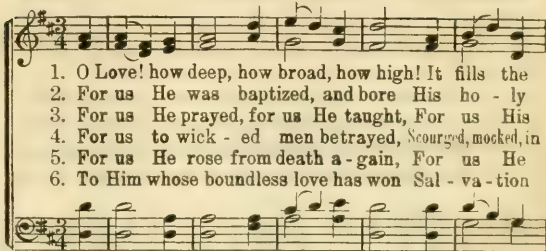


334 FOR US.

anon.

(RUSSIA. L. M.)

RUSSIAN.

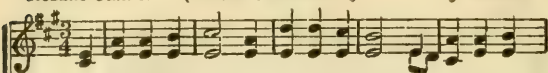


335 O WORSHIP THE KING !

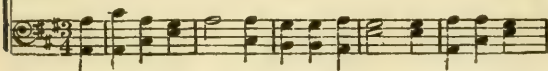
ROBERT GRANT.

(LYONS. 105 & 115.)

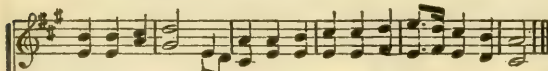
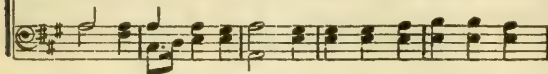
F. J. HAYDN.



1. O worship the King, all glorious above, And grate-ful-ly
2. O tell of his might and sing of his grace, Whose robe is the
3. Thy bountiful care, what tongue can recite? It breathes in the
4. Frail children of dust, and fee-ble as frail, In Thee do we



sing his won-der-ful love; Our Shield and De-fen-der, the
light; whose can-o-py, space; His char-i-ots of wrath the deep
air, it shines in the light; It streams from the hills, it de-
trust, nor find thee to fail; Thy mercies, how ten-der! how



Ancient of Days, Pa-vilion'd in splendor, and girded with praise.
thunder clouds form, And dark is his path on the wings of the storm.
scends to the plain, And sweetly dis-tills in the dew and the rain.
firm to the end! Our Maker, De-fend-er, Redeemer, and Friend.

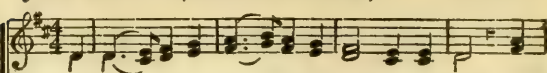


336 MY SALVATION, MY ALL.

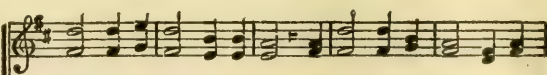
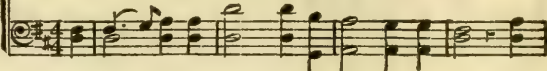
JOSEPH SWAIN.

(BELOVED. 115 & 85.)

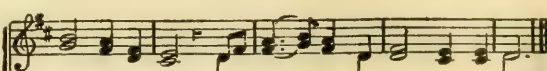
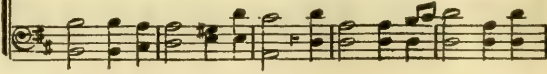
F. LEWIS.



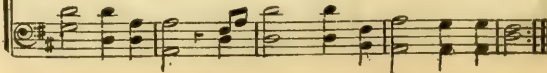
1. O Thou in whose presence my soul takes de-light, On
2. His voice, as the sound of the dul-ci-mer sweet, Is
3. His lips, as a fount-ain of right-eous-ness flow, To
4. He looks, and ten thou-sands of an-gels re-joice, And



whom in af-flict-ion I call, My comfort by day and my
heard thro' the shadows of death; The ce-dars of Leb-a-non
wa-ter the gardens of grace; From which their salvation the
myr-i-ads wait for his word; He speaks, and e-ter-ni-ty,



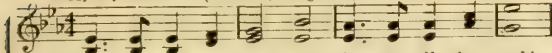
song in the night, My hope, my sal-va-tion, my all!
bow at his feet, The air is per-fum'd with his breath.
Gentiles shall know, And bask in the smiles of his face.
fill'd with his voice, Re-ech-oes the praise of the Lord.



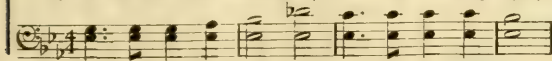
337

PSALM OF PRAISE.

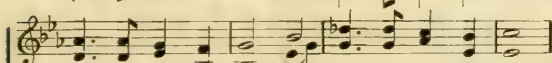
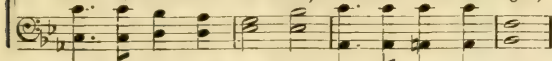
WM. W. HOW. (RUTH, 6s. 5s. D.) SAMUEL SMITH.



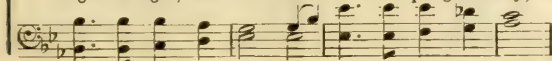
1. God's free mer - cy stream-eth O - ver all the world,
2. Sum - mer suns are glow - ing O - ver land and sea;
3. Lord, up - on our blind-ness, Thy pure radiance pour;
4. We will nev - er doubt Thee, Tho' Thou veil Thy light;



And His ban - ner gleam-eth, By His church unfurled;
 Hap - py light is flow - ing, Boun - ti - ful and free;
 For Thy lov - ing kind - ness We would love Thee more;
 Life is dark with - out Thee, Death with Thee is bright;



Broad and deep and glo - rious, As the heav'n a - bove,
 Ev - ry - thing re - joic - es In the mel - low rays;
 And when clouds are drift - ing Dark a - cross the sky,
 Light of light, shine o'er us On our pil - grim way,



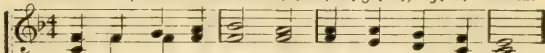
Shines in might vic - to - rious His e - ter - nal love.
 Earth's ten thousand voic - es Swell the psalm of praise.
 Then, the veil up - lift - ing, Fa - ther, be Thou nigh.
 Go Thou still be - fore us To the end - less day.



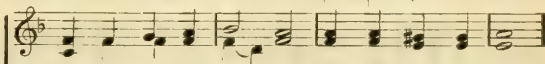
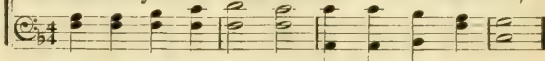
338

PURER YET AND PURER.

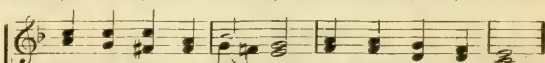
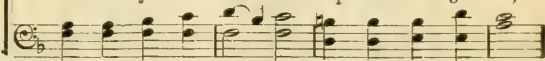
GOETHE. (MARY MAGDALENE 6s. 5s. D.) J. B. DYKES.



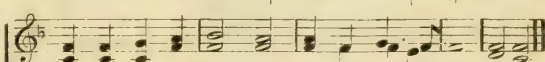
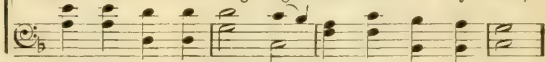
1. Pur - er yet and pur - er I would be in mind,
2. Calm - er yet and calm - er In the hours of pain,
3. High - er yet and high - er Out of clouds and night,
4. Swift - er yet and swift - er Ev - er on - ward run,



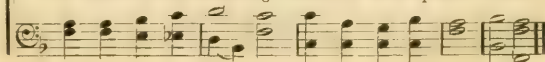
Dear - er yet and dear - er Ev - 'ry du - ty find;
 Sur - er yet and sur - er Peace at last to gain;
 Near - er yet and near - er Ris - ing to the light—
 Firm - er yet and firm - er Step as I go on;



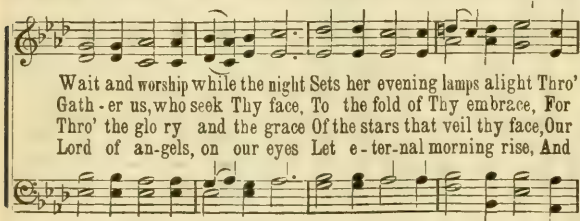
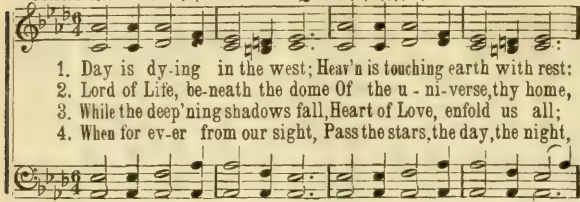
Hop - ing still and trust - ing God with - out a fear,
 Suf - fring still and do - ing, To His will re - signed,
 Light se - rene and ho - ly, Where my soul may rest,
 Oft these ear - nest long - ings Swell with - in my breast,



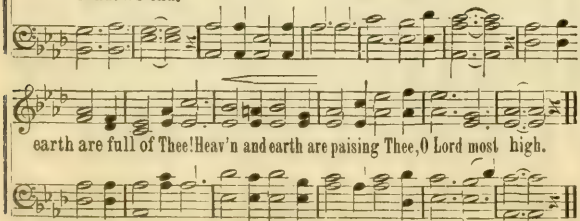
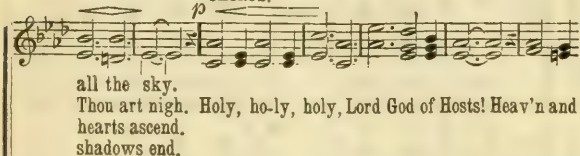
Pa - tient - ly be - liev - ing He will make all clear.
 And to God sub - du - ing Heart and will and mind.
 Pu - ri - fied and low - ly, Sanc - ti - fied and blest.
 Yet their in - ner mean - ing Ne'er can be ex - press'd. Amen.



MARY LATHBURY. (CHAUTAUQUA, 7.7. 7.7.4.) W. F. SHERWIN.

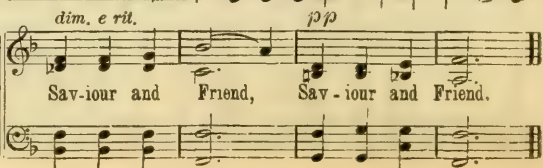
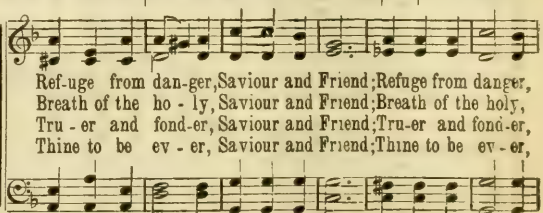
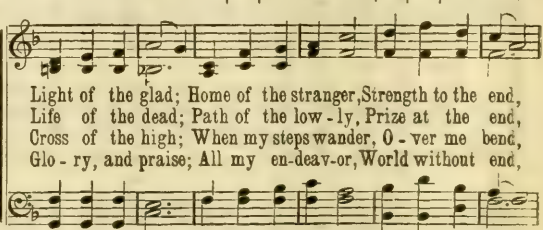
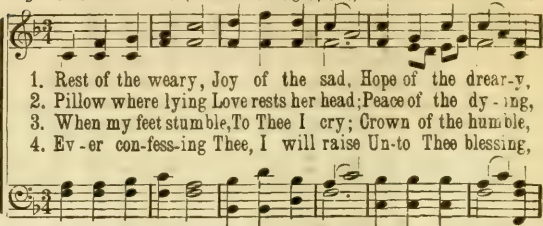


CHORUS.



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J. S. B. MONSELL. (MONSELL 5S, 4S, D.) EDOUARD BATISTE.



341 THY GLORY FILLS THE HEAVENS.

R. MANT.

(FABEN. 8s & 7s. D.)

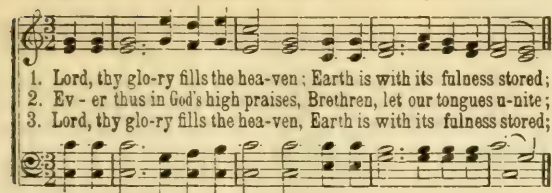
J. H. WILCOX.

342 TEN THOUSAND HARPS.

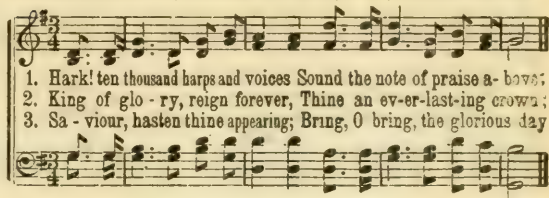
THOMAS KELLY.

(HARWELL. 8s & 7s. D.)

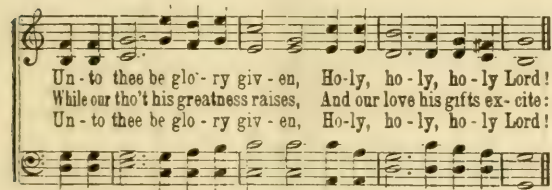
LOWELL MASON.



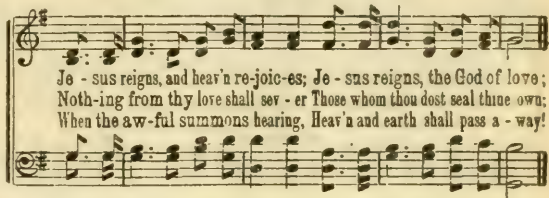
1. Lord, thy glo-ry fills the hea-ven; Earth is with its fulness stored;
 2. Ev-er thus in God's high praises, Brethren, let our tongues u-nite;
 3. Lord, thy glo-ry fills the hea-ven, Earth is with its fulness stored;



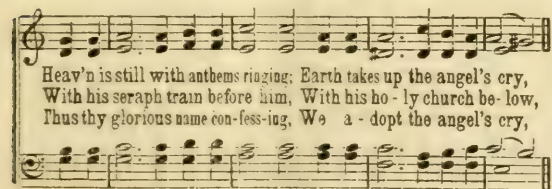
1. Hark! ten thousand harps and voices Sound the note of praise a-bove;
 2. King of glo-ry, reign forever, Thine an ev-er-last-ing crown;
 3. Sa-viour, hasten thine appearing; Bring, O bring, the glorious day



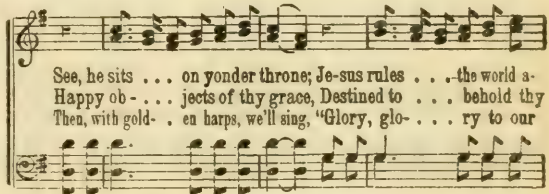
Un-to thee be glo-ry giv-en, Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly Lord!
 While our tho't his greatness raises, And our love his gifts ex-cite:
 Un-to thee be glo-ry giv-en, Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly Lord!



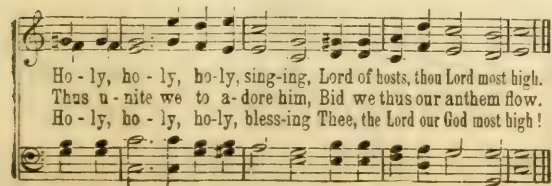
Je-sus reigns, and heav'n re-joic-es; Je-sus reigns, the God of love;
 Noth-ing from thy love shall sev-er Those whom thou dost seal thine own;
 When the aw-ful summons hearing, Heav'n and earth shall pass a-way!



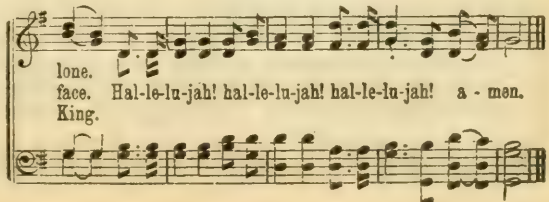
Heav'n is still with antems ringing; Earth takes up the angel's cry,
 With his seraph train before him, With his ho-ly church be-low,
 Thus thy glorious name con-fess-ing, We a-dopt the angel's cry,



See, he sits . . . on yonder throne; Je-sus rules . . . the world a-
 Happy ob- . . . jects of thy grace, Destined to . . . behold thy
 Then, with gold- . . . en harps, we'll sing, "Glory, glo- . . . ry to our



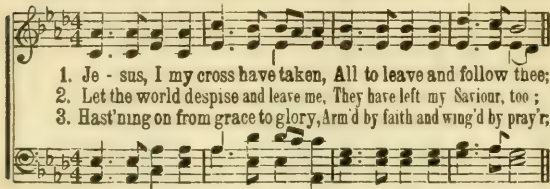
Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly, sing-ing, Lord of hosts, thou Lord most high.
 Thus u-nite we to a-dore him, Bid we thus our anthem flow.
 Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly, bless-ing Thee, the Lord our God most high!



lone.
 face. Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! a-men.
 King.

343 I MY CROSS HAVE TAKEN.

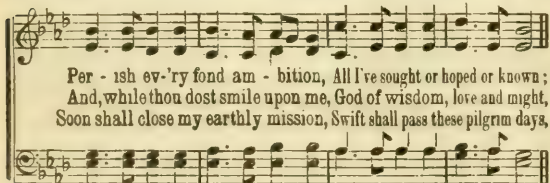
HENRY F. LYTE. (ELLESIDE. 8s & 7s. D.) W. A. MOZART.



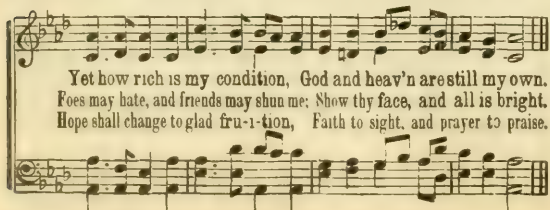
1. Je - sus, I my cross have taken, All to leave and follow thee;
 2. Let the world despise and leave me, They have left my Saviour, too;
 3. Hast'ning on from grace to glory, Arm'd by faith and wing'd by pray'r,



All things else I have forsak-en, Thou henceforth my all shalt be:
 Human hearts and looks deceive me; Thou art faith-ful, thou art true;
 Heav'n's e-ternal day's before me, God's own hand is guiding there.



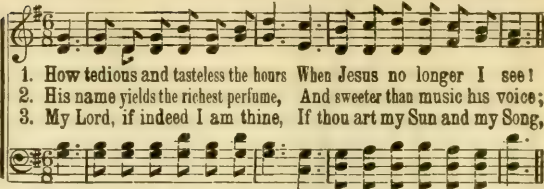
Per - ish ev-'ry fond am - bition, All I've sought or hoped or known;
 And, while thou dost smile upon me, God of wisdom, love and might,
 Soon shall close my earthly mission, Swift shall pass these pilgrim days,



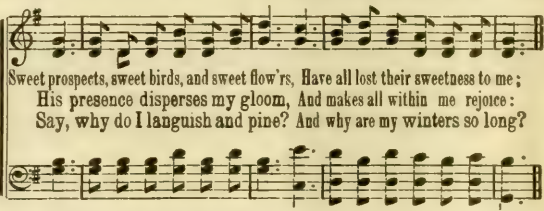
Yet how rich is my condition, God and heav'n are still my own.
 Foes may hate, and friends may shun me; Show thy face, and all is bright.
 Hope shall change to glad fru-i-tion, Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

344 HAPPY IN HIM.

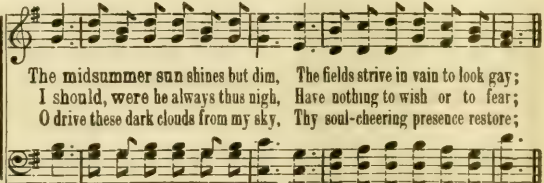
JOHN NEWTON. (CONTRAST. 8s. D.) LEWIS EDSON.



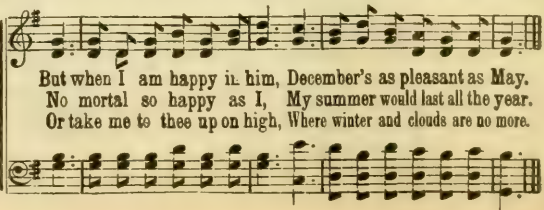
1. How tedious and tasteless the hours When Jesus no longer I see!
 2. His name yields the richest perfume, And sweeter than music his voice;
 3. My Lord, if indeed I am thine, If thou art my Sun and my Song,



Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flow'rs, Have all lost their sweetness to me;
 His presence disperses my gloom, And makes all within me rejoice:
 Say, why do I languish and pine? And why are my winters so long?



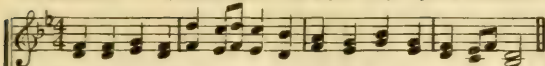
The midsummer sun shines but dim, The fields strive in vain to look gay;
 I should, were he always thus nigh, Have nothing to wish or to fear;
 O drive these dark clouds from my sky, Thy soul-cheering presence restore;



But when I am happy in him, December's as pleasant as May.
 No mortal so happy as I, My summer would last all the year.
 Or take me to thee up on high, Where winter and clouds are no more.

C. WESLEY.

(BEECHER. 8s & 7s. D.) JOHN ZUNDEL.



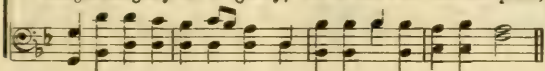
1. Love di-vine, all love excell'g, Joy of heav'n to earth come down!
2. Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit In - to ev-'ry troubled breast!
3. Fin-ish then thy new creation; Pure and spotless let us be;



Fix in us thy humbledwelling; All thy faithful mer-cies crown.
 Let us all thy grace in-her-it, Let us find thy promised rest.
 Let us see thy great salvation Perfect-ly re-stored in thee:



Je-sus, thou art all compassion, Pure, unbounded love thou art;
 Take away our bent to sinning; Alpha and O - me - ga be;
 Changed from glory in - to glo-ry, Till in heav'n we take our place,



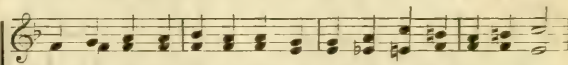
Vis-it us with thy sal-va-tion; En-ter ev-'ry trembling heart.
 End of faith, as its be-gin-ning Set our hearts at lib - er - ty.
 Till we cast our crowns before thee, Lost in wonder, love, and praise.



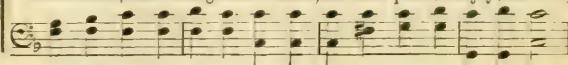
C. WORDSWORTH. (LOVE DIVINE. 8s, 7s. D.) G. F. LEJEUNE.



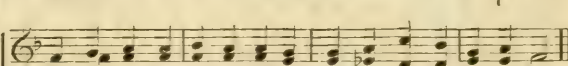
1. Heav'nly Father, send Thy blessing On the children gathered here,
2. Ho - ly Saviour, who in meekness Came to earth a child to be,
3. Spread Thy golden pinions o'er them, Holy Spir - it from a - bove;



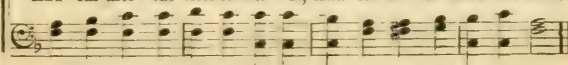
May they all, Thy name confessing, Hold Thy truth for-ev-er dear;
 Guide their steps and help their weakness, Bless and make them like to Thee;
 Guide them, lead them, go before them, Give them peace and joy, and love.



May they be like Jos-e-ph, lov-ing, Du - ti - ful, and kind, and pure,
 Bear Thy lambs when they are weary, Safe up - on Thy lov-ing breast,
 Tem-ples of Thy glorious God-head, May they with Thy presence shine,

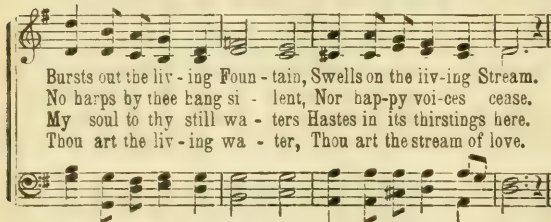
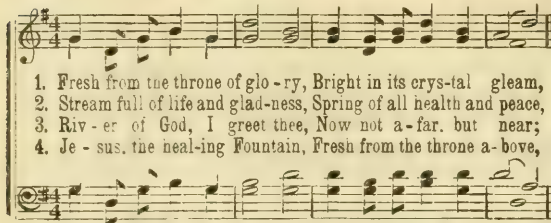


And their faith, like Samuel proving, Steadfast in the right en-dure.
 Tho' life's desert, dry and dreary, Bring them to Thy heav'nly rest.
 And im-mor - tal bliss in-her - it, And for-ev - er more be Thine.

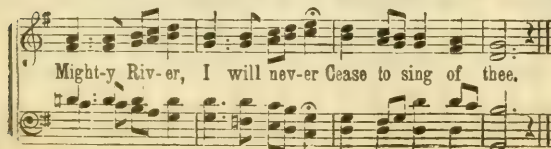


HORATIUS BONAR, 4th stanza added.

F. E. BELDEN.



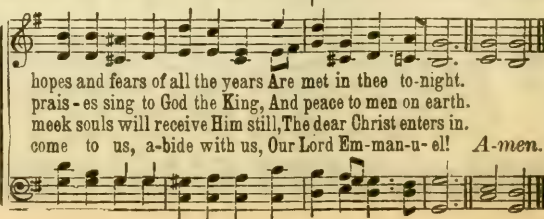
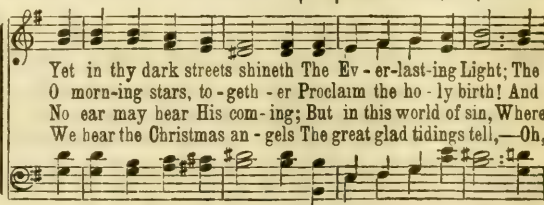
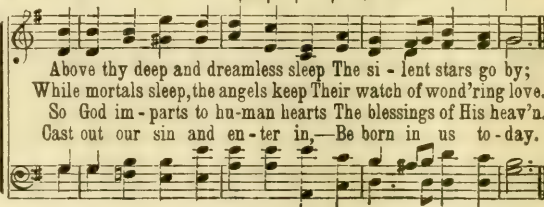
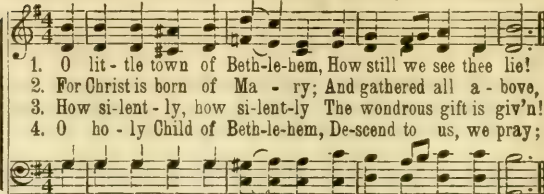
p REFRAIN.



Copyright, 1899, by F. E. Belden.

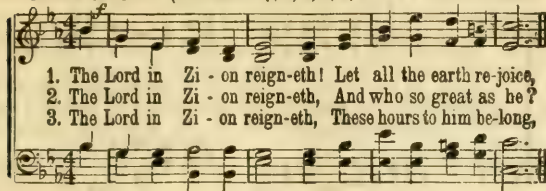
BROOKS.

(St. Louis. 8, 6, 8, 6, 7, 6, 8, 6.) L. H. REDNER.

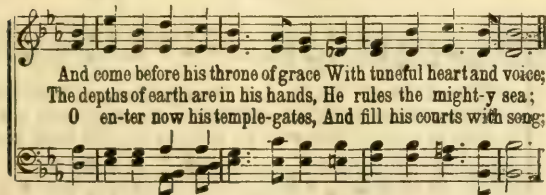


349 THE LORD IN ZION REIGNETH.

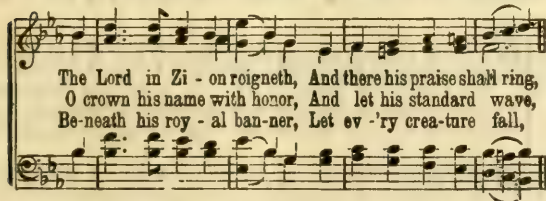
FANNY CROSBY. (DANKS. 7, 6, 8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 6.) H. P. DANKS.



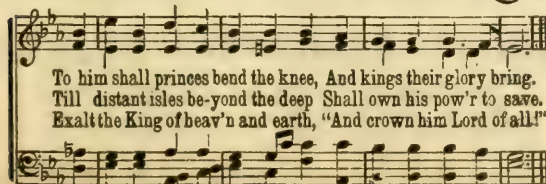
1. The Lord in Zi - on reign-eth! Let all the earth re-joice,
2. The Lord in Zi - on reign-eth, And who so great as he?
3. The Lord in Zi - on reign-eth, These hours to him be-long,



And come before his throne of grace With tuneful heart and voice;
The depths of earth are in his hands, He rules the might-y sea;
O en-ter now his temple-gates, And fill his courts with song;



The Lord in Zi - on roigneth, And there his praise shall ring,
O crown his name with honor, And let his standard wave,
Be-neath his roy - al ban-ner, Let ev -ry crea-ture fall,



To him shall princes bend the knee, And kings their glory bring.
Till distant isles be-yond the deep Shall own his pow'r to save.
Exalt the King of heav'n and earth, "And crown him Lord of all!"

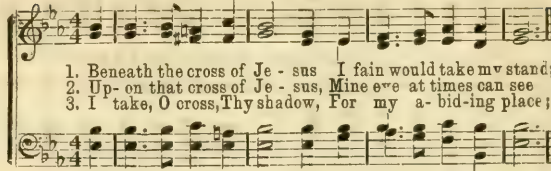
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350 BENEATH THE CROSS.

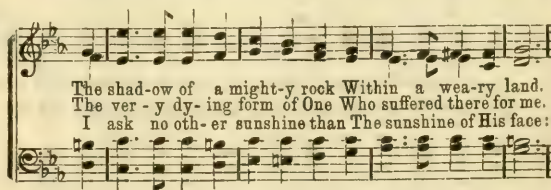
(ST. CRISTOPHER. 7, 6, 8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 6.)

ELIZABETH C. CLEPHANE.

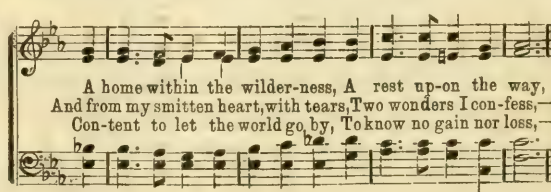
FREDERICK C. MAKER.



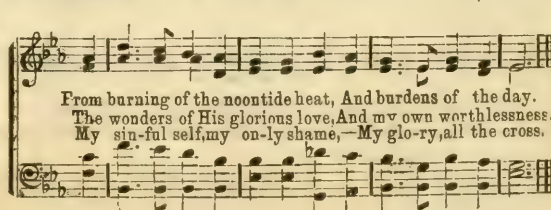
1. Beneath the cross of Je - sus I fain would take my stand;
2. Up-on that cross of Je - sus, Mine eye at times can see
3. I take, O cross, Thy shadow, For my a-bid-ing place;



The shad-ow of a might-y rock Within a wea-ry land.
The ver - y dy-ing form of One Who suffered there for me.
I ask no oth-er sunshine than The sunshine of His face:

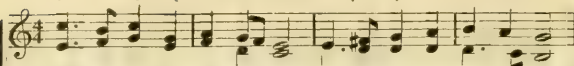


A home within the wilder-ness, A rest up-on the way,
And from my smitten heart, with tears, Two wonders I con-fess,—
Con-tent to let the world go by, To know no gain nor loss,—

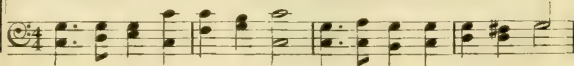


From burning of the noontide heat, And burdens of the day.
The wonders of His glorious love, And my own worthlessness.
My sin-ful self, my on-ly shame, My glo-ry, all the cross.

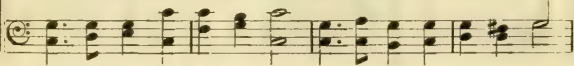
H. F. LYTE. (THANKSGIVING, 7S. D.) W. B. GILBERT.



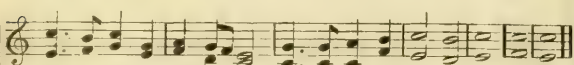
1. Praise the Lord, His glories show, Saints within His courts be-low,
2. Praise the Lord, His mercies trace; Praise His prov-i-dence and grace,



Angels round His throne a-bove, All that see and share His love,
All that He for men hath done, All He sends us thro' His Son.



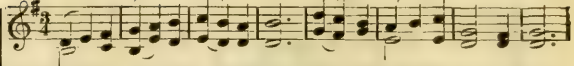
Earth to heav'n and heav'n to earth, Tell His wonders, sing His worth;
Strings and voic-es, hands and hearts, In the con-cert bear your parts;



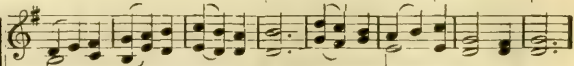
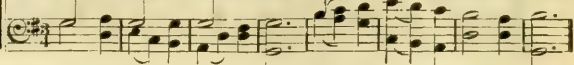
Age to age, and shore to shore, Praise Him, praise Him evermore.
All that breathe, your Lord adore, Praise Him, praise Him evermore. A-men.



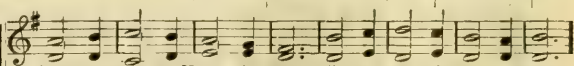
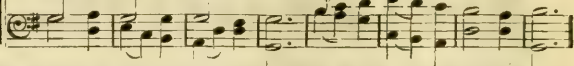
ANON. (MAIDSTONE, 7S. D.) W. B. GILBERT.



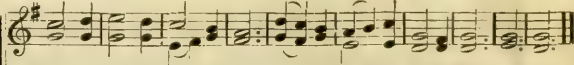
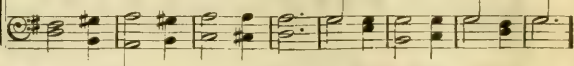
1. Conq'ring kings their titles take From the foes they captive make;
2. That which Christ so hardly wrought, That which He so dear-ly bought,
3. Je - sus, Who dost con-de-scend To be called the sin-ner's Friend,



Je - sus, by a no-bler deed, From the thousands He hath freed.
That sal-va-tion, mortals may Spurn and mad-ly cast a-way;
Hear us as to Thee we pray, Glor-ying in Thy Name to-day.



Yes; none oth-er Name is giv'n Un-to mor-tals un-der heav'n,
Rath-er glad-ly for that Name Bear the cross, endure the shame;
Glo-ry to the Fa-ther be, Glo-ry, ho-ly Son, to Thee,

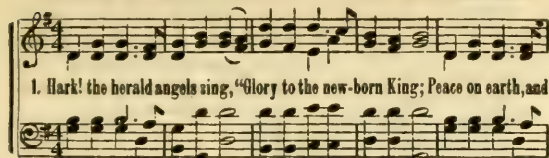


Which can make the dead a-rise, And ex-alt them to theskies.
Joy-ful-ly for Him to die Is not death, but vic-to-ry.
Glo-ry to the Ho-ly Ghost, From the saints and angel-host. A-men.



353 THE HERALD ANGELS SING.

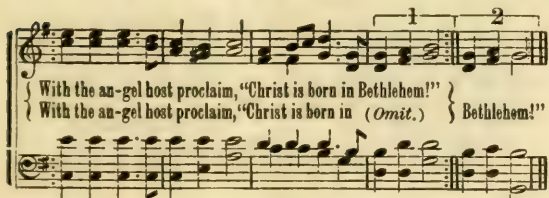
CHARLES WESLEY. (HERALD. 7S. D.) MENDELSSOHN.



1. Hark! the herald angels sing, "Glory to the new-born King; Peace on earth, and



mer-cy mild, God and sinners reconciled!" } Joyful, all ye nations, rise, }
Join the triumph of the skies; }



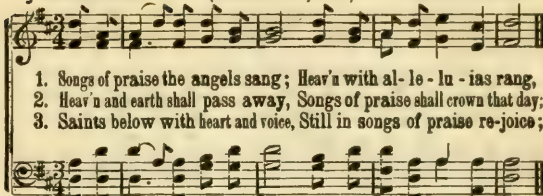
{ With the an-gel host proclaim, "Christ is born in Bethlehem!" }
{ With the an-gel host proclaim, "Christ is born in (Omit.) } Bethlehem!" }

2 Christ, by highest heav'n adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord;
In the manger born a king,
While adoring angels sing,
"Peace on earth, to men good-will;"
Bid the trembling soul be still,
||: Christ on earth has come to dwell,
Jesus, our Emmanuel! :||

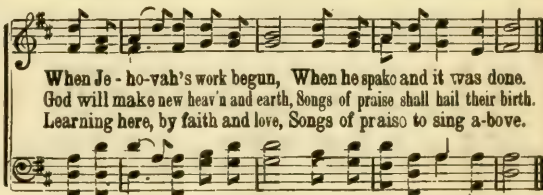
3 Hail! the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail! the Sun of righteousness!
Life and light to all he brings,
Ris'n with healing in his wings.
Mild he lays his glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
||: Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth. :||

354 SONGS OF PRAISE.

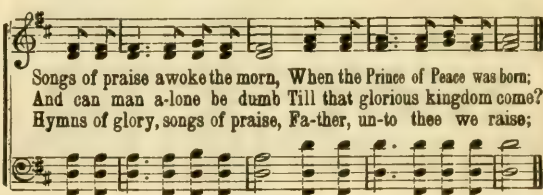
J. MONTGOMERY. (AMBOY. 7S. D.) LOWELL MASON.



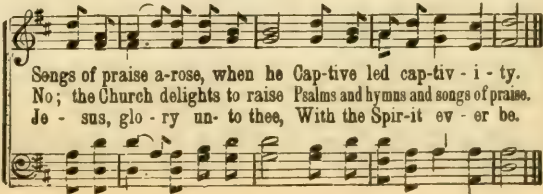
1. Songs of praise the angels sang; Hear'n with al-le-lu-ias rang,
2. Hear'n and earth shall pass away, Songs of praise shall crown that day;
3. Saints below with heart and voice, Still in songs of praise re-joice;



When Je-ho-vah's work begun, When he spake and it was done.
God will make new heav'n and earth, Songs of praise shall hail their birth.
Learning here, by faith and love, Songs of praise to sing a-bove.



Songs of praise awoke the morn, When the Prince of Peace was born;
And can man a-lone be dumb Till that glorious kingdom come?
Hymns of glory, songs of praise, Fa-ther, un-to thee we raise;



Songs of praise a-rose, when he Cap-tive led cap-tiv-i-ty.
No; the Church delights to raise Psalms and hymns and songs of praise.
Je-sus, glo-ry un-to thee, With the Spir-it ev-er be.

ST. AMBROSE, ATT. (ST. LEONARD. C. M. D.) HENRY HILES.

1. O God, we praise thee, and confess That thou the on - ly Lord
2. "O ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord, Whom hear'bly hosts o - bey,
3. The ho - ly Church thro'out the world, O Lord, con - fess - es thee,

And Ev - er - last - ing Fa - ther art; By all be thou a - dored.
The un - i - verse is glo - ry - fill'd With thy maj - es - tic sway!"
That thou th'E - ter - nal Fa - ther art, Of boundless maj - es - ty!

To thee all an - gels cry a - loud; To thee the pow'rs on high,
The glad im - mor - tal com - pan - y, Arrayed in robes of light,
Thee day by day we mag - ni - fy, Thy mer - cy we im - plore,

Both cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim, Con - tin - ual - ly do cry, —
With all the saints in sinless worlds, Thy constant praise re - cite.
To keep us this day with - out sin, And guard us evermore.

Easier music.
No. 359.

- 1 O Love divine, of all that is,
The sweetest and the best,
Fain would I come and rest to-night
Upon thy tender breast:
I pray thee turn me not away;
For, sinful though I be,
Thou knowest ev'rything I need,
And all my need of thee.

- 2 And yet the spirit in my heart
Says, Wherefore should I pray
That thou shouldst seek me with thy love,
Since thou dost seek always?
And dost not even wait until
I urge my steps to thee:
But in the darkness of my life
Art coming still to me.

- 3 Thou hearest ev'ry tho't I mean,
And not the words I say, —
The hidden thanks among the words
That only seem to pray.
Still, still thy love will beckon me,
And still thy strength will come
In many ways to bear me up
And bring me to my home.
REV. J. W. CHADWICK.

- 1 O Thou who art of all that is
Beginning and the end,
We follow thee thro' unknown paths,
Since all to thee must tend:
Thy judgments are a mighty deep,
Beyond all fathom line;
Our wisdom is the child-like heart;
Our strength, to trust in thine.

- 2 We bless thee for the skies above,
And for the earth beneath;
For hopes that blossom here below,
And wither not with death;
But most we bless thee for thyself,
O heavenly Light within,
Whose day-spring in our hearts, dispels
The darkness of our sin.
REV. F. L. HOSMER.

- 1 I heard a voice, the sweetest voice
That ever mortal heard;
O how it made my heart re-joice,
And every feeling stirred!
'T was Jesus spoke to me so mild;
He called me to his side,
And said, although with heart defiled,
I might in him confide.

- 2 I saw his face, the fairest face
That ever mortal saw;
I longed the Saviour to embrace,
From him new life to draw.
'Come unto me,' he kindly said,
'And I will give thee rest;
The ransom-price I fully paid;
Repent! believe! be blest!'

- 3 I felt his love, the strongest love
That mortal ever felt;
O, how it drew my soul above,
And made my hard heart melt!
My burden at his feet I laid,
And knew the joy of heaven,
As in my willing ear he said
The blessed word, "Forgiven!"

PETER STRYKER.

HORATIUS BONAR. (JERUSALEM. C. M. D.) LOUIS SPOHR.

1. I heard the voice of Je-sus say, "Come un-to me and rest;
2. I heard the voice of Je-sus say, "Be-hold, I free-ly give
3. I heard the voice of Je-sus say, "I am this dark world's light.

Lay down; thou weary one, lay down Thy head up-on my breast."
The liv-ing wa-ter; thirst-y one, Stoop down and drink and live."
Look un-to me; thy morn shall rise, And all thy days be bright."

I came to Je-sus as I was—Weary, and worn, and sad;
I came to Je-sus, and I drank Of that life-giving stream;
I look'd to Je-sus, and I found In him my star, my sun;

I found in him a rest-ing-place, And he has made me glad.
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived, And now I live in him.
And in that light of life I'll walk, Till all my journey's done.

H. BONAR. (VOX DILECTI. C. M. D.) J. B. DYKES.

1. I heard the voice of Jesus say, "Come un-to Me and rest;
2. I heard the voice of Jesus say, "Be-hold, I free-ly give
3. I heard the voice of Jesus say, "I am this dark world's light;

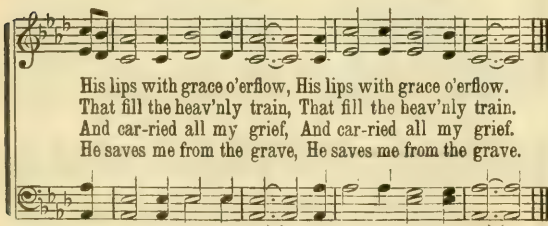
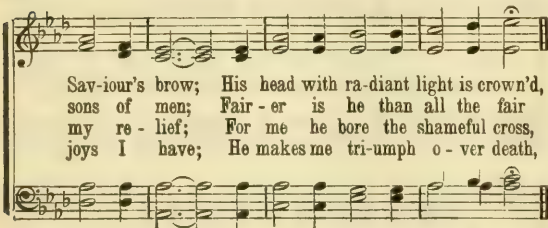
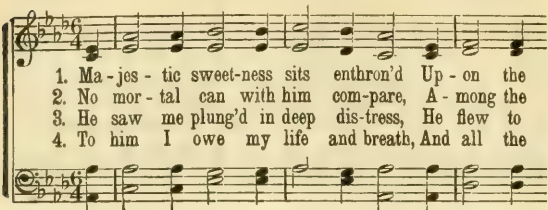
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down Thy head upon My breast;
The living water; thirsty one, Stoop down, and drink, and live!"
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise, And all Thy day be bright!"

I came to Je-sus as I was, Wear-y and worn and sad;
I came to Je-sus, and I drank Of that life-giving stream;
I looked to Je-sus, and I found In Him my Star, my Sun;

I found in Him a resting-place, And He has made me glad.
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived, And now I live in Him.
And in that light of life I'll walk, Till all my journey's done.

361 MAJESTIC SWEETNESS.

S. STENNETT. (ORTONVILLE. C. M.) T. HASTINGS.



5 To heaven, the place of his abode,
He brings my weary feet;
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joy complete.

6 Since from his bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine.
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine.

362 THE WORD.

- 1 A glory in the word we find
When grace restores our sight:
But sin has darkened all the mind,
||: And rail'd the heav'nly light. ||:
- 2 When God's own Spirit clears our view,
How bright the doctrines shine!
Their holy fruits and sweetness show
||: The author is divine. ||:
- 3 How blest are we, with open face
To view thy glory, Lord,
And all thy image here to trace,
||: Reflected in thy word! ||:
- 4 O teach us, as we look, to grow
In holiness and love,
That we may long to see and know
||: Thy glorious face above. ||:

CAMPBELL'S COLLECTION.

363 GLORIOUS.

- 1 A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic, like the sun;
It gives a light to every age,
||: It gives, but borrows none. ||:
- 2 The Spirit breathes upon the word,
And brings the truth to sight;
Precepts and promises afford
||: A sanctifying light. ||:
- 3 The hand that gave it, still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
His truths upon the nations rise,
||: They rise, but never set. ||:
- 4 Let everlasting thanks be thine,
For such a bright display;
It makes a world of darkness shine
||: With beams of heav'nly day. ||:

WM. COWPER.

364 SECURE.

- 1 How shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts,
||: To keep the conscience clean. ||:
- 2 'T is like the sun, a heav'nly light,
That guides me all the day:
And thro' the dangers of the night,
||: A lamp to lead my way. ||:
- 3 Thy precepts make me truly wise;
I hate the sinner's road;
I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,
||: But love thy law, my God. ||:
- 4 Thy word is everlasting truth;
How pure is every page!
That holy book shall guide my youth,
||: And well support my age. ||:

ISAAC WATTS.

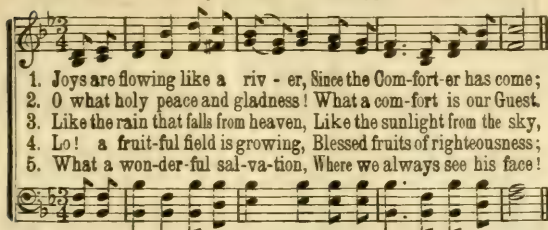
365 PERFECT.

- 1 Let all the heathen writers join
To form one perfect book;
Great God, if once compared with thine,
||: How mean their writings look! ||:
- 2 Not the most perfect rules they gave
Could show one sin forgiv'n,
Nor lead one step beyond the grave;
||: But thine conducts to heaven. ||:
- 3 Yet men would fain be just with God
By works their hands have wrought;
But thy commands, exceeding broad,
||: Extend to every thought. ||:
- 4 Our faith, and love, and every grace,
Fall far below thy word;
But perfect truth and righteousness
||: Dwell only in the Lord. ||:

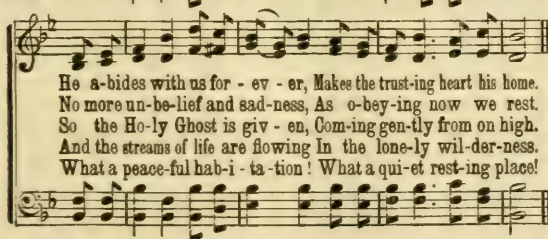
ANON.

M. P. FERGUSON, arr. by F. E. B.

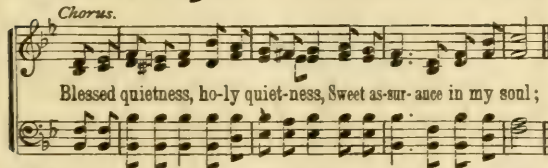
Arr. by J. H. F. and F. E. B.



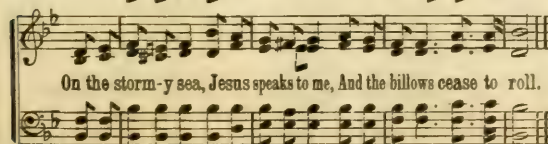
1. Joys are flowing like a riv - er, Since the Com-fort-er has come;
2. O what holy peace and gladness! What a com-fort is our Guest.
3. Like the rain that falls from heaven, Like the sunlight from the sky,
4. Lo! a fruit-ful field is growing, Blessed fruits of righteousness;
5. What a won-der-ful sal-va-tion, Where we always see his face!



He a-bides with us for - ev - er, Makes the trust-ing heart his home.
 No more un-be-lief and sad-ness, As o-bey-ing now we rest.
 So the Ho-ly Ghost is giv - en, Com-ing gen-tly from on high.
 And the streams of life are flowing In the lone-ly wil-der-ness.
 What a peace-ful hab-i - ta-tion! What a qui-et rest-ing place!

*Chorus.*

Blessed quietness, ho-ly quiet-ness, Sweet as-sur-ance in my soul;



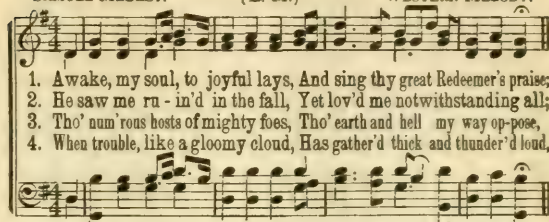
On the storm-y sea, Jesus speaks to me, And the billows cease to roll.

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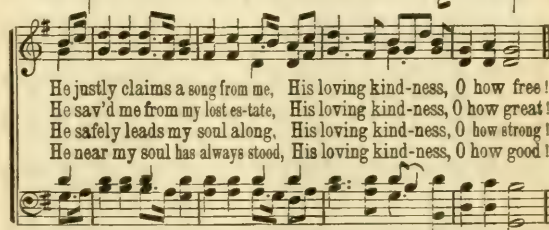
SAMUEL MEDLEY.

(L. M.)

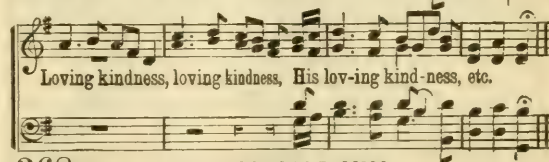
WESTERN MELODY.



1. Awake, my soul, to joyful lays, And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
2. He saw me ru - in'd in the fall, Yet lov'd me notwithstanding all;
3. Tho' num'rous hosts of mighty foes, Tho' earth and hell my way op-posed,
4. When trouble, like a gloomy cloud, Has gather'd thick and thunder'd loud,



He justly claims a song from me, His loving kind-ness, O how free!
 He sav'd me from my lost es-tate, His loving kind-ness, O how great!
 He safely leads my soul along, His loving kind-ness, O how strong!
 He near my soul has always stood, His loving kind-ness, O how good!



Loving kindness, loving kindness, His lov-ing kind-ness, etc.

- 1 Jesus, my all, to heav'n has gone,
 He whom I fix my hopes upon;
 His track I see, and I'll pursue
 The narrow way till him I view.

- 2 This is the way I long have sought,
 And mourned because I found it not;
 My grief a burden long has been,
 Because I was not saved from sin.

Refrain.

I'll pursue him, I'll pursue him,
 Yea, I'll pursue my Lord and King.

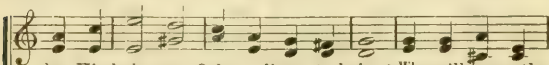
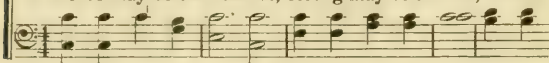
- 3 Now will I tell to all around,
 What a dear Saviour I have found;
 I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
 And say, "Behold the way to God."

369 WE ARE ON THE LORD'S SIDE.

F. R. HAVERGAL. (ARMAGEDDON, 6s. 5s. D.) Arr. by J. Goss.



1. Who is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King? Who will
2. Not for weight of glo-ry, Not for crown and palm, Enter
3. Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Not with gold or gem, But with
4. Fierce may be the conflict, Strong may be the foe, But the



be His help-ers Oth-er lives to bring? Who will leave the
we the ar - my, Raise the warrior psalm; But for love that
Thine own life blood, For Thy di - a - dem: With Thy blessing
King's own ar-my None can o-ver-throw: Round His standard



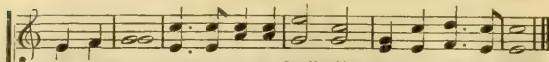
world's side? Who will face the foe? Who is on the Lord's side?
claim-eth Lives for whom He died: He whom Jesus nameth
fill - ing, Each who comes to Thee, Thou hast made us willing,
rang - ing, Vic-t'ry is se-cure; For His truth unchanging



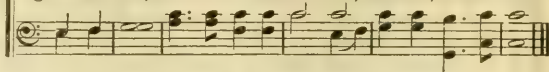
Who for Him will go? By Thy call of mer - cy, By Thy
Must be on His side. By Thy love constraining, By Thy
Thou hast made us free. By Thy grand redemption, By Thy
Makes the triumph sure; Joy-ful - ly en - list - ing By Thy



WE ARE ON THE LORD'S SIDE.—Concluded.



grace Divine, We are on the Lord's side, Saviour, we are Thine.



370 FLING OUT THE BANNER!

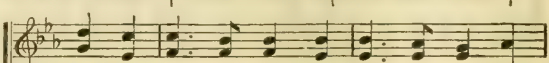
G. W. DOANE.

(WALTHAM. L. M.)

J. B. CALKIN.



1. Fling out the ban-ner! let it float Skyward and
2. Fling out the ban-ner! an - gels bend In anx - ious
3. Fling out the ban-ner! sin-sick souls, That sink and
4. Fling out the ban-ner! wide and high, Sea-ward and



sea-ward, high and wide; Our glo - ry on - ly
si - lence o'er the sign, And vain - ly seek to
per - ish in the strife, Shall touch in faith its
sky-ward, let it shine: Nor skill, nor might, nor



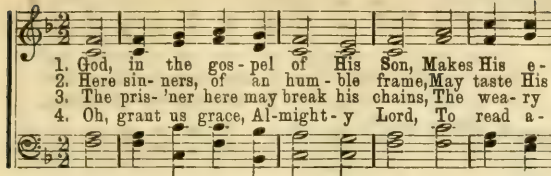
in the cross; Our on - ly hope, the Cru - ci - fied.
com-pre-hend The won - der of the love Di-vine.
ra-diant hem, And spring im-mor - tal in - to life.
mer - it ours; We com-quer on - ly in that sign.



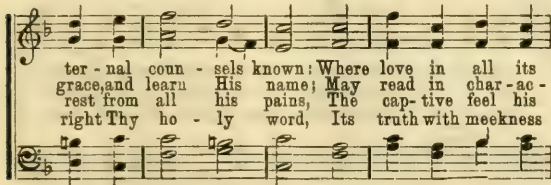
(Or sing to 371 or 373.)

371 GOD, IN THE GOSPEL.

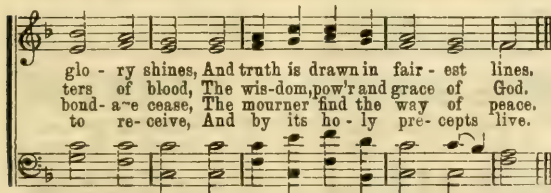
BENJ. BEDDOME. (UXBRIDGE. L. M.) L. MASON.



1. God, in the gos-pel of His Son, Makes His e-
 2. Here sin-ners, of an hum-ble frame, May taste His
 3. The pris-ner here may break his chains, The wea-ry
 4. Oh, grant us grace, Al-might-y Lord, To read a-



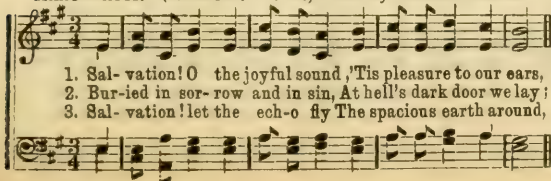
ter-nal coun-sels known: Where love in all its
 grace, and learn His name; May read in char-ac-
 rest from all his pains, The cap-tive feel his
 right Thy ho-ly word, Its truth with meekness



glo-ry shines, And truth is drawn in fair-est lines.
 ters of blood, The wis-dom, pow'r and grace of God.
 bond-a-re cease, The mourner find the way of peace.
 to re-ceive, And by its ho-ly pre-cepts live.

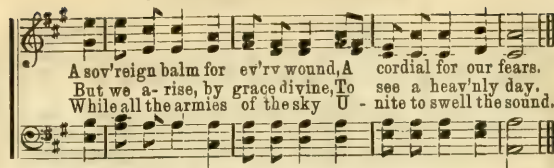
372 SALVATION!

ISAAC WATTS. (AZMON. C. M.) Arr. by LOWELL MASON.



1. Sal-va-tion! O the joyful sound, 'Tis pleasure to our ears,
 2. Bur-ied in sor-row and in sin, At hell's dark door we lay;
 3. Sal-va-tion! let the ech-o fly The spacious earth around,

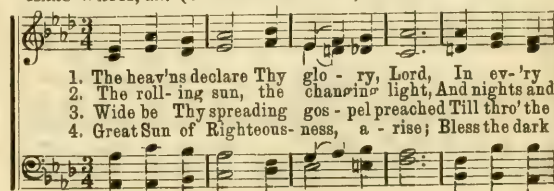
SALVATION!—CONCLUDED.



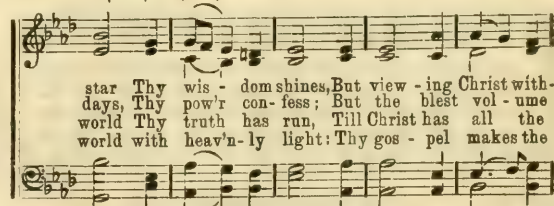
A sov'reign balm for ev'ry wound, A cordial for our fears.
 But we a-rise, by grace divine, To see a heav'nly day.
 While all the armies of the sky U-nite to swell the sound.

373 THE SPREADING GOSPEL.

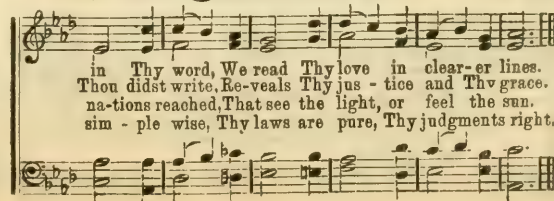
ISAAC WATTS, alt. (GERMANY. L. M.) L. VAN BEETHOVEN.



1. The heav'n's declare Thy glo-ry, Lord, In ev'-ry
 2. The roll-ing sun, the chan-cing light, And nights and
 3. Wide be Thy spreading gos-pel preached Till thro' the
 4. Great Sun of Righteous-ness, a-rise; Bless the dark



star Thy wis-dom shines, But view-ing Christ with-
 days, Thy pow'r con-fess; But the blest vol-ume
 world Thy truth has run, Till Christ has all the
 world with heav'n-ly light: Thy gos-pel makes the



in Thy word, We read Thy love in clear-er lines.
 Thou didst write, Re-veals Thy jus-tice and Thy grace.
 na-tions reached, That see the light, or feel the sun.
 sim-ple wise, Thy laws are pure, Thy judgments right.

ARRANGED.

(SANKEY. 115 & 105.)

JOHN STAINER.

1. A - gain the day awakes in wondrous beauty, And all the
2. Look from the height of heav'n, and send to cheer us Thy light and
3. So, when that morn of endless light is waking, And shades of

shadows of the midnight flee. A - gain we gird ourselves for
truth, and guide us onward still; O let thy mer - cy, as of
e - vil from its splendors flee, Safe may we rise, this earth's dark

lov - ing du - ty, And lift our thankful hearts, O God, to thee.
old, be near us, And lead us safe - ly to thy ho - ly hill.
vale for - sak - ing, Thro' all the long, bright day to dwell with thee.

F. S. PIERPONT.

(DIX. 75. 6L.)

CONRAD KOCHER.

1. For the beau - ty of the earth, For the glo - ry of the skies,
2. For the joy of hu - man love, Brother, sis - ter, parent, child,
3. For the gift of thy dear Son, For the hope of heav'n at last,

For the love which from our birth O - ver and around us lies,
Friends on earth and Friend a - bore, Pleasures pure and un-de-filed,
For the Spir - it's vic - t'ry won, For the crown when life is past,

Lord of all, to thee we raise This our grateful song of praise.
Lord of all, to thee we raise This our grateful song of praise.
Lord of all, to thee we raise Songs of grat-i-tude and praise.

ARR. by F. E. B.

(SPANISH HYMN. 75. 6L.)

SPANISH.

1. Grant thy blessing, now, O Lord, While we look into thy word:
2. Sancti - fy us, Lord, we pray, By the lessons of this day:

D. O. 1. As we learn thy righteous way, Give us pow - er to o - bey.
D. O. 2. In a world of care and sin, Keep us ev - er pure with-in.

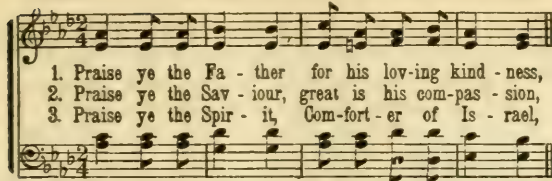
D. C.

To our hearts thy truth reveal; Fill us with a ho - ly zeal;
May our souls by thee be fed, And to living fountains led;

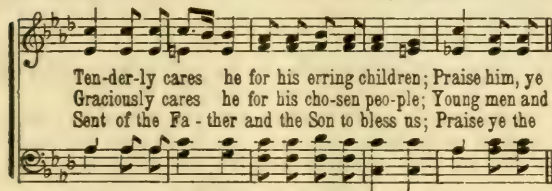
377 PRAISE YE THE FATHER.

ANON.

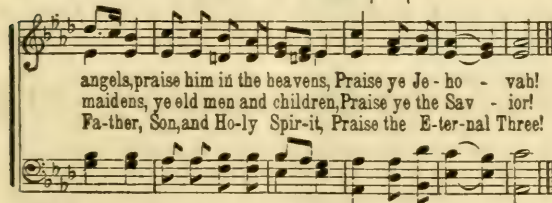
(FLEMMING. 8s & 6s.) F. FLEMMING.



1. Praise ye the Fa - ther for his lov - ing kind - ness,
2. Praise ye the Sav - iour, great is his com - pas - sion,
3. Praise ye the Spir - it, Com - fort - er of Is - rael,



Ten - der - ly cares he for his erring children; Praise him, ye
Graciously cares he for his cho - sen peo - ple; Young men and
Sent of the Fa - ther and the Son to bless us; Praise ye the



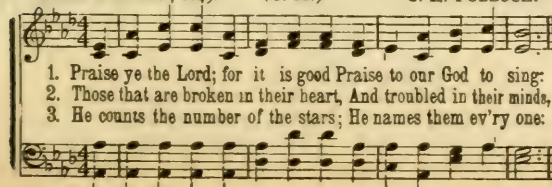
angels, praise him in the heavens, Praise ye Je - ho - vah!
maidens, ye old men and children, Praise ye the Sav - ior!
Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Spir - it, Praise the E - ter - nal Three!

378 PRAISE THE LORD.

ROUS' VERSION, 1649.

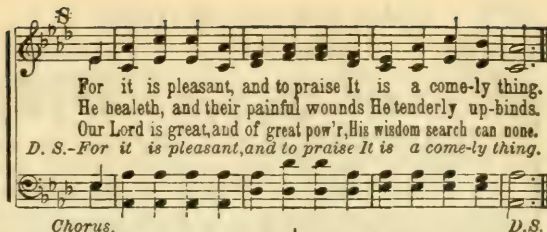
(C. M.)

C. E. POLLOCK.

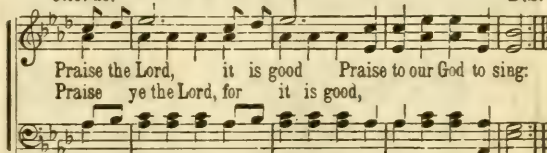


1. Praise ye the Lord; for it is good Praise to our God to sing;
2. Those that are broken in their heart, And troubled in their minds,
3. He counts the number of the stars; He names them ev'ry one:

Used by permission.



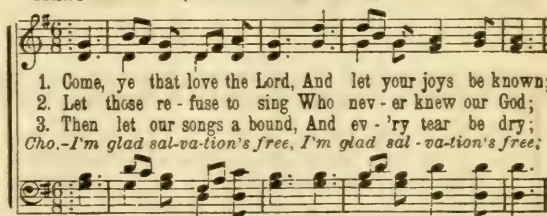
For it is pleasant, and to praise It is a come - ly thing.
He healeth, and their painful wounds He tenderly up - binds.
Our Lord is great, and of great pow'r, His wisdom search can none.
D. S. - For it is pleasant, and to praise It is a come - ly thing.



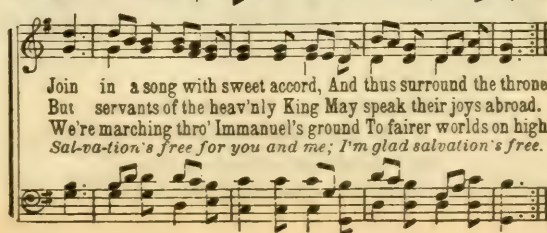
Chorus. Praise the Lord, it is good Praise to our God to sing:
Praise ye the Lord, for it is good,

379 SALVATION FREE.

ISAAC WATTS. (NO SORROW. S. M.) E. W. DUNBAR.



1. Come, ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known;
2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God;
3. Then let our songs a bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry;
Cho. - I'm glad sal - va - tion's free, I'm glad sal - va - tion's free;

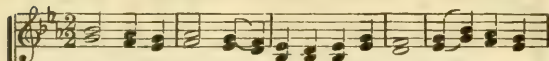


Join in a song with sweet accord, And thus surround the throne.
But servants of the heav'nly King May speak their joys abroad.
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground To fairer worlds on high.
Sal - va - tion's free for you and me; I'm glad sal - va - tion's free.

WM. MASON.

(FREEPORT. 10s.)

UNKNOWN.



1. Again the day re-turs of ho-ly rest, Which, when he
2. Let us de-vote this con-se-cra-ted day To learn his
3. Lord of all worlds, incline thy gracious ear; Thy children's



made the world, Jehovah blest; When, like his own, he bade our
will, and all we learn obey; So shall he hear, when fer-vent-
voice in tender mercy hear; Bear thy blest promise, fix'd as



labor's cease, And all be pi-e-ty, and all be peace.
ly we raise Our sup-pli-ca-tions, and our songs of praise.
hills, in mind, And shed re-new-ing grace on lost mankind.

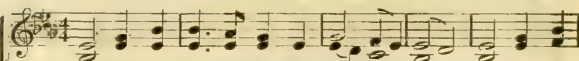


4. Father in heav'n, in whom our hopes confide,
Whose pow'r defends us, and whose precepts guide,
Thro' life our surest guardian, and friend,
Glory supreme be thine till time shall end.

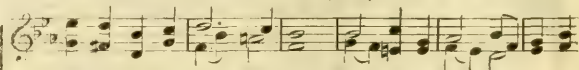
LUCY WHITMORE.

("PAX DEI." 10s.)

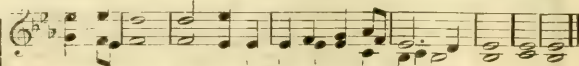
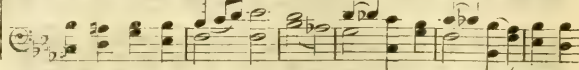
J. B. DYKES.



1. Fa-ther, a-gain in Je-sus' name we meet, And bow in
2. O we would bless Thee for Thy cease-less care, And all Thy
3. A-las! un-wor-thy of Thy bound-less love, Too oft with



pen-tence be-neath Thy feet; A-gain to Thee our grateful
love from day to day de-clare! Is not our life with hourly
care-less feet from Thee we rove; But now en-cour-aged by Thy



voice-es raise, To sue for mer-cy, and to sing Thy praise.
mercies crown'd? Does not Thine arm encircle us a-round?
voice, we come, Re-turn-ing sinners, to a Fa-ther's home. A-men.

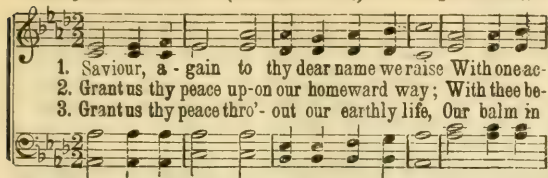


- 4 O by that name in which all fullness dwells,
O by that love which ev'ry love excels,
O by that blood so freely shed for sin,
Open blest Mercy's gate, and take us in. Amen.

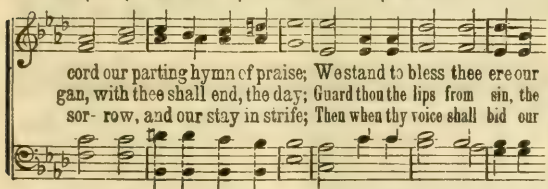
May be sung to "Ellers," or "Freeport," on this and opposite page.

382 OUR PARTING HYMN.

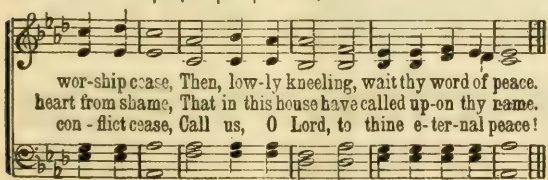
REV. JOHN ELLERTON. (ELLERS. 105.) E. J. HOPKINS.



1. Saviour, a - gain to thy dear name we raise With one ac-
2. Grant us thy peace up-on our homeward way; With thee be-
3. Grant us thy peace thro' - out our earthly life, Our balm in



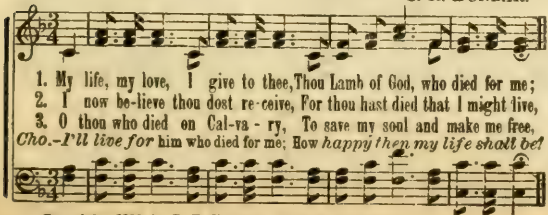
cord our parting hymn of praise; We stand to bless thee ere our
gan, with thee shall end, the day; Guard thou the lips from sin, the
sor - row, and our stay in strife; Then when thy voice shall bid our



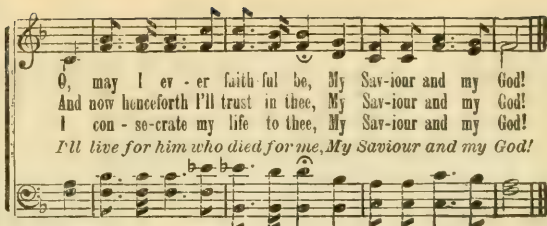
wor - ship cease, Then, low - ly kneeling, wait thy word of peace.
heart from shame, That in this house have called up-on thy name.
con - flict cease, Call us, O Lord, to thine e - ter - nal peace!

383 I'LL LIVE FOR HIM.

C. R. DUNBAR.



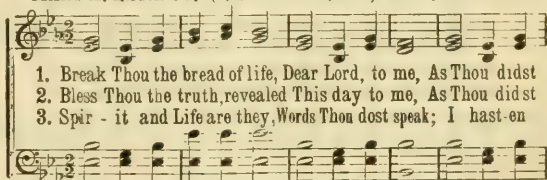
1. My life, my love, I give to thee, Thou Lamb of God, who died for me;
2. I now be - lieve thou dost re - ceive, For thou hast died that I might live,
3. O thou who died on Cal - va - ry, To save my soul and make me free,
Cho. - I'll live for him who died for me; How happy then my life shall be!



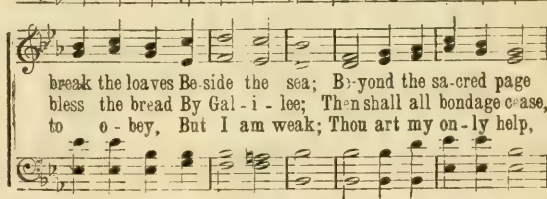
O, may I ev - er faith - ful be, My Sav - iour and my God!
And now henceforth I'll trust in thee, My Sav - iour and my God!
I con - se - crate my life to thee, My Sav - iour and my God!
I'll live for him who died for me, My Saviour and my God!

384 BREAK THOU THE BREAD OF LIFE.

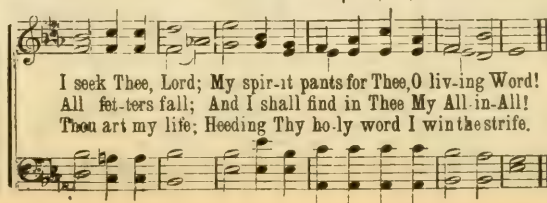
MARY A. LATHRUY. (LATHBURY. 105.) W. F. SHERWIN.



1. Break Thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst
2. Bless Thou the truth, revealed This day to me, As Thou didst
3. Spir - it and Life are they, Words Thou dost speak; I hast - en

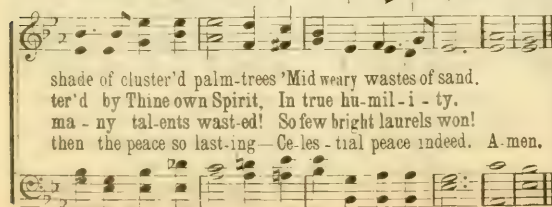
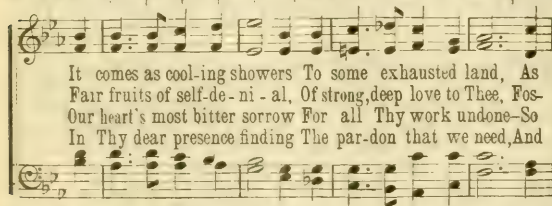
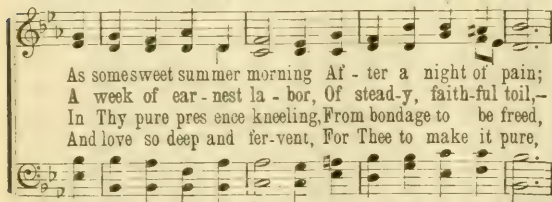
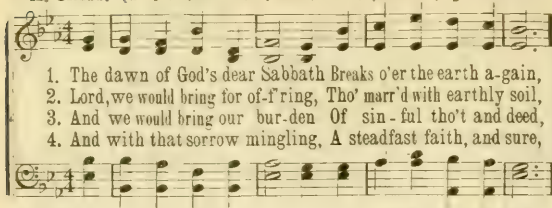


break the loaves Be side the sea; Be - yond the sa - cred page
bless the bread By Gal - i - lee; Then shall all bond - age cease,
to o - bey, But I am weak; Thou art my on - ly help,

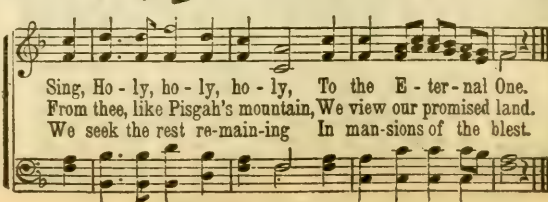
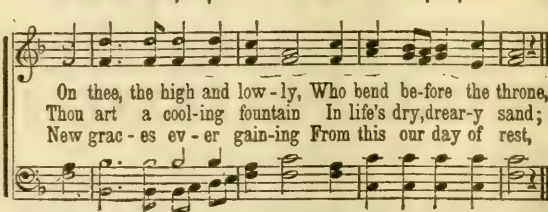
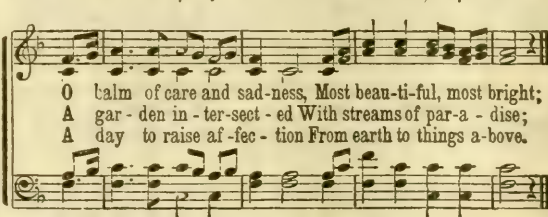
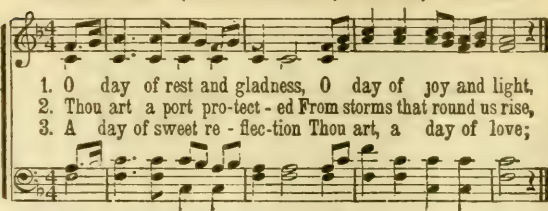


I seek Thee, Lord; My spir - it pants for Thee, O liv - ing Word!
All fet - ters fall; And I shall find in Thee My All - in - All!
Thou art my life; Heeding Thy ho - ly word I win the strife.

A. CROSS. (ST. GEORGE'S, BOLTON. 7s.6s.D.) J. WALCH.



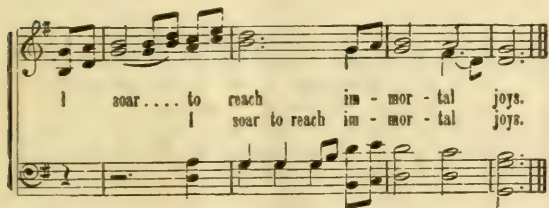
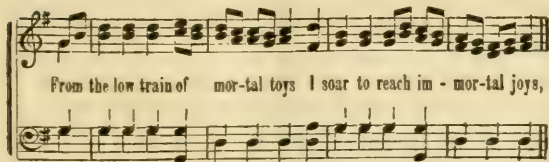
WORDSWORTH. (MENDEBRAS. 7s & 6s. D.) GERMAN.



HAYWARD.

(LISCHER H. M.)

F. SCHNEIDER.



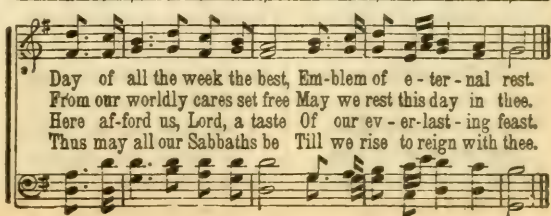
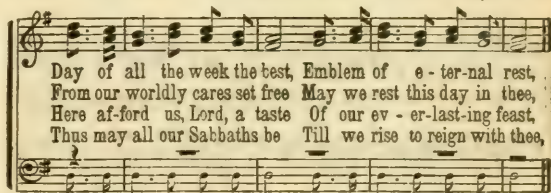
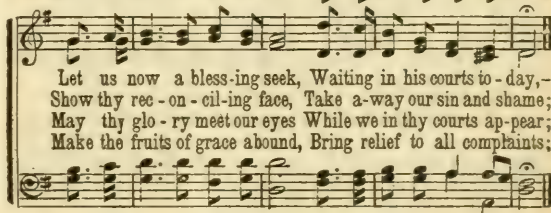
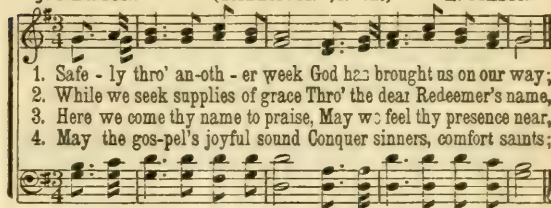
2 Now may the King descend,
 And fill his throne of grace;
 Thy scepter, Lord, extend,
 While saints address thy face;
 Let sinners feel thy quick'ning word,
 And learn to know and fear the Lord.

3 Descend, celestial Dove,
 With all thy quick'ning pow'rs;
 Disclose a Saviour's love,
 And bless these sacred hours:
 Then shall my soul new life obtain,
 Nor Sabbath-days be passed in vain.

J. NEWTON.

(SABBATH. 7s. 6L.)

L. MASON

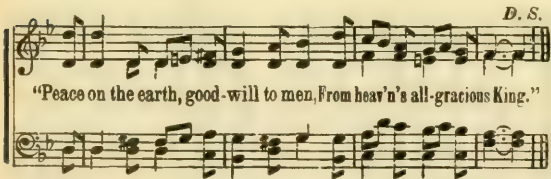
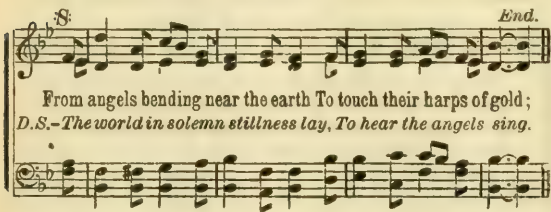
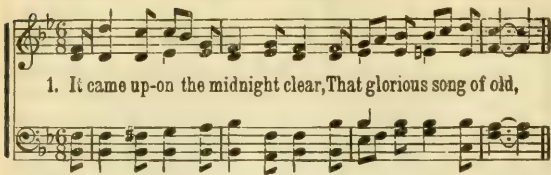


390 THAT SONG OF OLD.

E. H. SEARS.

(CAROL. C. M. D.)

R. S. WILLIS.



2 Still thro' the open skies they come,
With peaceful wing unfurled;
And still their heav'nly music floats
O'er all the weary world:
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hor'ring wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

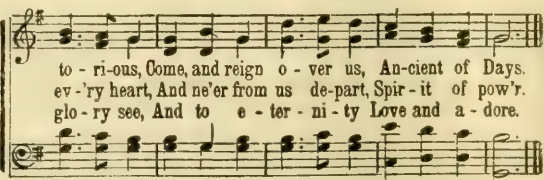
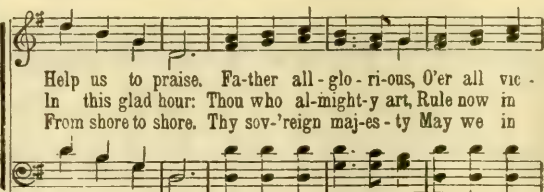
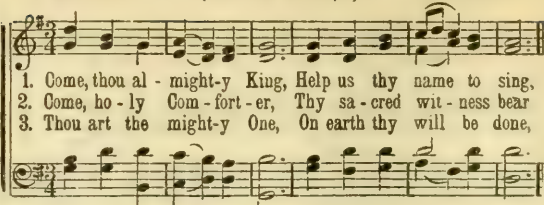
3 But with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And man, at war with man, hears not
The love-song which they bring:
O cease, ye mortals, cease your strife,
And hear the angels sing!

391 ALMIGHTY KING.

C. WESLEY.

(ITALY. 6S & 4S.)

GIARDINI.



392

1 Sound, sound the truth abroad!
Bear ye the word of God
Through the wide world;
Tell what our Lord has done,
Tell how the day is won,
And from his lofty throne
Satan is hurled.

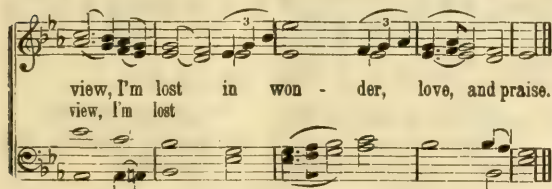
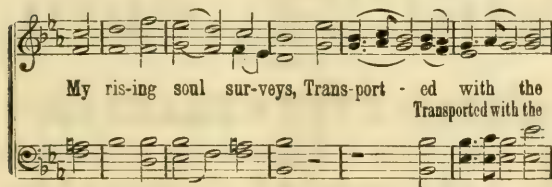
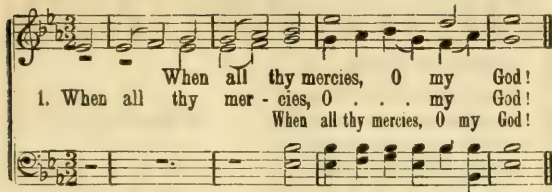
2 Ye who, forsaking all
At your loved Master's call,
Comforts resign;
Soon will your work be done,
Soon will the prize be won;
Brighter than yonder sun
Then shall ye shine.

THOMAS KELLY.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

(GENEVA. C. M.)

JOHN COLE.



2 Unnumbered comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart discerned
From whom those blessings flowed.

3 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

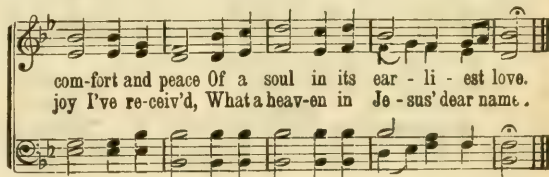
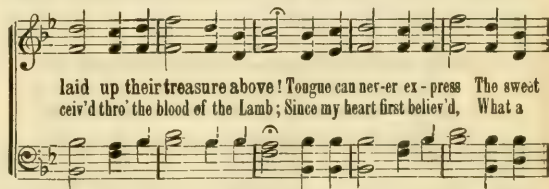
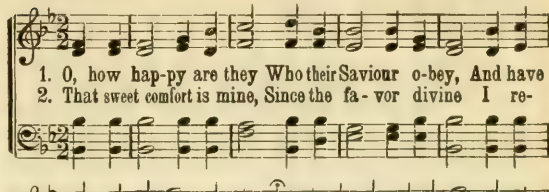
4 O, how can words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare
That glows within my raptured heart?—
But thou canst read it there.

5 Through all eternity, to thee
A joyful song I'll raise:
But O, eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise!

CHARLES WESLEY.

(CONVERT. P. M.)

ARRANGED.



3 'Tis a heaven below
My Redeemer to know:
And the angels can do nothing more
Than to fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore.

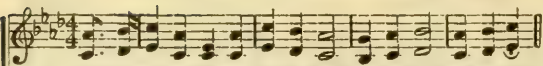
4 Jesus all the day long
Is my joy and my song;
O that all to this Refuge might fly!

He hath loved me, indeed,
He did suffer and bleed,
To redeem such a rebel as I.

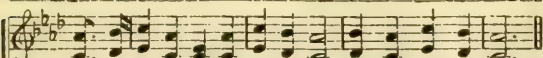
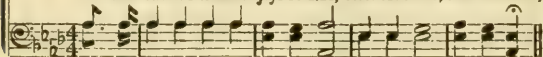
5 On the wings of his love,
I am carried above
All my sin, and temptation, and pain;
O, that all would believe,
And by sin never grieve,
And thus cause him to suffer again.

F. E. B.

F. E. BELDEN.



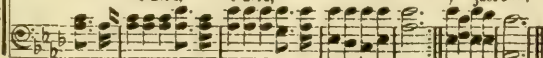
1. I would be, dear Saviour, wholly thine; Teach me how, teach me how;
2. What is worldly pleasure, wealth or fame, Without thee, without thee?
3. As I cast earth's transient joys be-hind, Come thou near, come thou near;



I would do thy will, O Lord, not mine, Help me, help me now.
I will leave them all for thy dear name, This my wealth shall be.
In thy presence all in all I find, 'Tis my com-fort here.

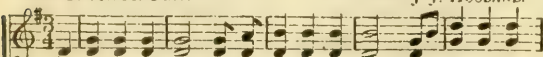


Whol-ly thine, wholly thine, Wholly thine, this is my vow.
Whol-ly thine, wholly thine, Wholly - - - } thine, O Lord,
O Lord, O Lord, just now.



WM. PATON MACKAY.

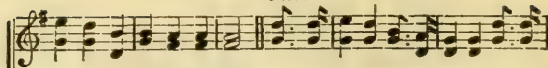
J. J. HUSBAND.



1. We praise thee, O God, for the Son of thy love, — For Je-sus who
2. We praise thee, O God, for thy Spir-it of light, Who has shown us our
3. All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our
4. All glory and praise to the God of all grace, Who has bought us, and
5. Re-vive us a - gain; fill each heart with thy love; May each soul be re-



Chorus.



died and is now gone above.
Sav-iour, and scatter'd our night.
sins, and has cleans'd ev'-ry stain. Hal - le - lu - jah! thine the glo-ry, Hal-le-
sought us, and guid-ed our ways.
kin - dled with fire from a - bove.



lu - jah! a - men; Hal - le - lu - jah! thine the glo-ry, Re-vive us a-gain.



397 REJOICE AND BE GLAD.

- 1 Rejoice and be glad, the Re-deemer has come;
Go look on his cradle, his cross,
and his tomb.

Cbo: Sound his praises, tell the
story
Of Him who was slain;
Sound his praises, tell with
gladness,
He liveth again.

Final: He cometh again.

- 2 Rejoice and be glad, for the

Lamb that was slain,
O'er death is triumphant, and
liveth again.

- 3 Rejoice and be glad, for our
King is on high,
He pleadeth for us on his throne
in the sky.

- 4 Rejoice and be glad, for he
cometh again,
He cometh in glory, the Lamb
that was slain.

HORATIUS BONAR.

398 FOUNT OF EVERY BLESSING.

R. ROBINSON. (NETTLETON. 8s & 7s. D.) NETTLETON.

End.

1. { Come, thou Fount of ev-'ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace; }
Streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loudest praise.

D.C. - While the hope of endless glory Fills my heart with joy and love.

D. C.

Teach me ev-er to a-dore thee, May I still thy goodness prove,

- 2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Either by thy help I've come,
And I hope by thy good pleasure
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God;
He to rescue me from danger
Interposed his precious blood.
- 3 O, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness like a fetter
Bind me closer still to thee.
Prono to wander, Lord, I feel it,—
Prono to leave the God I love,—
Here's my heart, O, take and seal it;
Seal it for thy courts above.

399 HAPPY DAY.

F. DODDRIDGE.

(L. M. P.)

E. F. RIMBAULT.

1. { O, happy day! that fixed my choice On thee, my Saviour and my God; } Happy
Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its raptures all abroad.

End. D. S.

day, happy day, When Jesus washed my sins away! He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live rejoicing ev'ry day;

- 2 'Tis done, the great transaction's done; 3 Now rest, my long-divided heart,
I am thy Lord's, and he is mine; Fixed on this blissful center, rest;
He drew me, and I followed on, Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
Rejoiced to own the call divine. With him of ev'ry good possessed.

400 THE SWEETEST NAME.

W. BETHUNE.

(8s & 7s. P.)

W. B. BRADBURY.

1 2 End.

1. { There is no name so sweet on earth, No name so sweet in heav-en,
The name before his wondrous birth To Christ the Saviour (*Omit.*) given.

*D.C. - For there's no word ear ev-er heard So dear, so sweet, as (*Omit.*) Je-sus.*

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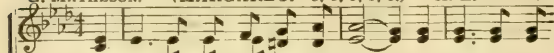
Refrain. D. C.

We love to sing a-round our King, And hail him bless-ed Je-sus;

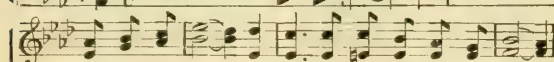
- 2 And when he hung upon the tree,
They wrote this name above him,
That all might see the reason we
For evermore must love him.
- 3 So now, upon his Father's throne,
Almighty to release us
From sin and pains, he ever reigns,
The Prince and Saviour, Jesus.

401 LOVE THAT WILL NOT LET ME GO.

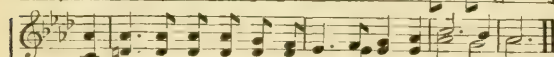
G. MATHESON. (MARGARET. 8, 8, 8, 6.) A. L. PEACE.



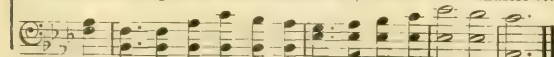
1. O Love that will not let me go, I rest my wea-
2. O Light that followest all my way, I yield my flick-
3. O Joy that seek - est me thro' pain, I can-not close
4. O cross that lift - est up my head, I dare not ask



ry soul in Thee: I give Thee back the life I owe,
'ring torch to Thee; My heart restores its borrowed ray,
my heart to Thee; I trace the rainbow thro' the rain,
to hide from thee: I lay in dust life's glo-ry dead,

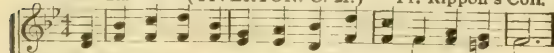


That in Thine o-cean depths its flow May richer, fuller be!
That in Thy sunshine's glow its day May brighter, fairer be!
And feel the promise is not vain, That morn'shall tearless be!
And from the ground there blossoms red, Life that shall endless be!



402 THY WORD IS LIKE A GARDEN.

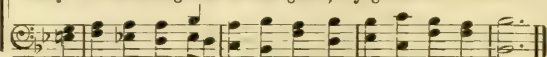
B. HODDER. (TIVERTON. C. M.) Fr. Rippon's Coll.



1. Thy Word is like a garden, Lord, With flowers bright and fair;
2. Thy Word is like a deep, deep mine: And jewels rich and rare
3. O may I love Thy precious Word, May I explore the mine,

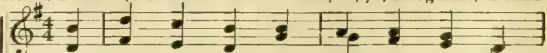


And ev'ry one who seeks may pluck And weave a garland rare.
Are hid-den in its mighty depths For ev'ry searcher there.
May I the fra-grant flowers glean, Thy graces all di-vine.

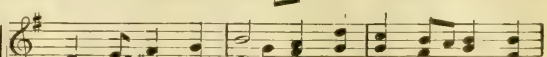


403 THE KING OF LOVE.

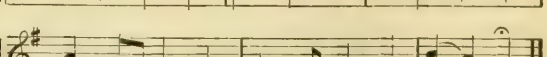
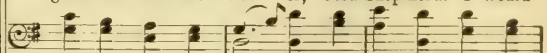
H. W. BAKER. (DOMINUS REGIT ME, 8s, 7s, Irregular.) DYKES.



1. The King of love my Shep-herd is, Whose
2. Where streams of liv-ing wa-ter flow My
3. Per-verse and fool-ish, oft I strayed, But
4. And so thro' all the length of days Thy



good-ness fail-eth nev-er; I noth-ing lack if
ran-somed soul He lead-eth, And, where the ver-dant
yet in love He sought me, And on His shoulder
good-ness fail-eth nev-er, Good Shep-herd! I would



I am His, And He is mine for-ev-er.
pas-tures grow, With food ce-lestial feed-eth.
gen-tly laid, and home, re-joic-ing, brought me.
sing Thy praise With-in Thy house for-ev-er.



404

BLESS THE LORD.

J. MONTGOMERY. (WAUGH. S. M.) R. HARRISON.

1. Stand up, and bless the Lord, Ye people of his choice;
 2. Tho' high a-bove all praise, A-bove all blessing high,
 3. O for the liv-ing flame From his own al-tar brought,
 4. God is our strength and song, And his sal-va-tion ours;

Stand up, and bless the Lord your God, With heart, and soul, and voice.
 Who would not fear his ho-ly name, And laud and mag-ni-fy?
 To touch our lips, our souls inspire, And wing to hear'n our thought!
 Then be his love in Christ proclaimed With all our ransom'd pow'rs.

405

CONSECRATED CHILDHOOD.

R. HEBER. (SILOAM. C. M.) I. B. WOODBURY.

1. By cool Si-lo-am's shad-y rill How fair the lil-y grows!
 2. Lo, such the child whose early feet The paths of peace have trod,
 3. De-pend-ent on thy bounteous breath, We seek thy grace alone,

How sweet the breath, beneath the hill, Of Sharon's dew-y rose!
 Whose secret heart, with influence sweet, Is upward drawn to God.
 In childhood, manhood, age, and death, To keep us still thine own.

406

BENEDICTION.

REV. J. ELLERTON. (COATHAM. C. M.) WALCH.

1. The Lord be with us as we bend His blessing to re-ceive;
 2. The Lord be with us as we walk Along our homeward road;
 3. The Lord be with us till the night Enfold us all to rest;

His gift of peace up-on us send, Before his courts we leave.
 In si-lent thought or friendly talk Our hearts be still with God.
 Be he of ev'-ry heart the light, Of ev'-ry home the guest.

407

CHOOSE SOME HERALDS HERE.

(Sing to 405 or 406.)

1. Our Saviour's voice is soft and sweet, When, bending from above,
He bids us gather round His feet, And calls us by His love.
2. He leads to hear'n where angels dwell, He saves from endless woe;
Our lips, our lives, can never tell How much to Christ we owe.
3. But while our youthful hearts rejoice, That thus He bids us come,
Jesus, we cry with pleading voice, Bring heathen wand'ers home.
4. They never heard the Saviour's name, They have not learnt His way,
They do not know His grace who came To take their sins away.
5. Dear Saviour, let the joyful sound In distant lands be heard;
And oh, wherever sin is found, Send forth Thy par'ning word.
6. And if our lips may breathe the pray'r, Tho' raised in trembling fear,
Oh, let Thy pow'r our hearts prepare, And choose some heralds here.

ELIZABETH PARSON

F. E. BELDEN. (NASHVILLE. L. M. 6L.) Arr. by L. MASON.

1. O ho-ly Book of truth divine! E-ter-nal as thy Maker's name,
2. The dust of time is on thy page, Yet dims no pure and hallow'd tho't,
3. Thou art the life, the joy, the light, The hope of trusting thousands here,

E-ter-nal as thy Maker's name; Tho' countless a-ges of de-cline
Yet dims no pure and hallow'd tho't; In ev'-ry clime, in ev'-ry age
The hope of trusting thousands here Whose faith shall find e-ter-nal sight

Thy glowing truths have stood the same, Thy glowing truths have stood the same.
Have saints thy ho-ly com-fort sought, Have saints thy ho-ly com-fort sought.
Beyond this dreary mor-tal sphere, Beyond this dreary mortal sphere.

4 No other rule by which to live,
¶ No other faith like thine to save; :||
No other hope such peace can give
¶ When near the cold and silent grave. :||

5 O wondrous lamp of promise sweet!
¶ Thy light illumines the trusting soul: ||
With glory that shall be complete
¶ When days and years have ceased
to roll. :||

J. LAWSON.

(8s & 7s.)

JAMES LAWSON.

1. I will fol-low thee, my Sav-iour, Wheresoe'er my lot may be;
2. Tho' the road be rough and thorny, Trackless as the foaming sea,
3. Tho' I meet with trib-u-la-tions, Sore-ly tempt-ed tho' I be;

Where thou go-est I will fol-low; Yes, my Lord, I'll fol-low thee.
Thou hast trod this way be-fore me, And I'll glad-ly fol-low thee.
I re-mem-ber thou wast tempted, And re-joice to fol-low thee.
D.S. And tho' all men should forsake thee, By thy grace I'll follow thee.

Chorus. *D.S.*
I will fol-low thee, my Saviour, Thou didst shed thy blood for me;

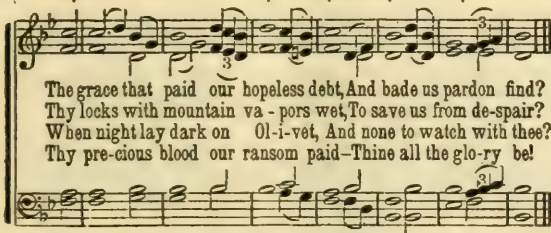
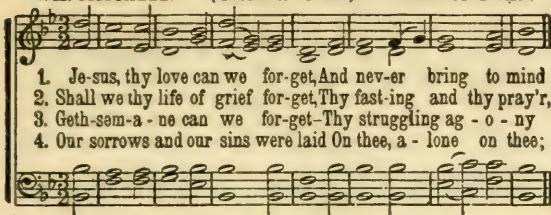
4 Though thou lead'st me thro' affliction,
Poor, forsaken, though I be;
Thou wast destitute, afflicted,
And I only follow thee.

5 Though to Jordan's rolling billows,
Cold and deep, thou ledest me,
Thou hast crossed the waves before me,
And I still will follow thee.

410

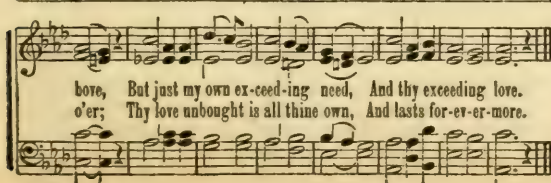
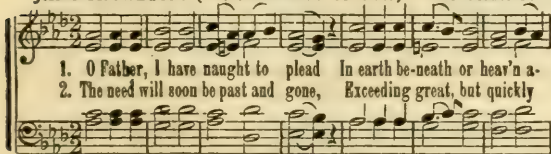
CAN WE FORGET?

WM. MITCHELL. (CHINA. C. M.) TIMOTHY SWAN.



411 MY NEED, AND THY LOVE.

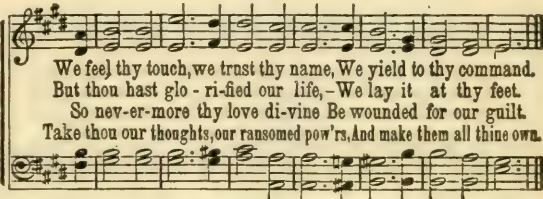
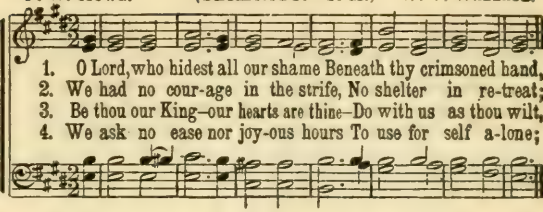
JANE CREWDSON. (FLEMMING. 8s & 6s.) FLEMMING.



412

AT THY FEET.

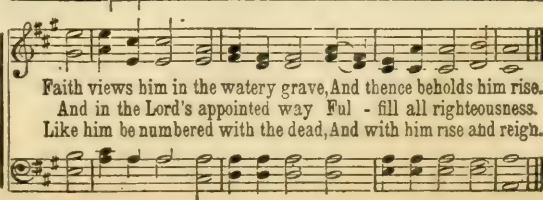
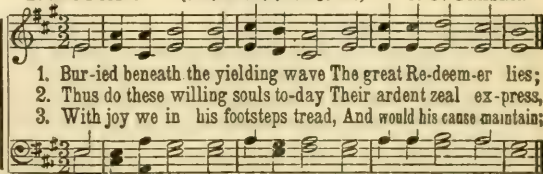
F. W. HOWE. (SERENITY. C. M.) W. V. WALLACE.



413

FAITH VIEWS HIM.

B. BEDDOME. (DENFIELD. C. M.) C. G. GLASER.



414 WITH WILLING HEARTS.

ANON.

(BADEA S. M.)

GERMAN.

1. With willing hearts we tread The path our Sav-iour trod;
2. On thee, on the e a - lone, Our hope and faith re - ly,
3. We trust thy sac - ri - fice, To thy dear cross we flee;

We love th' example of our Head, The glorious Lamb of God.
O thou who wilt for sin a - tone, Who didst for sin - ners die!
O may we die to sin, and rise To life and bliss in thee.

415

WE LIVE ANEW.

ANON.

(NEWELL. C. M.)

UNKNOWN.

1. Baptized into our Saviour's death, Our souls to sin must die; With Christ our
2. There by his Father's side he sits, Enthroned divinely fair; Yet owns him-
3. Rise from these earthly tridles, rise On wings of faith and love; A - bove, our

Lord we live anew, With Christ ascend on high, With Christ ascend on high.
self our Brother still, And our fore-runner there, And our fore-runner there.
choicest treasure lies, - And be our hearts above, And be our hearts a - bove.

416

BLEST BE THE TIE.

J. FAWCETT.

(DENNIS. S. M.)

J. G. NAGELI.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris - tian love!
2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne We pour our ar - dent pray'rs;
3. We share our mu - tual woes, Our mu - tual bur - dens bear;
4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain;

The fel - low - ship of kindred minds Is like to that a - bove.
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our comforts and our cares.
And of - ten for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.
But we shall still be joined in heart And hope to meet a - gain.

417

FORBID THEM NOT.

T. HASTINGS.

(PEORIA. C. M.)

UNKNOWN.

1. "Forbid them not," the Saviour cried, "But suf - fer them to come;"
2. Lord, we be - lieve, and we o - bey; We bring them at thy word;
3. Let not earth's pleasures draw them down; Lord, give them strength to rise,

Ah, then ma - ter - nal tears were dried, And un - be - lief was dumb.
Be thou our children's strength and stay, Their portion and re - ward.
And thro' thy strong, at - tract - ive pow'r, At last to gain the prize.

418

ATTEMPT HIS PRAISE.

THOMAS BLACKLOCK. (LUTON. L. M.)

GEORGE BURDER.

1. Come, O my soul, in sacred lays Attempt thy great Cre-a-tor's praise;
2. Enthroned amid the radiant spheres, He glory like a garment wears;
3. Raised on devotion's lofty wing, Do thou, my soul, his glories sing;

But O what tongue can speak his fame! What mortal verse de-clare his name!
To form a robe of light divine, Ten thousand suns around him shine.
And let his praise employ thy tongue Till list'ning worlds shall join the song.

420

ENDLESS LOVE.

(GRATITUDE. L. M.)

BOST.

1. My God! how end-less is thy love! Thy gifts are ev-'ry evening now;
2. Thou spread'st the curtains of the night, Great Guardian of my sleeping hours!
3. I yield my pow'rs to thy command; To thee I con-se-crate my days;

And morning mer-cies from a-bove, Gen-tly dis-till, like ear-ly dew.
Thy sov'reign word restores the light, And quickens all my drow-sy pow'rs.
Per-pet-u-al bless-ings, from thy hand, Demand per-pet-u-al songs of praise.

419

UNSEEN BUT KNOWN.

RAY PALMER. (BEATITUDO. C. M.)

J. B. DYKES.

1. Je-sus, these eyes have never seen That radiant form of Thine;
2. I see Thee not, I hear Thee not, Yet art Thou oft with me;
3. Like some bright dream that comes unsought, When slumbers o'er me roll,
4. Yet tho' I have not seen, and still Must rest in faith a-lone,

The veil of sense hangs dark between Thy blessed face and mine.
And earth has ne'er so dear a spot, As where I meet with Thee.
Thine im-age ev-er fills my tho't, And charms my ravished soul.
I love Thee, dearest Lord, and will, Un-seen, but not unknown.

421

THE BEST OF DAYS.

REV. J. ELLERTON. (SCHUMANN. S. M.) SCHUMANN.

1. This is the day of rest: Our failing strength re-new;
2. This is the day of peace: Thy peace our spir-its fill;
3. This is the day of pray'r: Let earth to heav'n draw near;
4. This is the best of days: Send forth thy quick'ning breath,

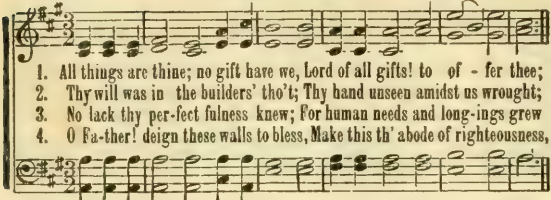
On weary brain and troubled breast Shed thou thy fresh'ning dew.
Bid thou the blasts of discord cease, The waves of strife be still.
Lift up our hearts to seek thee there; Come down to meet us here.
And wake dead souls to love and praise, O Vanquisher of death!

422 ALL THINGS ARE THINE.

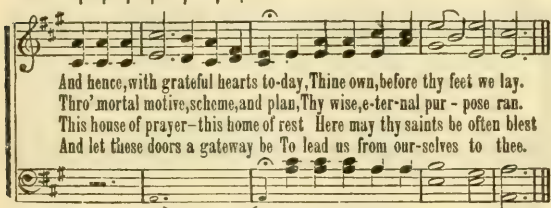
ANON.

(WARE. L. M.)

GEO. KINGSLEY



1. All things are thine; no gift have we, Lord of all gifts! to - of - fer thee;
 2. Thy will was in the builders' tho't; Thy hand unseen amidst us wrought;
 3. No lack thy per-fect fulness knew; For human needs and long-ings grew
 4. O Fa-ther! deign these walls to bless, Make this th' abode of righteousness,



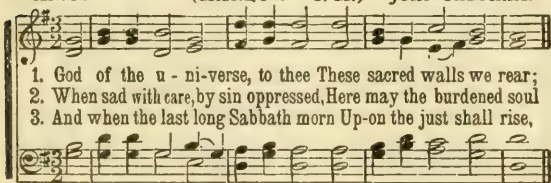
And hence, with grateful hearts to-day, Thine own, before thy feet we lay.
 Thro' mortal motive, scheme, and plan, Thy wise, e-ter-nal pur - pose ran.
 This house of prayer - this home of rest Here may thy saints be often blest
 And let these doors a gateway be To lead us from our-selves to thee.

423 THY PRESENCE HERE.

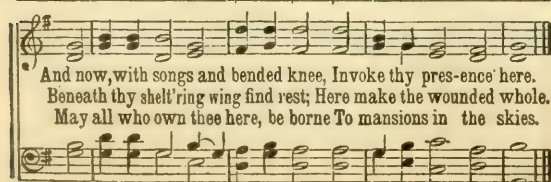
ANON.

(MARLOW C. M.)

JOHN CHETHAM.



1. God of the u - ni-verse, to thee These sacred walls we rear;
 2. When sad with care, by sin oppressed, Here may the burdened soul
 3. And when the last long Sabbath morn Up-on the just shall rise,



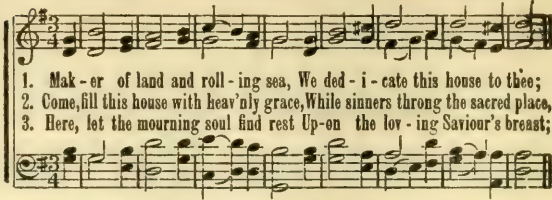
And now, with songs and bended knee, Invoke thy pres-ence here.
 Beneath thy shell'ring wing find rest; Here make the wounded whole.
 May all who own thee here, be borne To mansions in the skies.

424 WE DEDICATE TO THEE.

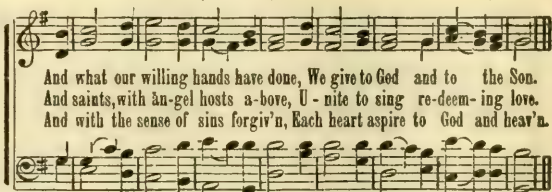
D. C. EDDY.

(ANGELS. L. M.)

O. GIBBONS.



1. Mak - er of land and roll - ing sea, We ded - i - cate this house to thee;
 2. Come, fill this house with heav'nly grace, While sinners throng the sacred place,
 3. Here, let the mourning soul find rest Up-on the lov - ing Saviour's breast;



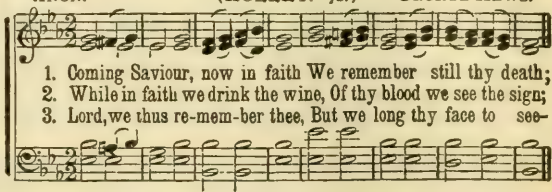
And what our willing hands have done, We give to God and to the Son.
 And saints, with An-gel hosts a-bove, U - nite to sing re-deem-ing love.
 And with the sense of sins forgiv'n, Each heart aspire to God and heav'n.

425 COMING SAVIOUR.

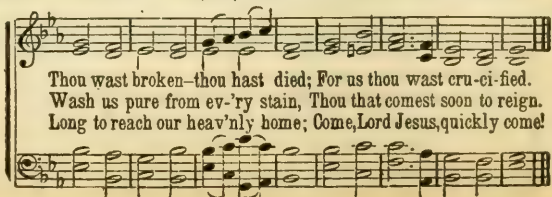
ANON.

(HOLLEY. 7s.)

GEORGE HEWS.



1. Coming Saviour, now in faith We remember still thy death;
 2. While in faith we drink the wine, Of thy blood we see the sign;
 3. Lord, we thus re-mem-ber thee, But we long thy face to see-



Thou wast broken - thou hast died; For us thou wast cru-ci-fied.
 Wash us pure from ev'-ry stain, Thou that comest soon to reign.
 Long to reach our heav'nly home; Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come!

426

GOD MADE THEM.

CECIL ALEXANDER. (EDEN. 7s & 6s.) ST. ALBAN'S.

1. Each lit - tle flow'r that o - pens, Each lit - tle bird that sings;
 2. The pur - ple-head-ed mountain, The riv - er run-ning by,
 3. The cold wind in the win-ter, The pleas-ant summer sun,
 4. He gave us eyes to see them, And lips that we might tell

God made their glowing col-ors, He made their ti - ny wings;
 The sun - set and the morning, That brighten up the sky;
 The ripe fruits in the gar-den, God made them ev - 'ry one.
 How great is God Al-might-y, Who has made all things well,

427

PRAISE HIM.

SIR HENRY BAKER. (MONKLAND. 7s.) ARRANGED.

1. Praise, O praise our God and King! Hymns of ad-o-ra - tion sing;
 2. Praise him that he made the sun, Day by day his course to run,
 3. Praise him for our harvest-store; He hath fill'd the garner floor;

For his mer-cies still en-dure, Ev - er faith-ful, ev - er sure.
 And the sil-ver moon by night, Shining with her gen-tle light.
 And for rich-er Food than this, Pledge of ev - er - last-ing bliss.

428

THE SPRING-TIDE.

REV. J. MONSELL. (RAPHAEL. C. M.) DONIZETTI.

1. The spring-tide hour brings leaf and flow'r, With songs of life and love,
 2. Dew drops fall apace, - the dews of grace, - On souls made sad by sin;
 3. As year by year the flow'rs appear, And birds their praises sing,
 4. Lord, let thy love, fresh from above, Soft as the south wind blow,

And many a lay to cheer the day In many a leaf-y grove.
 And love di-vine delights to shine Up-on the waste with-in.
 Why not, my heart, bear well thy part, In nature's joyous spring?
 Till my heart bloom in sweet perfume, And fragrant spices flow.

429

WE THANK THEE.

(HURSLEY. L. M.) PETER RITTER.

1. Fa-ther, we thank thee for the night, And for the pleasant morning light;
 2. Help us to do the things we should, To be to oth-ers kind and good;

For rest, and food, and lov-ing care, And all that makes the day so fair.
 In all we do, at work or play, To grow more lov-ing ev - 'ry day.

430 ANOTHER SIX DAYS' WORK.

S. STENNETT. (HEBRON. L. M.) L. MASON.

1. An - oth - er six days' work is done, An - oth - er Sab - bath is be - gun;
 2. Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns So sweet a rest to wea - ry minds:
 3. O that our thoughts and thanks may rise As grateful incense to the skies,
 4. This heav'nly calm within the breast Is the best pledge of glorious rest,

Re - turn, my soul, en - joy thy rest, Im - prove the day that God has blessed.
 A bless - ed an - te - past is giv'n, On this day more than all the sev'n.
 And draw from Christ that sweet repose Which none but he who feels it knows.
 Which for the church of God remains, The end of cares, the end of pains.

431 WELCOME, WELCOME.

ANON. (PLEYEL. 7S.) IGNACE PLEYEL.

1. Wel - come, wel come, day of rest, To the world in kind - ness giv'n;
 2. Day of calm and sweet re - pose, Gen - tly now thy mo - ments run;
 3. Ho - ly day that most we prize, Day of sol - emn praise and prayer,

Wel - come to this hum - ble breast, As the beam - ing light from heaven.
 Balm to soothe our cares and woes, Till our la - bor here is done.
 Day to make the sim - ple wise, O, how great thy blessings are!

432 HOW SWEET!

MRS. FOLLEN. (ELIZABETHTOWN. C. M.) KINGSLEY.

1. How sweet up - on this sa - cred day, The best of all the sev'n,
 2. How sweet the words of peace to hear From him to whom 'tis giv'n
 3. And if to make our sins de - part, In vain the will has striv'n,

To cast our earth - ly thoughts a - way, And think of God and heav'n!
 To wake the pen - i - ten - tial tear, And lead the way to heav'n!
 He who re - gards tho in - most heart Will send his grace from heav'n.

433 COME, FEED THY SHEEP.

WM. MASON. (HERBERT. C. M.) L. MASON.

1. Come, dearest Lord, and feed thy sheep, On this sweet day of rest; O bless this
 2. Welcome and precious to my soul Are these sweet days of love, But what a
 3. O, if my soul, when Christ appears, In this sweet frame be found, I'll clasp my

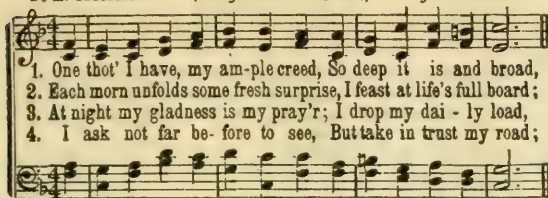
flock, and make this fold Enjoy a heav'nly rest, En - joy a heav'nly rest.
 Sab - bath shall I keep When I shall rest a - bove, When I shall rest a - bove!
 Sav - iour in my arms, And leave this earthly ground, And leave this earthly ground!

434 THE THOUGHT OF GOD

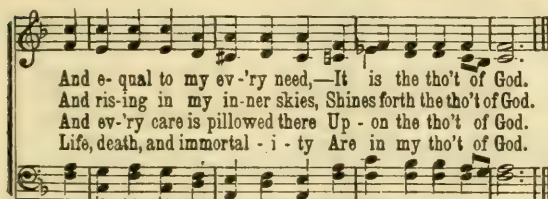
F. L. HOSMER.

(ST. JOHN'S. C. M.)

JAMES TURLER.



1. One tho't I have, my am-ple creed, So deep it is and broad,
2. Each morn unfolds some fresh surprise, I feast at life's full board;
3. At night my gladness is my pray'r; I drop my dai-ly load,
4. I ask not far be-fore to see, But take in trust my road;



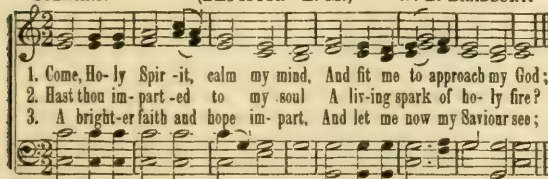
And e-qual to my ev'-ry need,—It is the tho't of God.
And ris-ing in my in-ner skies, Shines forth the tho't of God.
And ev'-ry care is pillowed there Up-on the tho't of God.
Life, death, and immortal-i-ty Are in my tho't of God.

435 CALM MY MIND.

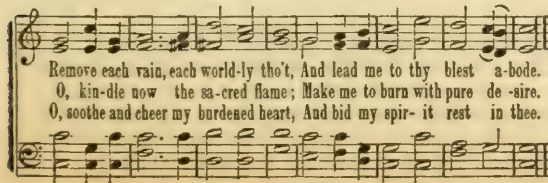
STEWART.

(ZEPHYR. L. M.)

W. B. BRADBURY.



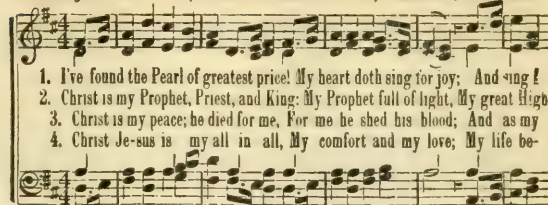
1. Come, Ho-ly Spir-it, calm my mind, And fit me to approach my God;
2. Hast thou im-part-ed to my soul A liv-ing spark of ho-ly fire?
3. A bright-er faith and hope im-part, And let me now my Sav-ior see;



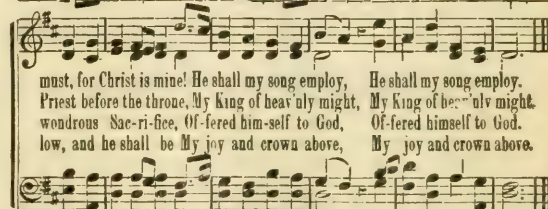
Remove each vain, each world-ly tho't, And lead me to thy blest a-bode.
O, kin-dle now the sa-cred flame; Make me to burn with pure de-sire.
O, soothe and cheer my burdened heart, And bid my spir-it rest in thee.

436 I'VE FOUND THE PEARL.

REV. JOHN MASON. (CHRISTMAS. C. M.) GEO. F. HANDEL.



1. I've found the Pearl of greatest price! My heart doth sing for joy; And sing!
2. Christ is my Prophet, Priest, and King: My Prophet full of light, My great High
3. Christ is my peace; he died for me, For me he shed his blood; And as my
4. Christ Je-sus is my all in all, My comfort and my love; My life be-



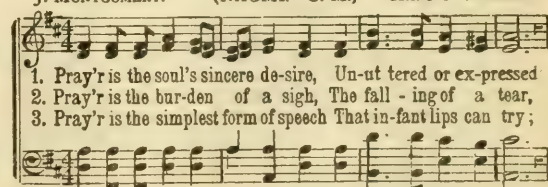
must, for Christ is mine! He shall my song employ, He shall my song employ.
Priest before the throne, My King of heav-ly might, My King of heav-ly might.
wondrous Sac-ri-fice, Of-fered him-self to God, Of-fered himself to God.
low, and he shall be My joy and crown above, My joy and crown above.

437 PRAYER.

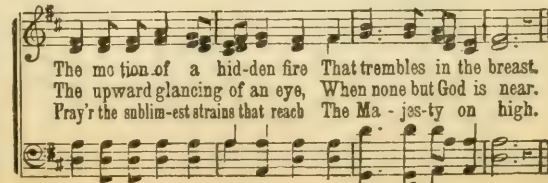
J. MONTGOMERY.

(NAOMI. C. M.)

HANS G. NAEGLI.



1. Pray'r is the soul's sincere de-sire, Un-ut-tered or ex-pressed
2. Pray'r is the bur-den of a sigh, The fall-ing of a tear,
3. Pray'r is the simplest form of speech That in-fant lips can try;



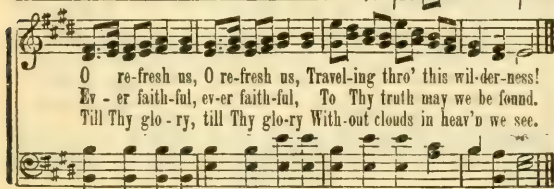
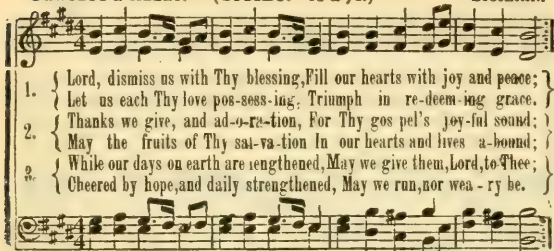
The mo-tion of a hid-den fire That trembles in the breast.
The up-ward glancing of an eye, When none but God is near.
Pray'r the sublim-est strains that reach The Ma-jes-ty on high.

438

LORD, DISMISS US.

FAWCETT & KELLY. (SICILY. 8s & 7s.)

SICILIAN.

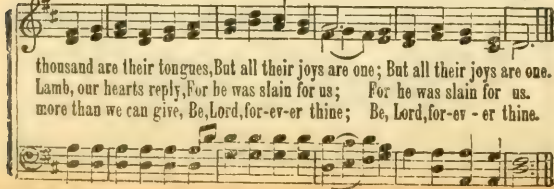
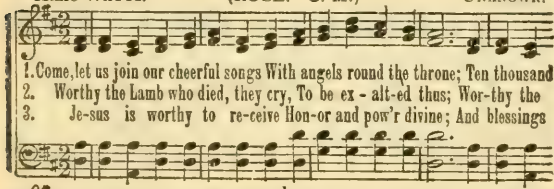
439⁸⁵⁵

JOIN OUR SONGS.

ISAAC WATTS.

(ROSE. C. M.)

UNKNOWN.



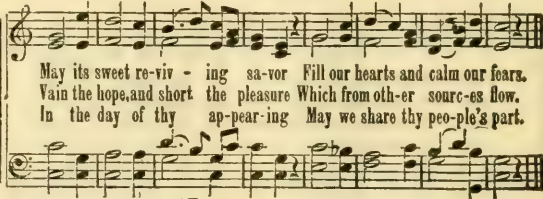
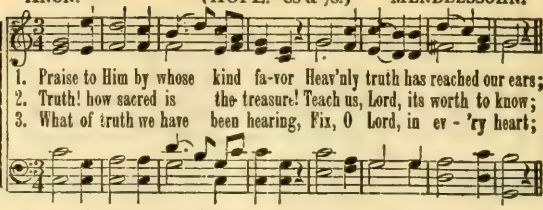
440

PRAISE FOR TRUTH.

ANON.

(HOPE. 8s & 7s.)

MENDELSSOHN.



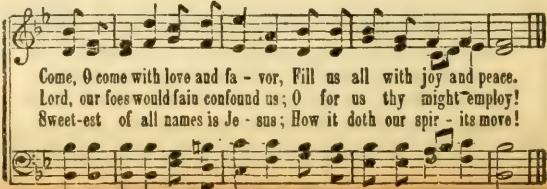
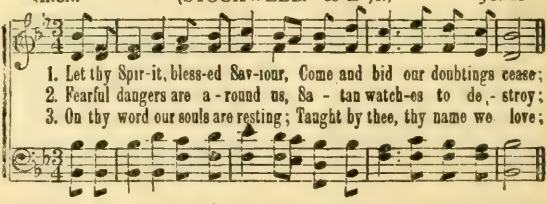
441

BID OUR DOUBTINGS CEASE.

ANON.

(STOCKWELL. 8s & 7s.)

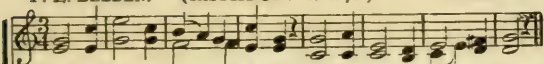
JONES.



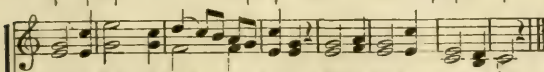
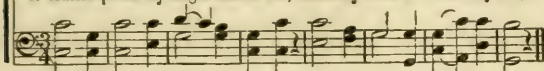
F. E. BELDEN.

(RATHBUN. 8s & 7s.)

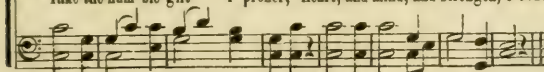
I. CONKEY.



1. God of light and matchless splendor, Fee-ble tho' the praise we bring,
2. Hear'n a-bove can-not con-tain thee; At thy pres-ence earth would flee;
3. Grateful praise my tongue shall of-fer, 'Neath thy smile or 'neath thy rod;



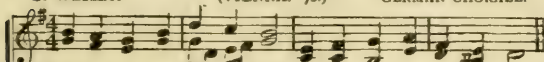
Let thy Spir - it touch and tender Ev-'ry heart as now we sing.
And tho' ev - 'ry sin doth pain thee; Still thy mer-cy spareth me!
Take the hum-ble gift I proffer, -Heart, and mind, and strength, O God!



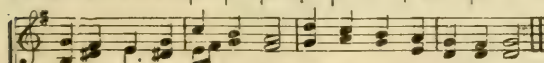
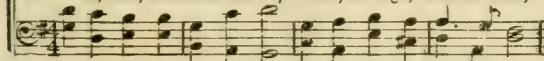
C. WESLEY.

(VIENNA. 7s.)

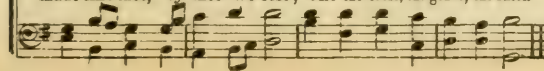
GERMAN CHORALE.



1. Christ is ris'n, our Lord and King, Let the whole cre-a-tion sing;
2. Vain the stone, the watch, the seal, Christ the mighty, to con-ceal;
3. Lead us, Lord, where thou hast led, -Thou, our High, exalt-ed Head;



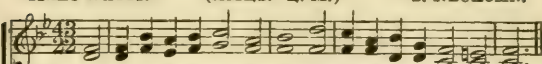
Raise your joys and triumphs high; Sing, ye heav'ns, let earth re- ply.
Death in vain for-bids him rise, He hath opened par-a-dise.
Made like thee, by thee we rise; Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.



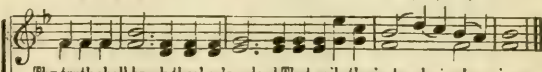
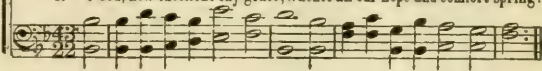
ISAAC WATTS.

(AMES. L. M.)

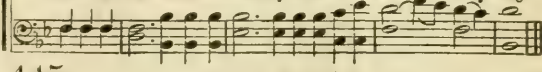
S. NEUKOMN.



1. High in the heav'ns, e-ter-nal God, Thy goodness in full glo - ry shines;
2. For - ev - er firm thy justice stands, As mountains their foundations keep;
3. O God, how excellent thy grace, Whence all our hope and comfort spring!



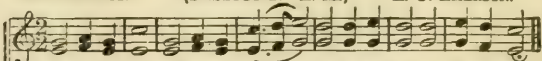
Thy truth shall break thro' ev'ry cloud That veils thy just and wise de - signs.
Wise as the won-ders of thy hands, Thy judgments are a might - y deep.
The sons of Ad-am, in dis-tress, Fly to the shadow of thy wing.



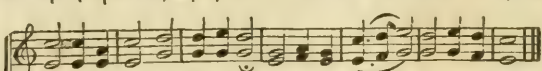
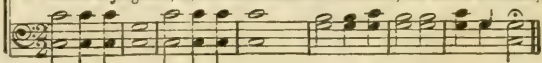
ISAAC WATTS.

(SESSIONS. L. M.)

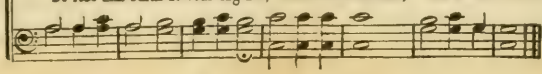
L. O. EMERSON.



1. He reigns! the Lord, the Saviour reigns! Sing to his name in loft-y strains,
2. Deep are his coun-sels, and un-known, But grace and truth support his throne;
3. In-robes of judgment, lo, he comes! Shakes the wide earth, and clears the tombs;

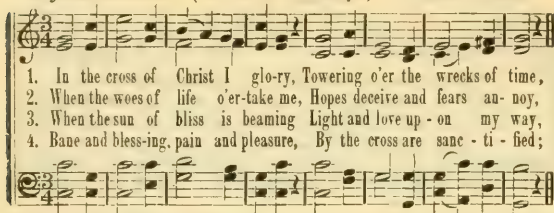


Let all the saints in songs rejoice, And in his praise ex-alt their voice.
Tho' gloomy clouds his way surround, Jus-tice is their e-ter-nal ground.
Be-fore him burns de-vour-ing fire, The mountains melt, the seas re-tire.

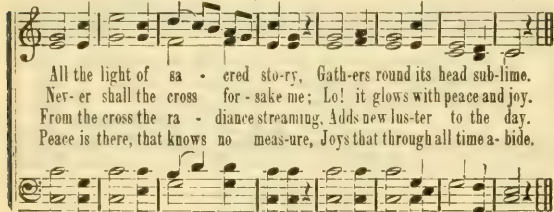


446 IN THE CROSS OF CHRIST.

Sir JOHN BOWRING. (RATHBUN. 8s. 7s.) ITHAMAR CONKEY.



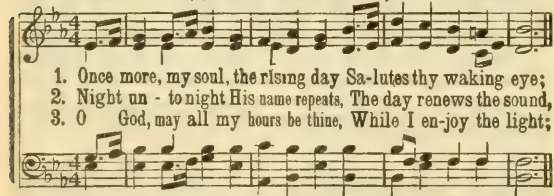
1. In the cross of Christ I glo-ry, Towering o'er the wrecks of time,
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes deceive and fears an- noy,
3. When the sun of bliss is beaming Light and love up- on my way,
4. Bane and bless- ing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are sanc- ti- fied;



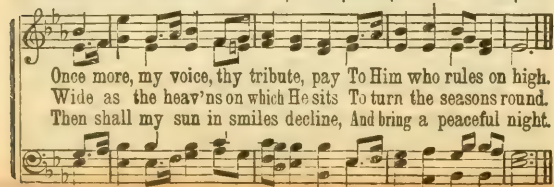
All the light of sa- cred sto-ry, Gath-ers round its head sub-lime.
Nev-er shall the cross for- sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
From the cross the ra- diance streaming, Adds new lus-ter to the day.
Peace is there, that knows no meas-ure, Joys that through all time a- bide.

447 THE RISING DAY.

C. WESLEY. (LITCHFIELD. C. M.) L. MASON.



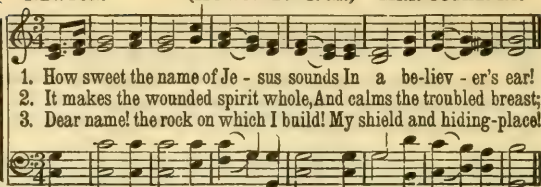
1. Once more, my soul, the rising day Sa-lutes thy waking eye;
2. Night un- to night His name repeats, The day renews the sound,
3. O God, may all my hours be thine, While I en-joy the light;



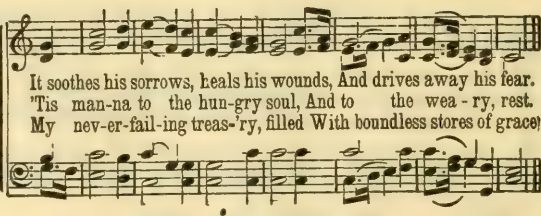
Once more, my voice, thy tribute, pay To Him who rules on high.
Wide as the heav-ns on which He sits To turn the seasons round.
Then shall my sun in smiles decline, And bring a peaceful night.

448 HOW SWEET THE NAME!

NEWTON. (HOWARD. C. M.) MRS. CUTHBERT.



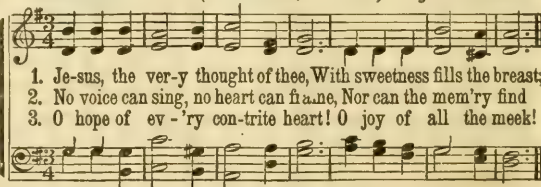
1. How sweet the name of Je- sus sounds In a be-liev-er's ear!
2. It makes the wounded spirit whole, And calms the troubled breast;
3. Dear name! the rock on which I build! My shield and hiding-place!



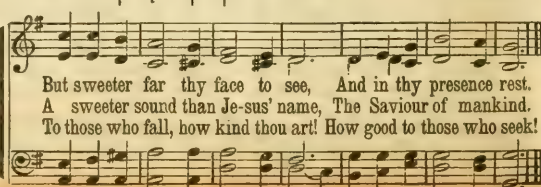
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds, And drives away his fear.
'Tis man-na to the hun-gry soul, And to the wea-ry, rest.
My nev-er-fail-ing treas-ry, filled With boundless stores of grace!

449 THE THOUGHT OF THEE.

BERNARD. (ST. AGNES. C. M.) J. B. DYKES.



1. Je-sus, the ver-y thought of thee, With sweetness fills the breast;
2. No voice can sing, no heart can fane, Nor can the mem'ry find
3. O hope of ev-'ry con-trite heart! O joy of all the meek!



But sweeter far thy face to see, And in thy presence rest.
A sweeter sound than Je-sus' name, The Saviour of mankind.
To those who fall, how kind thou art! How good to those who seek!

450 A THOUSAND TONGUES.

ISAAC WATTS. (CHRISTMAS. C. M.) G. F. HANDEL.

1. O for a thousand tongues to sing My great Redeemer's praise! The
 2. Je - sus, the name that calms our fears, That bids our sorrows cease, — 'Tis
 3. He breaks the pow'r of cancelled sin, He sets the pris - ner free; His
 4. He speaks, and list'ning to his voice, New life the dead re - ceive; Tho

glories of my God and King, The triumphs of his grace, The triumphs of his grace.
 music in the sinner's ears, 'Tis life, and health, and peace, 'Tis life, and health, and peace.
 blood can make the foulest clean. His blood avails for me, His blood avails for me.
 mournful, broken hearts rejoice, The humble poor believe, The humble poor believe.

451 BEFORE JEHOVAH'S THRONE.

I. WATTS. (DUKE STREET. L. M.) HATTON.

1. Before Je-ho-vah's aw - ful throne, Ye nations bow with a - cred joy;
 2. We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs, High as the heav'n's our voices raise;
 3. Wide as the world is thy com mand, Vast as e - ter - ni - ty thy love;

Know that the Lord is God a - lone; He can cre - ate, and he de - stroy.
 And earth, with her ten thousand tongues, Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
 Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand, When rolling years shall cease to move.

452 JOY OF LOVING HEARTS.

BERNARD. (MIGDOL. L. M.) LOWELL MASON.

1. Je - sus, thou joy of lov - ing hearts! Thon fount of life! thon light of men!
 2. We taste thee, O thou Living Bread, And long to feast up - on thee still;
 3. Our restless spirits yearn for thee, Where'er our change - ful lot is cast;
 4. O Je - sus, ev - er with us stay; Make all our mo - ments calm and bright;

From the best bliss that earth imparts, We turn a - fill'd to thee a - gain.
 We drink of thee, the Fountain-head, And thirst our souls from thee to fill.
 Glad, when thy gracious smile we see, Blest, when our faith can hold thee fast.
 Chase the dark night of sin a - way, Shed o'er the world thy ho - ly light!

453 SING OF JESUS FOREVER.

THOMAS KELLY. (8, 8, 8, 4.) German Melody.

1. Sing of Je - sus, sing for - ev - er, Of the love that changes
 2. With His precious blood He bought us; When we knew Him not, He
 3. Thro' the des - ert drear He leads us, With the bread of heav'n He

never; Who or what from Him can sever Those He makes His own?
 sought us, And from all our wand'rings bro't us: His the praise a - lone.
 feeds us, And thro' all the journey speeds us To His glo - rious throne.

454 COME, LET US SING.

J. MONTGOMERY. (RUSSIA. L. M.)

RUSSIAN.

1. Come, let us sing the song of songs, - The an-gels first be-gan the strain, -
2. Slain to re-deem us by his blood, To cleanse from ev-'ry sin - ful stain,
3. Long as we live, and when we die, And while in heav'n with him we reign,

The homage which to Christ belongs: "Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!"
And make us kings and priests to God: "Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!"
This song our song of songs shall be: "Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!"

455 WITH REVERENCE.

WATTS. (HARVEY'S CHANT. C. M.) BRADBURY.

1. With rev'rence let the saints appear, And bow be-fore the Lord; His high com-
2. Sing, all ye ransomed of the Lord, Your great De-liv-'rer sing; Ye pilgrims
3. O Je-sus, Lord of earth and heav'n, Our life and joy, to thee Be hon-or,

mands with rev'rence hear, And tremble at his word, And tremble at his word.
now for Zi-on bound, Be joy-ful in your King, Be joy-ful in your King.
thanks, and blessing giv'n Thro' all e-ter-ni - ty, Thro' all e-ter-ni - ty.

456

HOW PLEASANT.

WATTS.

(BURTON. L. M.)

WOODBURY.

1. How pleasant, how di-vine - ly fair, O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are!
2. Blest are the souls that find a place With-in the tem-ple of thy grace;
3. Blest are the men whose hearts are set To find the way to Zi-on's gate:

With long desire my spir - it faints To meet th' assemblies of the saints.
There they behold thy gen - tle rays, And seek thy face and learn thy praise.
God is their strength; and thro' the road They lean up-on their helper, God.

457 FROM EVERY PLACE.

JOHN PIERPONT. (WARREN. L. M.) V. C. TAYLOR.

1. O thou to whom, in ancient time, The psalmist's sa-cred harp was strung,
2. From ev'ry place below the skies, The grate-ful song, the fervent prayer -
3. To thee shall age, with snowy hair, And strength, and beauty, bend the knee,

Whom kings adored in songs sublime, And prophets praised with glowing tongue,
The incense of the heart - may rise To heav'n, and find acceptance there.
And childhood lip with rev'rent air Its praises and its prayers to thee.

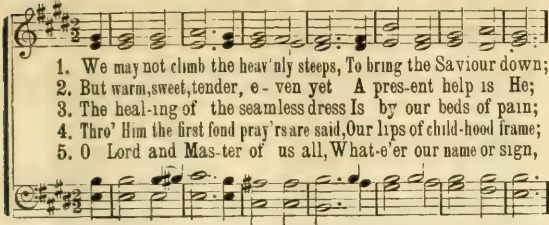
458

A PRESENT HELP.

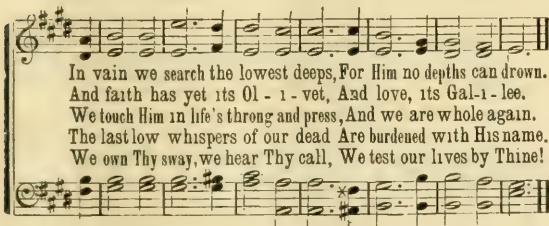
WHITTIER.

(SERENITY, C. M.)

WM. WALLACE.



1. We may not climb the heav'nly steeps, To bring the Saviour down;
2. But warm, sweet, tender, e- ven yet A pres-ent help is He;
3. The heal-ing of the seamless dress Is by our beds of pain;
4. Thro' Him the first fond pray'rs are said, Our lips of child-hood frame;
5. O Lord and Mas-ter of us all, What-e'er our name or sign,



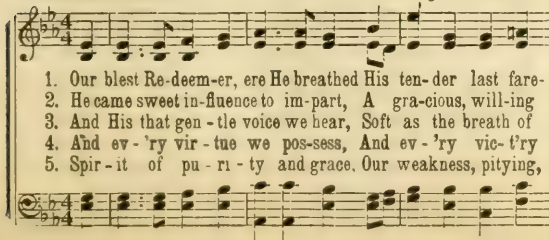
In vain we search the lowest deeps, For Him no depths can drown.
And faith has yet its Ol - i - vet, And love, its Gal - i - lee.
We touch Him in life's throng and press, And we are whole again.
The last low whispers of our dead Are burdened with His name.
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call, We test our lives by Thine!

459 THE COMFORTER WITH US.

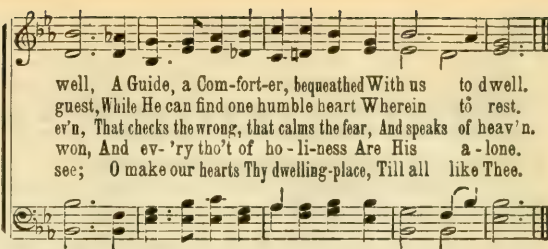
(ST. CUTHBERT. 8. 6, 8, 4.)

HARRIET AUBER.

J. B. DYKES.



1. Our blest Re-deem-er, ere He breathed His ten-der last fare-
2. He came sweet in-fluence to im-part, A gra-cious, will-ing
3. And His that gen-tle voice we hear, Soft as the breath of
4. And ev-'ry vir-tue we pos-sess, And ev-'ry vic-t'ry
5. Spir-it of pu-ri-ty and grace. Our weakness, pitying,



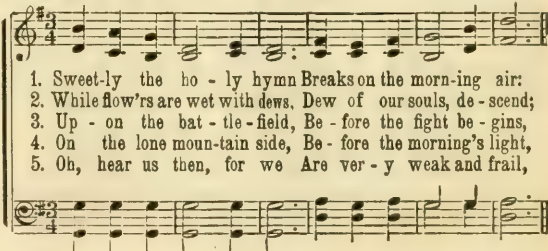
well, A Guide, a Com-fort-er, bequeath'd With us to dwell.
guest, While He can find one humble heart Wherein to rest.
er'n, That checks the wrong, that calms the fear, And speaks of heav'n.
won, And ev-'ry tho't of ho-li-ness Are His a-lone.
see; O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place, Till all like Thee.

460 SWEETLY THE HOLY HYMN.

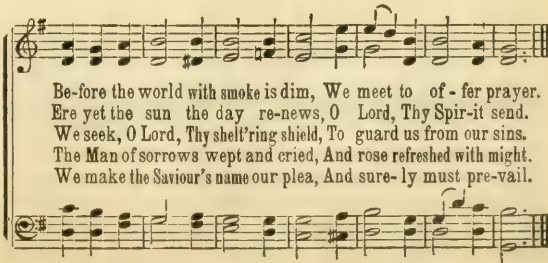
(GREENWOOD. S. M.)

REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

JOSEPH E. SWEETSER.

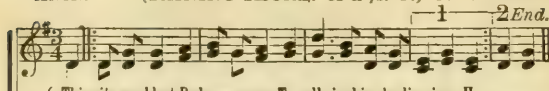


1. Sweet-ly the ho - ly hymn Breaks on the morn-ing air:
2. While flow'rs are wet with dews, Dew of our souls, de-scend;
3. Up - on the bat-tle-field, Be - fore the fight be-gins,
4. On the lone moun-tain side, Be - fore the morning's light,
5. Oh, hear us then, for we Are ver - y weak and frail,

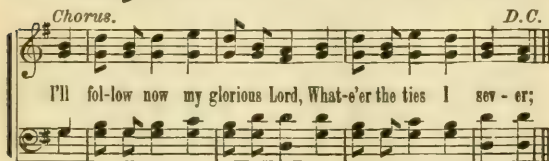
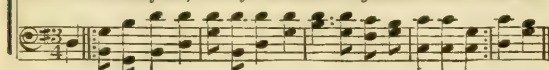


Be-fore the world with smoke is dim, We meet to of-fer prayer.
Ere yet the sun the day re-news, O Lord, Thy Spir-it send.
We seek, O Lord, Thy shelt'ring shield, To guard us from our sins.
The Man of sorrows wept and cried, And rose refreshed with might.
We make the Saviour's name our plea, And sure-ly must pre-vail.

ANON. (SHINING SHORE. 8s & 7s. P.) G. F. ROOT.



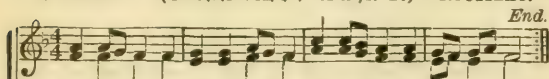
1. { This rite our blest Redeemer gave To all in him be-liev-ing; He
bids us seek this hallowed grave, To his ex-am-ple (*Omit.*) cleaving.
D. C.—He saves my soul, he's left his word To guide me now and ever.



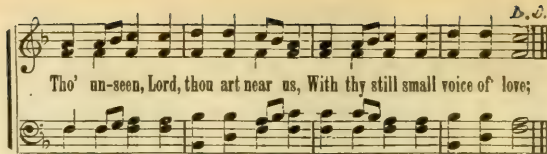
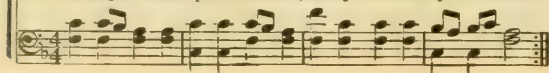
- 2 For me the cross and shame to bear, 3 Jesus to thee we yield our all;
Dear Saviour, thou wast willing; In thy kind arms enfold us;
Nor would I shrink thy yoke to wear, Our hearts are fixed,—no fears appall,
All righteousness fulfilling. Thy gracious power shall hold us.

462 IN SWEET COMMUNION.

E. DENNY. (GREENVILLE. 8s & 7s. D.) ROUSSEAU.



1. { While in sweet communion feed-ing On this earthly bread and wine, }
{ Sav-iour, may we see thee bleeding On the cross, to make us thine. }
D. C.—Whisper words of peace to cheer us, Ev'ry doubt and fear remove.



- 2 Bring before us all the story
Of thy life, and death of woe;
And, with hopes of endless glory,
Wear our hearts from all below.
Draw us nearer and still nearer
To thy pierc'd and bleeding side,
Till our view of self grows clearer
In the light of Him who died.

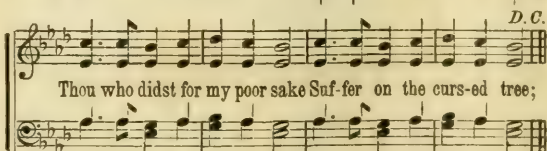
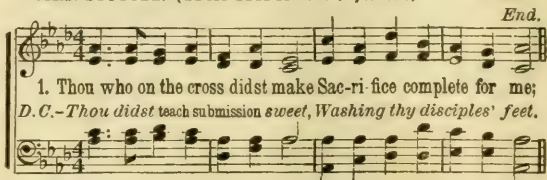
462½

- 1 From the table now retiring,
Which for us the Lord hath spread,
May our souls refreshment finding,
Grow in all things like our Head.
His example while beholding,
May our lives his image bear;
Him our Lord and Master calling,
His commands may we revere.
- ANON.

463

SUBMISSION SWEET.

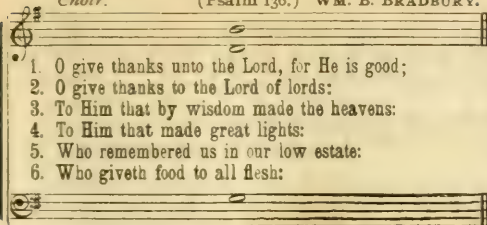
MRS. STUTTLE. (SPANISH HYMN. 7s. 6L.) SPANISH.



- 2 O my soul! and shalt thou scorn
Thus to do as He hath done?—
Thou a wretched, dying worm:
He the blessed, sinless One!—
Gladly would I wash his feet,
Bowing in submission sweet.
- 3 Such a joy may not be mine,
Thus to prove my love for thee;
Such a privilege divine
Thou hast never given me;
But, in blest submission sweet,
Kneel I at thy servant's feet.

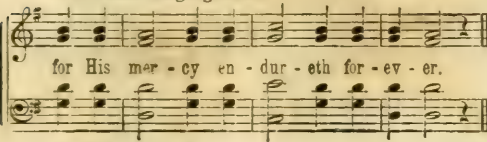
464 HIS MERCY ENDURETH.

Choir. (Psalm 136.) WM. B. BRADBURY.



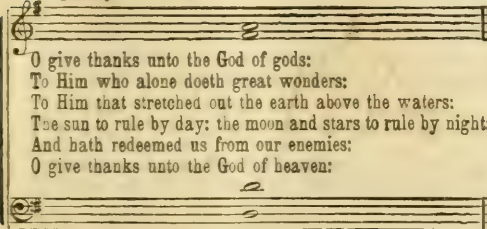
1. O give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good;
 2. O give thanks to the Lord of lords:
 3. To Him that by wisdom made the heavens:
 4. To Him that made great lights:
 5. Who remembered us in our low estate:
 6. Who giveth food to all flesh:

Choir and Congregation.



for His mer - cy en - dur - eth for - ev - er.

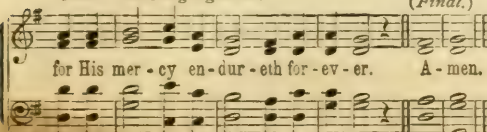
Choir.



O give thanks unto the God of gods:
 To Him who alone doeth great wonders:
 To Him that stretched out the earth above the waters:
 The sun to rule by day: the moon and stars to rule by night:
 And hath redeemed us from our enemies:
 O give thanks unto the God of heaven:

Choir and Congregation.

(Final.)



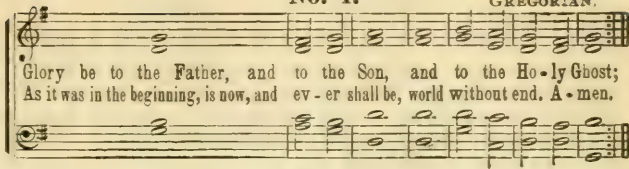
for His mer - cy en - dur - eth for - ev - er. A - men.

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465 GLORY BE TO THE FATHER.

No. 1.

GREGORIAN.

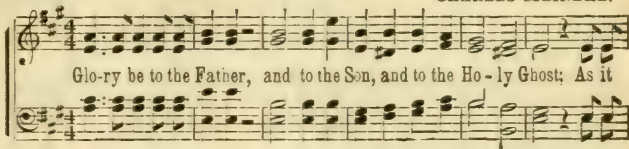


Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost;
 As it was in the beginning, is now, and ev - er shall be, world without end. A - men.

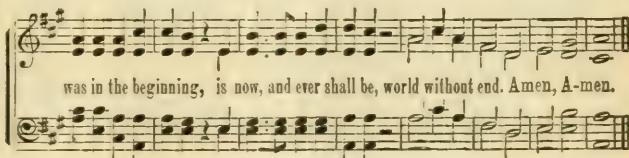
466

No. 2.

CHARLES MEINEKE.



Glo - ry be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost; As it

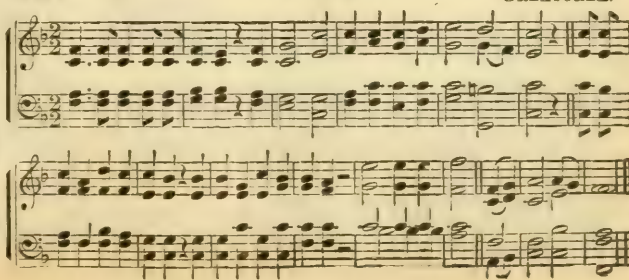


was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen, A - men.

467

No. 3.

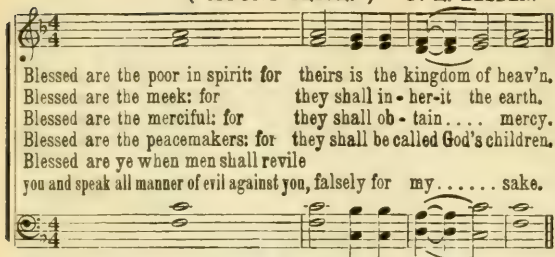
GREATOREX.



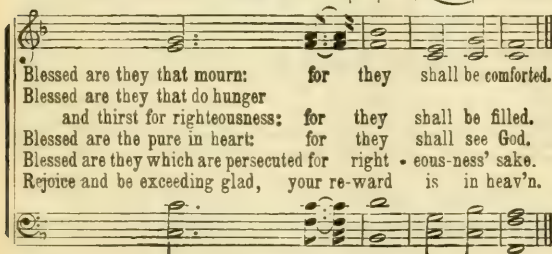
468

THE BEATITUDES.

("MOUNT OLIVE.") F. E. BELDEN.



Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heav'n.
 Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.
 Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain . . . mercy.
 Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called God's children.
 Blessed are ye when men shall revile
 you and speak all manner of evil against you, falsely for my . . . sake.

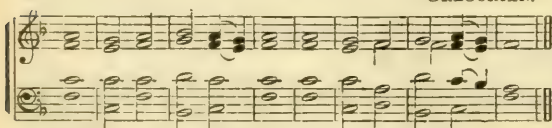


Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.
 Blessed are they that do hunger
 and thirst for righteousness: for they shall be filled.
 Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.
 Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake.
 Rejoice and be exceeding glad, your reward is in heav'n.

469

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

GREGORIAN.



1. Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name;
 Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven;
2. Give us this day our daily bread;
 And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors;
3. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil;
 For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. Amen.

470

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

THOMAS KEN.

GUILLAUME FRANC.



Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here below;



Praise Him above, ye heav'nly host; Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

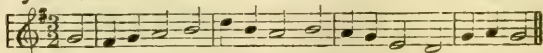
471

THANKS AT MEALS.

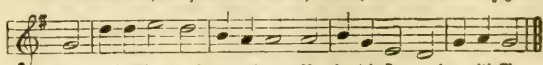
(ROCKINGHAM. L. M.)

JOHN CENNICK.

LOWELL MASON.



1. Be present at our table, Lord, Be here and ev'rywhere adored;
2. We thank Thee, Lord, for this our food, For life, and health, and ev'ry good:

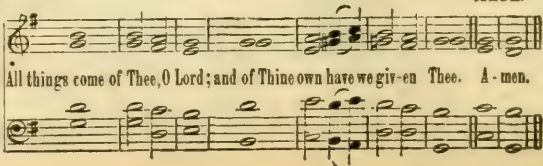


These mercies bless, and grant that we May feast in Paradise with Thee.
 Let manna to our souls be giv'n, - The Bread of Life sent down from heav'n.

472

ON PRESENTATION OF OFFERING.

ANON.



All things come of Thee, O Lord; and of Thine own have we giv'en Thee. Amen.

PART III.

Service and Dependence.

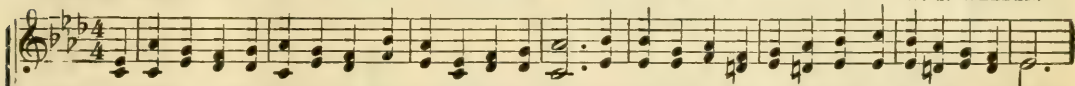
473

THE WILL, THE WILL OF CHRIST.

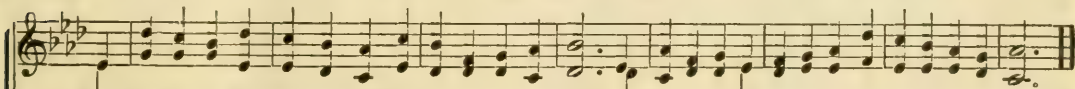
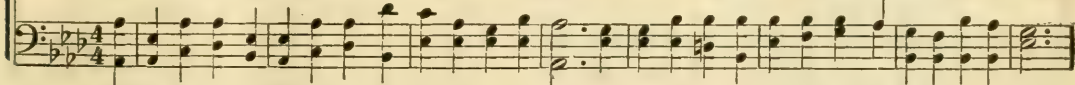
"It is God which worketh in you both to will and to do of His good pleasure."—Phil. 2: 13.

AMOS R. WELLS.

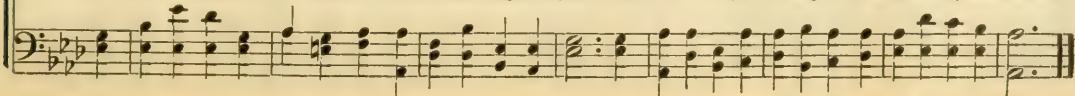
W. S. WEEDEN.



1. Around the world the chorus rings, And hands are joined with hands; A Brother-hood of Service sings In all the hap-py lands;
2. In crowd-ed town or lone-ly plain, 'Mid man-y friends or few, With man's applause or man's disdain, To one allegiance true,
3. When proud Ambition gilds her goal, When Ease to slumber calls, When silken Mammon lures the soul To rainbow-tinted balls,
4. And when at last the golden years Have brought the crowning day, When toil and trial, pain and fears, For-ev-er pass a-way,



U-ni-ted sounds the watchword still That ev-er has sufficed: "The will, the will, the blessed will! The will of Jesus Christ!"
That sole de-sire their hearts could fill, Tho' all the earth en-ticed: The will, the will, the precious will! The will of Jesus Christ!"
The Broth-er-hood of Serv-ice still Ex-alts the Pearl unpriced: The will, the will, the ho-ly will! The will of Jesus Christ!"
Up - on the sum-mit of the hill Is One that keepeth tryst: 'Tis He, the Will, the liv-ing Will! Our Master, Jesus Christ!"



SAVED TO SERVE.

F. E. B.

"With good will doing service, as to the Lord, and not to men."— Eph. 6:7.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. Saved to serve in an - y sta - tion, Saved to make his goodness known; Saved to sing His
 2. Saved to show by lov - ing kind - ness That His love is full and free; Saved to lead from
 3. Saved to lift my low - est broth - ers, As the High - est lift - ed me; Cru - ci - fied with

CHORUS.

great sal - va - tion, Saved to live for Him a - lone.
 er - ror's blindness With a ten - der sym - pa - thy. Saved to serve; no re - serve; Saved to
 Him, that oth - ers May have im - mor - tal - i - ty.

wear His yoke a - lone: Work and praise, all my days, Here and round His glorious throne.

FANNY J. CROSEY.

"Thy blessing is upon Thy people."—Ps. 3: 8.

I. ALLAN SANKEY.

1. A year of precious blessings, And glorious vict'ries won,—Of earnest work progressing, Its
 2. Thou Master of as-sem-bles, In might-y pow'r descend, Be-hold our glad re-un-ion, Con-
 3. O Church of God's Anointed, March on the lost to win,—Lead forth thy ranks victorious A-

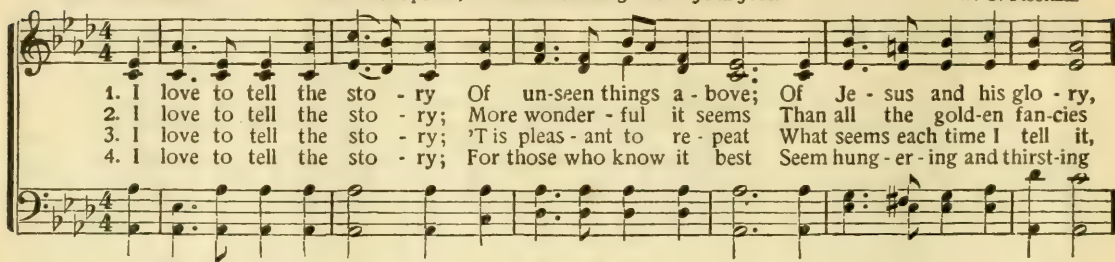
on-ward course has run; To Thee, O God, our Refuge. Whose goodness crowns our days. Within Thy
 duct it to the end; In-spire our hearts with courage, And deep-er love for Thee, That all Thy
 gainst the hosts of sin; Till at His throne in glo-ry, Where an-gels prostrate fall, One Hal-le-

earthly tem-ple We lift our souls in praise; Within Thy earthly temple We lift our souls in praise.
 Name may honor, Where'er our field may be; That all Thy name may honor, Where'er our field may be.
 lu-jah chorus Shall crown Him Lord of all; One Hal-le-lu-jah chorus Shall crown Him Lord of all.

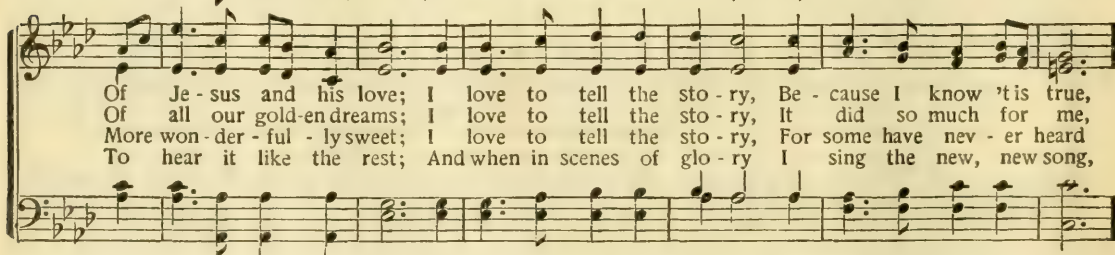
I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY.

"For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him
 MISS KATE HANKEV. should not perish, but have everlasting life."—John 3 : 16.

W. G. FISCHER.

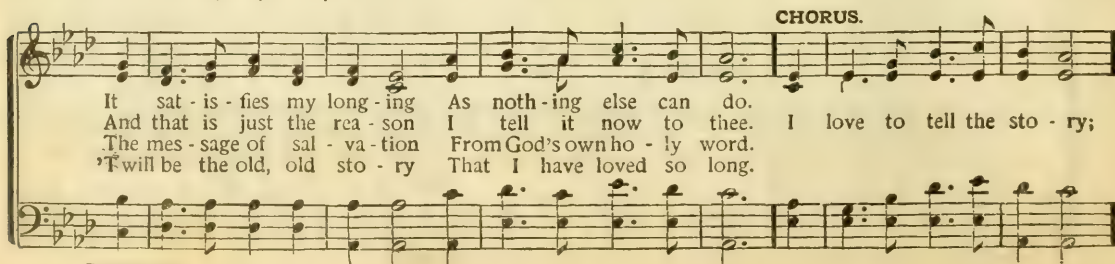


1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove; Of Je - sus and his glo - ry,
 2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More wonder - ful it seems Than all the gold - en fan - cies
 3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleas - ant to re - peat What seems each time I tell it,
 4. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best Seem hung - er - ing and thirst - ing



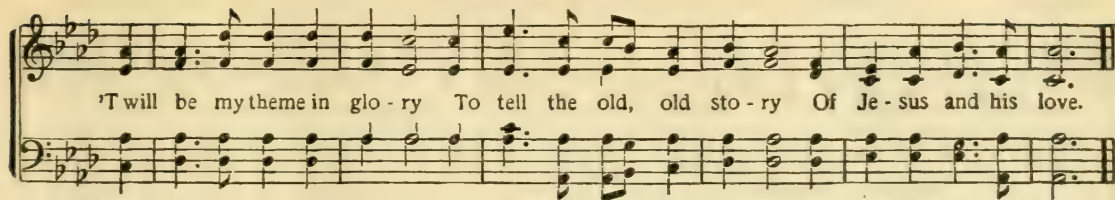
Of Je - sus and his love; I love to tell the sto - ry, Be - cause I know 'tis true,
 Of all our gold - en dreams; I love to tell the sto - ry, It did so much for me,
 More won - der - ful - ly sweet; I love to tell the sto - ry, For some have nev - er heard
 To hear it like the rest; And when in scenes of glo - ry I sing the new, new song,

CHORUS.



It sat - is - fies my long - ing As noth - ing else can do.
 And that is just the rea - son I tell it now to thee. I love to tell the sto - ry;
 The mes - sage of sal - va - tion From God's own ho - ly word.
 'Twill be the old, old sto - ry That I have loved so long.

I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY.—CONCLUDED.

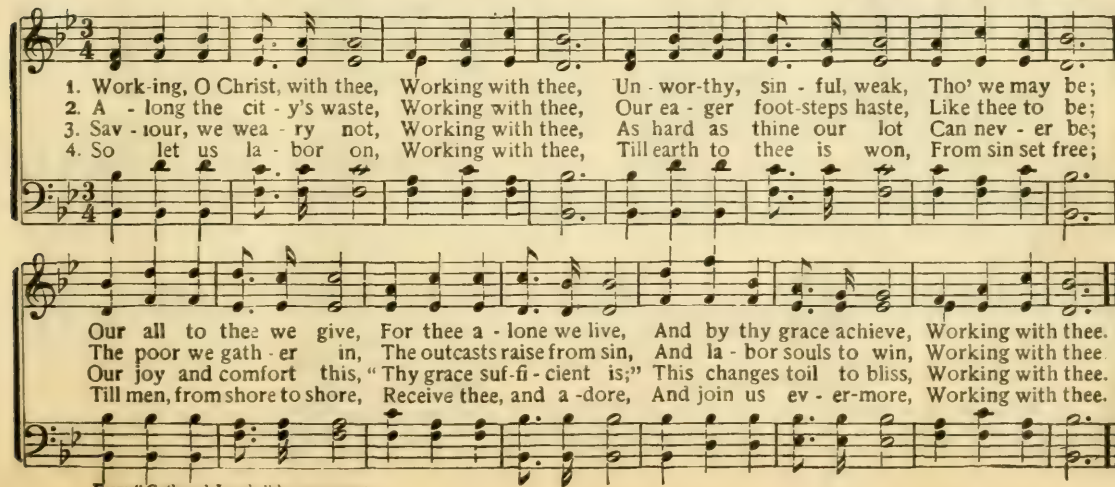


'Twill be my theme in glo - ry To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and his love.

477

WORKING, O CHRIST, WITH THEE.

• We then, as workers together with him, beseech you also that ye receive not the grace of God in vain."—2 Cor. 6:1.
W. A. OGDEN.



1. Work-ing, O Christ, with thee, Working with thee, Un - wor - thy, sin - ful, weak, Tho' we may be;
2. A - long the cit - y's waste, Working with thee, Our ea - ger foot-steps haste, Like thee to be;
3. Sav - iour, we wa - ry not, Working with thee, As hard as thine our lot Can nev - er be;
4. So let us la - bor on, Working with thee, Till earth to thee is won, From sin set free;

Our all to thee we give, For thee a - lone we live, And by thy grace achieve, Working with thee.
The poor we gath - er in, The outcasts raise from sin, And la - bor souls to win, Working with thee.
Our joy and comfort this, "Thy grace suf - fi - cient is;" This changes toil to bliss, Working with thee.
Till men, from shore to shore, Receive thee, and a - dore, And join us ev - er - more, Working with thee.

C. H. M.

"Be ye doers of the word, and not bearers only, deceiving your own selves."—Jas. 1 : 22. Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Just to trust in the Lord, just to lean on His word, Just to feel I am His ev-'ry day; Just to walk by His
 2. When my way darkest seems, when are blighted my dreams, Just to feel that the Lord knoweth best; Just to yield to His
 3. Then my heart will be light, then my path will be bright, If I've Je-sus for my dear-est friend; Counting all loss but

CHORUS.

side with His Spir-it to guide, Just to follow where He leads the way. } Just to say what He wants me to say,
 will, just to trust and bestill, Just to lean on His bo-som and rest, } wants, what He wants me to say.
 gain, such a friend to obtain, True and faithful He'll be to the end.

pp

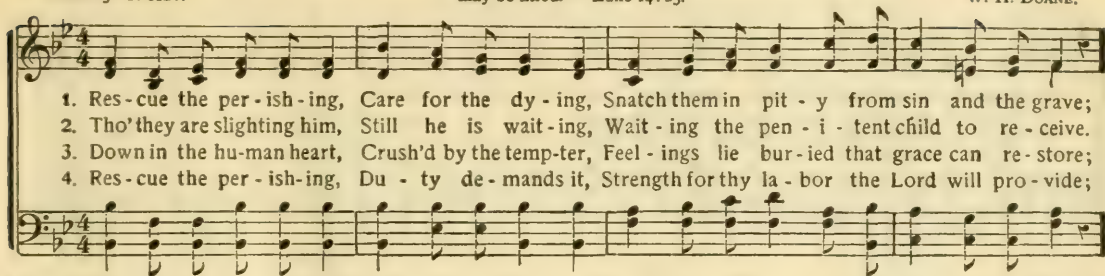
And be still when He whispers to me:..... Just to go where He wants me to go,..... Just to be what He wants me to be.
 when He whispers to me; where He wants me to go.

RESCUE THE PERISHING.

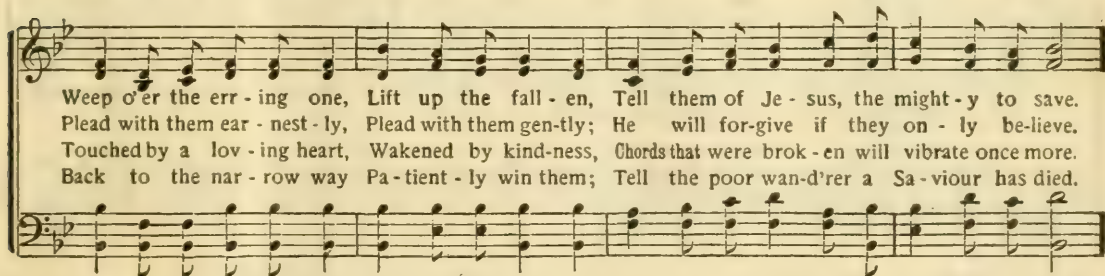
FANNY J. CROSBY.

"Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that my house
may be filled."— Luke 14: 23.

W. H. DOANE.

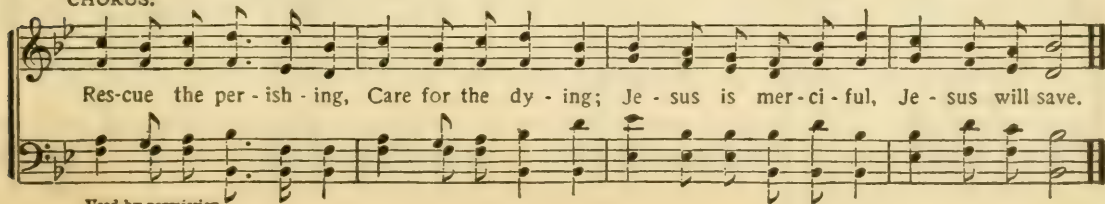


1. Res-cue the per-ish-ing, Care for the dy-ing, Snatch them in pit-y from sin and the grave;
2. Tho' they are slighting him, Still he is wait-ing, Wait-ing the pen-i-tent child to re-ceive.
3. Down in the hu-man heart, Crush'd by the temp-ter, Feel-ings lie bur-ied that grace can re-store;
4. Res-cue the per-ish-ing, Du-ty de-mands it, Strength for thy la-bor the Lord will pro-vide;



Weep o'er the err-ing one, Lift up the fall-en, Tell them of Je-sus, the might-y to save.
Plead with them ear-nest-ly, Plead with them gen-tly; He will for-give if they on-ly be-lieve.
Touched by a lov-ing heart, Wakened by kind-ness, Chords that were brok-en will vibrate once more.
Back to the nar-row way Pa-tient-ly win them; Tell the poor wan-d'rer a Sa-viour has died.

CHORUS.



Res-cue the per-ish-ing, Care for the dy-ing; Je-sus is mer-ci-ful, Je-sus will save.

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LET THE LOWER LIGHTS BE BURNING

P. P. BLISS.

"Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."—Matt. 5: 16.

P. P. BLISS

1. Bright-ly beams our Fa-ther's mer-cy, From His light-house ev-er-more, But to us
 2. Dark the night of sin has set-tled, Loud the an-gry bil-lows roar; Ea-ger eyes
 3. Trim your fee-ble lamp, my broth-er: Some poor sail-or temp-est-tost, Try-ing now

CHORUS.

He gives the keep-ing Of the lights a-long the shore.
 are watch-ing, long-ing, For the lights a-long the shore. Let the low-er lights be burn-ing!
 to make the har-bor, In the darkness may be lost

Send a gleam a-cross the wave! Some poor fainting, struggling seaman You may res-cue, you may save.

IS YOUR LAMP BURNING?

"Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."—Matt. 5:16.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

I. BALTZELL.

1. Are you Christ's light-bear-er? Of his joy a shar-er? Is this dark world fair-er For your
 2. Is your heart warm, glowing, With his love o'er-flow-ing, And his good-ness show-ing More and
 3. Keep your al-tars burn-ing, Wait your Lord's re-turn-ing, While your heart's deep yearn-ing Draws him

cheer-ing ray? Is your bea-con light-ed, Guiding souls be-night-ed To the land of per-fect day?
 more each day? Are you press-ing on-ward With his faith-ful vanguard, In the safe and nar-row way?
 ev-er near; With his ra-diance splen-did Shall your light be blended When his glo-ry shall ap-pear.

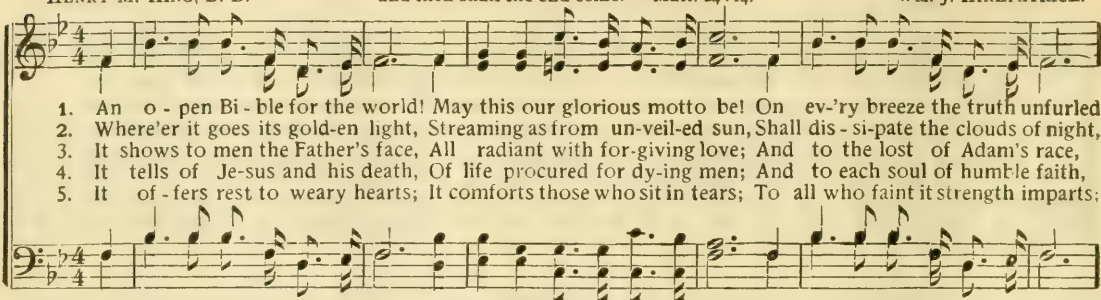
D. S.—Are you wait-ing, yearn-ing For your Lord's re-turn-ing? Are you watch-ing day by day?

CHORUS. D. S.

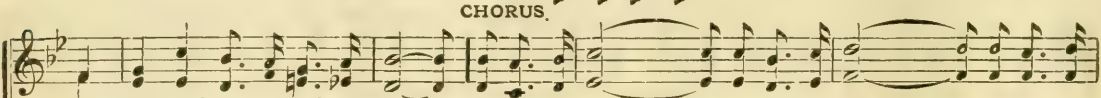
O brother! is your lamp trimm'd and burning? Is the world made bright-er by its cheer-ing ray?

"And this gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations;
HENRY M. KING, D. D. and then shall the end come."—Matt. 24 : 14.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. An o - pen Bi - ble for the world! May this our glorious motto be! On ev-'ry breeze the truth unfurled
2. Where'er it goes its gold-en light, Streaming as from un-veil-ed sun, Shall dis-si-pate the clouds of night,
3. It shows to men the Father's face, All radiant with for-giving love; And to the lost of Adam's race,
4. It tells of Je-sus and his death, Of life procured for dy-ing men; And to each soul of hum-ble faith,
5. It of-fers rest to weary hearts; It comforts those who sit in tears; To all who faint it strength imparts;



CHORUS.

Shall scat-ter blessings rich and free.

Un-do the work that sin has done. Blest word of God! . . . send forth thy light . . . O'er ev-'ry

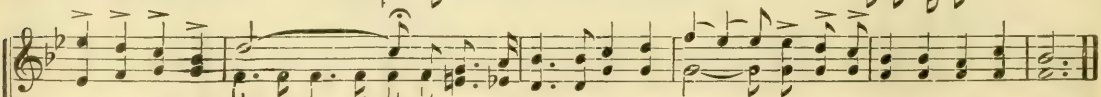
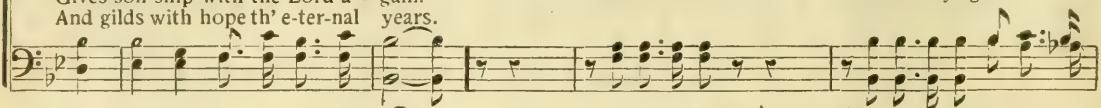
Proclaims sweet mer-cy from a - bove.

Gives son-ship with the Lord a - gain.

Blest word of God!

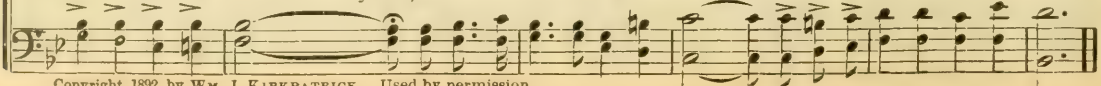
send forth thy light

And gilds with hope th' e-ter-nal years.



land and ev-'ry sea, Till all who wander in the night Are led to God and heav'n by thee.

and ev-'ry sea,



WE'LL LIVE IN TENTS.

H. G. S.

"Strangers and pilgrims on the earth. For they that say such things declare plainly that they seek a country."—Heb. 11:13, 14.

H. G. S.

1. God bids his peo-ple on the earth, Be-fore he comes and calls them hence To live un-knit to home and
 2. It is his will that we should pass Like strangers, sep'rate and a - side From all the vain and worldly
 3. He'd have us rear no stately towers, Sink no foun-da-tion walls of stone, But camp each night a few short
 4. O brother, what-so - ev - er chain Binds us to flesh - ly lust and strife, Here let us rend it in God's

CHORUS.

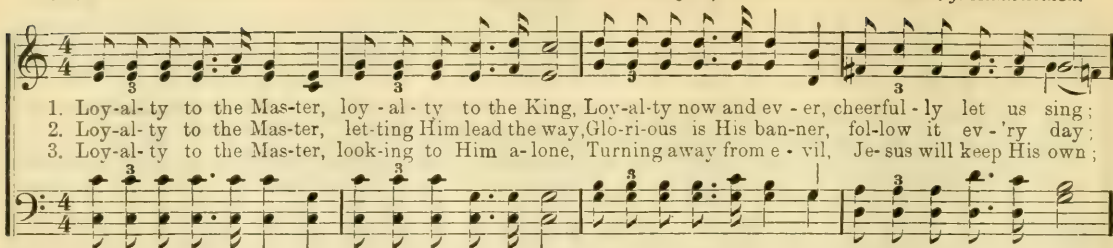
hearth, Like far-bound trav-el - ers—in tents. We'll live in tents un - til our feet Shall reach the
 mass That crowd the Bab-y - lons of pride.
 hours, And ere the morrow's dawn move on.
 name, And live, henceforth, the pil-grim life. We'll live in tents un - til our feet Shall

land by sin un-trod, The gate of pearl, the gold-en street, Whose Builder and whose Maker, God.
 reach the land

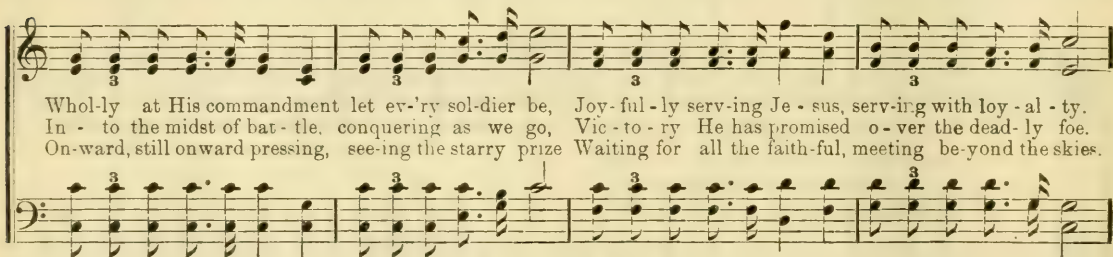
E. E. HEWITT.

"A faithful ambassador."—Prov. 13: 17.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

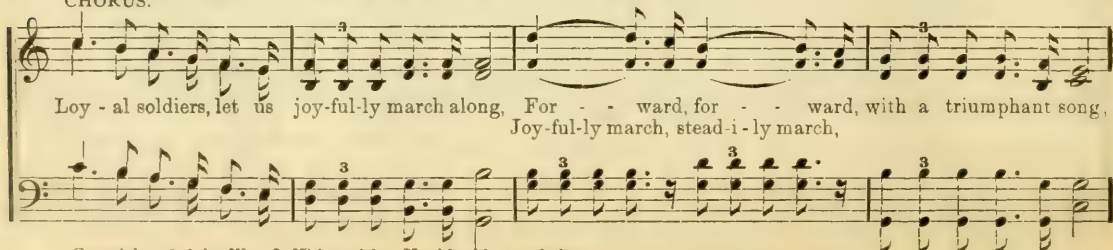


1. Loy-al-ty to the Mas-ter, loy-al-ty to the King, Loy-al-ty now and ev-er, cheerful-ly let us sing;
 2. Loy-al-ty to the Mas-ter, let-ting Him lead the way, Glo-ri-ous is His ban-ner, fol-low it ev-'ry day;
 3. Loy-al-ty to the Mas-ter, look-ing to Him a-lone, Turn-ing away from e-vil, Je-sus will keep His own;



Whol-ly at His commandment let ev-'ry sol-dier be, Joy-ful-ly serv-ing Je-sus, serv-ing with loy-al-ty.
 In-to the midst of bat-tle, conquering as we go, Vic-to-ry He has promised o-ver the dead-ly foe.
 On-ward, still onward pressing, see-ing the starry prize Waiting for all the faith-ful, meet-ing be-yond the skies.

CHORUS.



Loy-al soldiers, let us joy-ful-ly march along, For-ward, for-ward, with a triumphant song,
 Joy-ful-ly march, stead-i-ly march,

LOYALTY TO THE MASTER.—CONCLUDED.

On - ward, up - ward, a hap-py and loyal throng, Loy-al to our Saviour and our King.....
Joyfully march, steadily march, to our Saviour and our King.

485

TAKE TIME TO BE HOLY.

W. D. LONGSTAFF.

"Be ye holy: for I am the Lord your God."—Lev. 20: 7.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Take time to be ho-ly, Speak oft with thy Lord; A-bide in Him al-ways, And feed on His Word;
2. Take time to be ho-ly, The world rushes on; Spend much time in se-cret With Je-sus a-lone;
3. Take time to be ho-ly, Let Him be thy Guide, And run not be-fore Him, What-ev-er be-tide;
4. Take time to be ho-ly, Be calm in thy soul, Each tho't and each motive Be-neath His con-trol;

Make friends of God's children, Help those who are weak, For-get-ting in no-thing His bless-ing to seek.
By look-ing to Je-sus, Like Him thou shalt be; Thy friends in thy conduct His like-ness shall see.
In joy or in sor-row, Still fol-low thy Lord, And, looking to Je-sus, Still trust in His word.
Thus led by His Spir-it To fountains of love, Thou soon shalt be fit-ted For serv-ice a-bove.

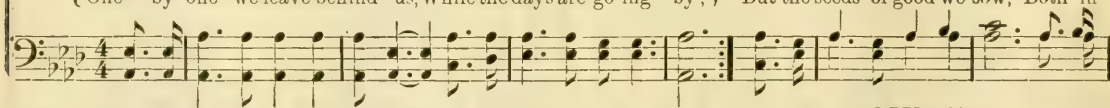
GEORGE COOPER.

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."—Ecl. 9 : 10.

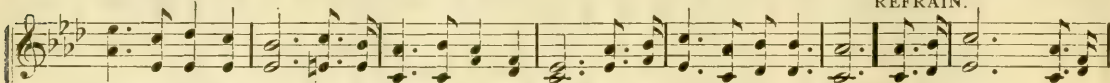
IRA D. SANKKY.



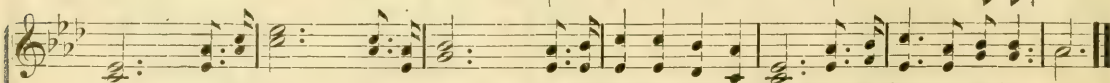
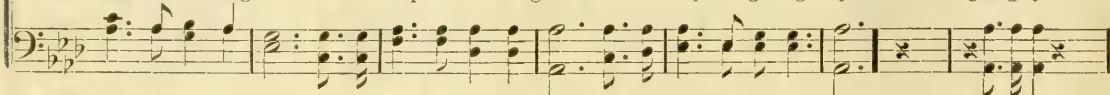
1. { There are lone-ly hearts to cherish, While the days are go-ing by; } If a smile we can re-new, As our
 2. { There's no time for i-dle scorning, While the days are go-ing by; } For the world is full of sighs, Full of
 3. { Let your face be like the morning, While the days are go-ing by; } But the seeds of good we sow, Both in
 { All the lov-ing links that bind us, While the days are go-ing by; }
 { One by one we leave behind us, While the days are go-ing by; }



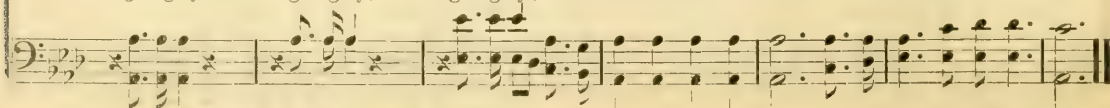
REFRAIN.



jour-ney we pur-sue,—O, the good we all may do, While the days are go-ing by! } Go-ing by, go-ing
 sad and weeping eyes; Help your fallen brother rise, While the days are go-ing by. }
 shade and shine will grow, And will keep our hearts aglow, While the days are go-ing by. } going by,



by, Go-ing by, go-ing by; O, the good we all may do, While the days are go-ing by!
 going by, going by, going by;



SWEET TO-DAY.

"If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new."—2 Cor. 5: 17
 F. E. B. (As Alto and Tenor duet, Alto take Soprano notes to refrain, then Tenor take Soprano part.) F. E. BELDEN.

1. I cease to sing of sweet to-morrow, With self-ish thought to be a-way; There is a
 2. I am so hap - py when I'm telling How great his pow'r, how great his love; Were there no
 3. If but to gain a home in glo - ry The Sa-viour trod this earth a - lone, There ne'er had
 4. His love is life, his love is heav-en, E - ter - nal life, e - ter-nal bliss; Ac - cept it

REFRAIN.

ho - lier balm for sorrow, I find in Christ a sweet to-day.
 praise where God is dwell-ing, It would be pain to live a-bove. A ris - en Christ, a liv - ing Saviour,
 been a gos-pel sto - ry, He ne'er had left his roy-al throne.
 free - ly, be for - giv - en, And taste the future world in this.

rit.

Not in the tomb where once he lay. When'er I tell his lov-ing fa-vor, Sweet by and by is ev'-ry day.

VICTORY THROUGH GRACE.

S. MARTIN.

"He went forth conquering and to conquer."—Rev. 6: 2.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Con-quering now and still to con-quer, Rideth a King in His might, Leading the host of all the
 2. Con-quering now and still to con-quer, Who is this won-der - ful King? Whence all the armies which He
 3. Con-quering now and still to con-quer, Je-sus, Thou Ruler of all, Thrones and their scepters all shall

faith-ful In-to the midst of the fight; See them with courage ad-vancing, Glad in their brilliant ar - ray;
 lead-eth, While of His glo-ry they sing? He is our Lord and Re-deem-er, Saviour and Monarch di - vine,
 per-ish, Crowns and their splendor shall fall, Yet shall the arm-ies Thou lead-est, Faithful and true to the last,

CHORUS.
 Shouting the name of their Leader, Hear them exult-ing - ly say, }
 They are the stars that for - ev - er Bright in His kingdom will shine. } Not to the strong is the bat-tle,
 Find in Thy mansions e - ter - nal Rest when their warfare is past. }

VICTORY THROUGH GRACE.—CONCLUDED.

Not to the swift is the race, Yet to the true and the faith-ful Vic-t'ry is prom-ised through grace.

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HIGHER GROUND.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

"The high calling of God in Christ Jesus"—Phil. 3. 14.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. I'm pressing on the upward way, New heights I'm gaining ev'ry day; Still praying as I onward bound, "Lord, plant my
2. My heart has no desire to stay Where doubts arise and fears dismay; Tho' some may dwell where these abound, My prayer, my
3. I want to live above the world, Tho' Satan's darts at me are hurled; For faith has caught the joyful sound, The song of
4. I want to scale the utmost height, And catch a gleam of glory bright; But still I'll pray till hear'n I've found, "Lord, lead me

D.S.—than I have found: Lord, plant my

D.S.

FINE. CHORUS.

feet on higher ground." }
 aim is high-er ground. } Lord, lift me up and let me stand, By faith, on heaven's ta-ble-land,—A higher plane
 saints on high-er ground. }
 on to higher ground."

feet on high-er ground.

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Rev. JOHN H. YATES.

"Faith which worketh by love."—Gal. 5: 6.

IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Encamped a-long the hills of light, Ye Christian soldiers, rise, And press the bat-tle ere the night
 2. His ban-ner o-ver us is love, Our sword the word of God; We tread the road the saints a-bove
 3. On ev-'ry hand the foe we find Drawn up in dread ar-ray; Let tents of ease be left be-hind,
 4. To him that o-vercomes the foe, White raiment shall be giv'n; Be-fore the an-gels he shall know

Shall veil the glow-ing skies; A-gainst the foe in vales be-low, Let all our strength be hurled;
 With shouts of tri-umph trod; By faith they, like a whirlwind's breath, Swept on o'er ev-'ry field;
 And on-ward to the fray; Sal-va-tion's hel-met on each head, With truth all girt a-bout,
 His name confessed in heav'n; Then onward from the hills of light, Our hearts with love a-flame;

CHORUS.
 Faith is the vic-to-ry, we know, That o-vercomes the world. Faith is the vic-to-ry!
 The faith by which they conquered Death Is still our shin-ing shield.
 The earth shall tremble 'neath our tread, And ech-o with our shout.
 We'll van-quish all the hosts of night, In Je-sus' conqu'ring name. Faith is

FAITH IS THE VICTORY.—CONCLUDED.

Faith is the vic - to - ry; Oh, glo - ri - ous vic - to - ry, That o - vercomes the world.
Faith is

491

EVERY DAY AND HOUR.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

"Without me you can do nothing."—John 15: 5.

W. H. DOANE.

Slowly.

1. Sav-iour, more than life to me. I am clinging, clinging close to Thee; Let Thy precious blood applied.
2. Thro' this changing world below, Lead me gently, gently as I go, Trusting Thee, I can not stray.
3. I would love Thee more and more, Till this fleeting, fleeting life is o'er, Till my soul is lost in love

D. S.—May Thy ten - der love to me

FINE. REFRAIN. *D. S.*
Keep me ev - er, ev - er near Thy side. Ev - 'ry day, ev - 'ry hour, Let me feel Thy cleansing pow'r
I can nev - er, nev - er lose my way.
In a brighter, brighter world a - bove. Ev - 'ry day, and hour, ev - 'ry day and hour.

Thou, my dear Lord, I love to Thee.

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REV. FRANK E. GRAEFF.

"The very hairs of your head are all numbered."—Matt. 10: 30.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Does Je-sus care when my heart is pain'd Too deep-ly for mirth or song; As the burdens press,
 2. Does Je-sus care when my way is dark With a name-less dread and fear? As the daylight fades
 3. Does Je-sus care when I've tried and fail'd To resist some temptation strong? When in my deep grief
 4. Does Je-sus care when I've said "good-bye" To the dearest on earth to me, And my sad heart aches

CHORUS.

And the cares distress, And the way grows weary and long?
 In- to deep night shades, Does He care enough to be near?
 I find no re- lief, Tho' my tears flow all the night long?
 'Till it near-ly breaks—Is this aught to Him? does He see?

O yes, He cares, I know He cares, His

heart is touched with my grief; When the days are weary, The long nights dreary, I know my Saviour cares.
 He cares.

CASTING ALL YOUR CARE UPON JESUS.

"Surely He hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows."—Isa. 53 : 4. "Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you."—1 Peter 5 : 7. F. E. BELDEN.

1. O bless-ed rest, when we re-cline On nev-er-fail-ing pow'r di-vine, God's might-y arms en-fold-ing us, The
 2. Al-might-y strength! but stron-ger yet The love that can-not us for-get: Un-fath-om'd o-cean, calm and broad! A-
 3. Be-yond the mountain peaks that rise A-bove the clouds and pierce the skies, Look up! the high-est won-der see,—God's
 4. Who trusts His word hath clearest sight, Who trusts His pow'r hath greatest might; Who trusts His love doth never bear The
 5. Man fail-eth man in trou-ble's hour, As fails at noon the fee-ble flow'r. Who trusts in God, here and a-far Shines

CHORUS. Moderato.
 arms that hold the u-ni-verse!
 maz-ing mer-cy of our God!
 love that fills e-ter-ni-ty.
 heart of doubt, the brow of care.
 on, tho' fail-eth sun and star.

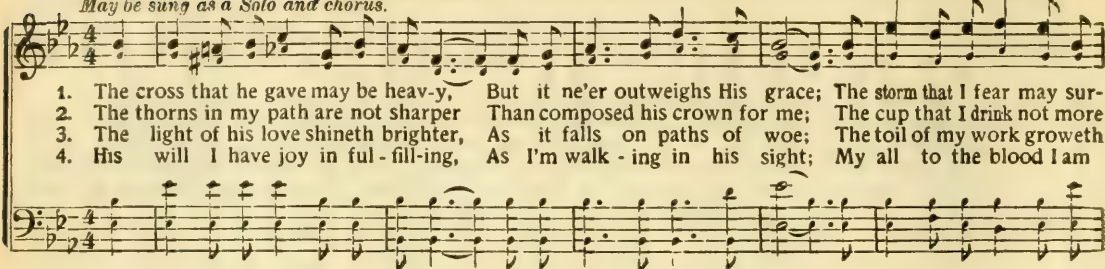
Cast-ing all..... your care up-on Je - - sus, Cast-ing all..... your
 All your care, all up-on Him, All your care,
 care up-on Je - sus, Cast-ing all.... your care up-on Je - sus, For He car-eth, He car-eth for you (for you).
 all up-on Him, All your care, all upon Him,

Rit. p

THE CROSS THAT HE GAVE.

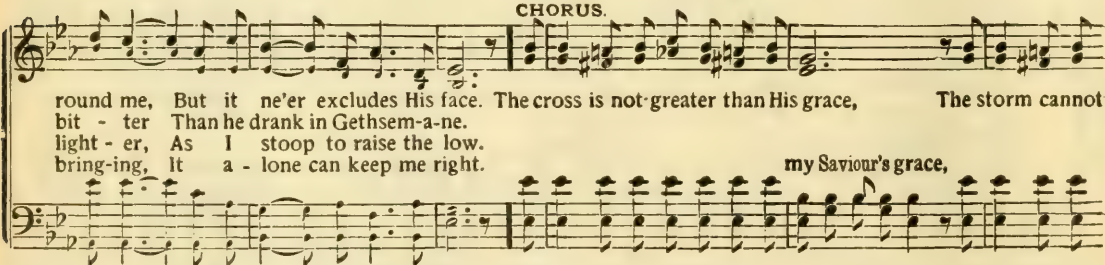
"The cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."—Gal. 6:14. BALLINGTON BOOTH. Arr. by F. E. R.

May be sung as a Solo and chorus.

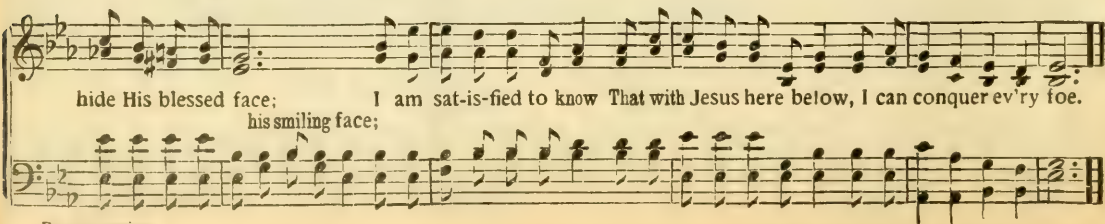


1. The cross that he gave may be heav-y, But it ne'er outweighs His grace; The storm that I fear may sur-
 2. The thorns in my path are not sharper Than composed his crown for me; The cup that I drink not more
 3. The light of his love shineth brighter, As it falls on paths of woe; The toil of my work groweth
 4. His will I have joy in ful-fill-ing, As I'm walk-ing in his sight; My all to the blood I am

CHORUS.



round me, But it ne'er excludes His face. The cross is not-greater than His grace, The storm cannot
 bit-ter Than he drank in Gethsem-a-ne.
 light-er, As I stoop to raise the low.
 bring-ing, It a-lone can keep me right. my Saviour's grace,

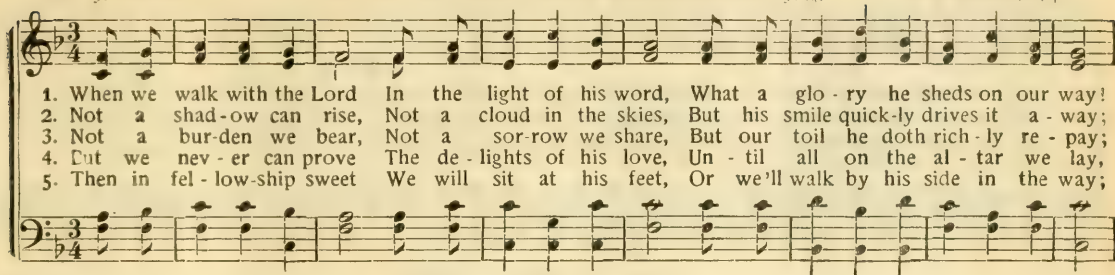


hide His blessed face; I am sat-is-fied to know That with Jesus here below, I can conquer ev'ry foe.
 his smiling face;

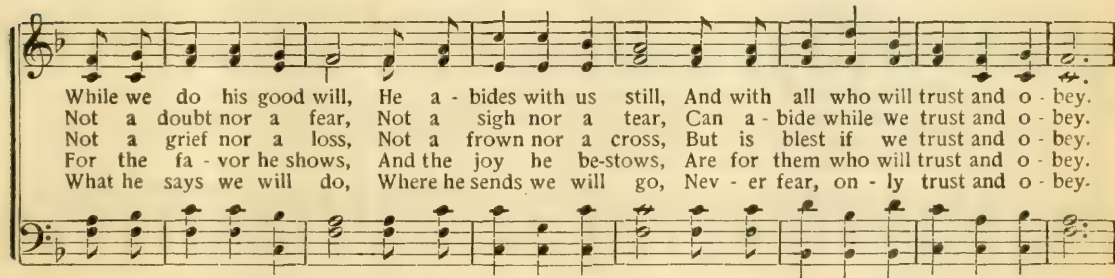
REV. J. H. SAMMIS.

"The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him."—Ps. 84:14.

D. B. TOWNER, by per.

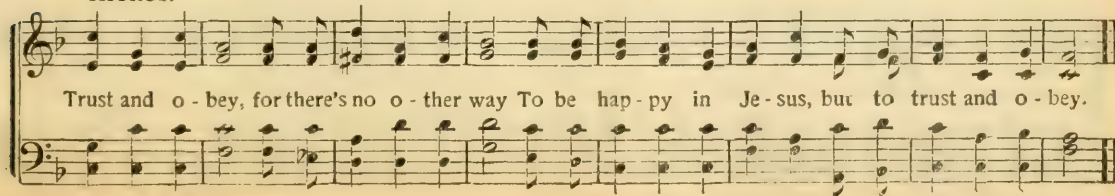


1. When we walk with the Lord In the light of his word, What a glo - ry he sheds on our way!
 2. Not a shad - ow can rise, Not a cloud in the skies, But his smile quick - ly drives it a - way;
 3. Not a bur - den we bear, Not a sor - row we share, But our toil he doth rich - ly re - pay;
 4. But we nev - er can prove The de - lights of his love, Un - til all on the al - tar we lay,
 5. Then in fel - low - ship sweet We will sit at his feet, Or we'll walk by his side in the way;



While we do his good will, He a - bides with us still, And with all who will trust and o - bey.
 Not a doubt nor a fear, Not a sigh nor a tear, Can a - bide while we trust and o - bey.
 Not a grief nor a loss, Not a frown nor a cross, But is blest if we trust and o - bey.
 For the fa - vor he shows, And the joy he be - stows, Are for them who will trust and o - bey.
 What he says we will do, Where he sends we will go, Nev - er fear, on - ly trust and o - bey.

CHORUS.



Trust and o - bey, for there's no o - ther way To be hap - py in Je - sus, but to trust and o - bey.

MOMENT BY MOMENT.

D. W. WHITTLE.

"He that keepeth thee will not slumber."—Ps. 121: 3.

MARY WHITTLE.

1. Dy-ing with Je-sus, by death reckoned mine; Living with Je-sus, a new life di-vine; Looking to Je-sus 'till
 2. Nev-er a tri-al that He is not there, Nev-er a bur-den that He doth not bear, Nev-er a sor-row that
 3. Nev-er a heart-ache, and never a groan, Nev-er a tear-drop and never a moan; Nev-er a dan-ger but
 4. Nev-er a weak-ness that He doth not feel, Nev-er a sick-ness that He can-not heal; Moment by moment, in

CHORUS.

glo-ry doth shine, Moment by moment, O Lord, I am Thine.
 He doth not share, Moment by moment I'm un-der His care.
 there on the throne, Moment by moment He thinks of His own. } Moment by moment I'm kept in His love; Moment by
 woe or in weal, Je-sus, my Saviour, a-bides with me still.

moment I've life from a-bove; Looking to Je-sus 'till glo-ry doth shine; Moment by moment, O Lord, I am Thine.

MOMENT BY MOMENT.

F. E. B.

"I will water it every moment . . . I will keep it night and day."— Isa. 27:3.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. Moment by moment, hour by hour, Constantly trusting His keeping pow'r; Day by day and week by
 2. Why for the bod - y anxious thot? Knowing He ear - eth, sweet is my lot; Mine is the ask-ing, His the
 3. Why should the spirit doubting weep? What I've commit-ted, sure-ly He'll keep; Mine is th - trusting, His the
 4. Why for the rest-ing sing or sigh, Self-ish-ly seek-ing mansions on high? Earth needeth more of ho - ly

REFRAIN, *Softly.*

week, On - ly His praise my tongue shall speak.
 store, Moment by moment, o'er and o'er. Moment by moment, Helper is He, Moment by moment
 pow'r, Moment by moment, hour by hour.
 love, Than all the u - ni-verse a - bove.

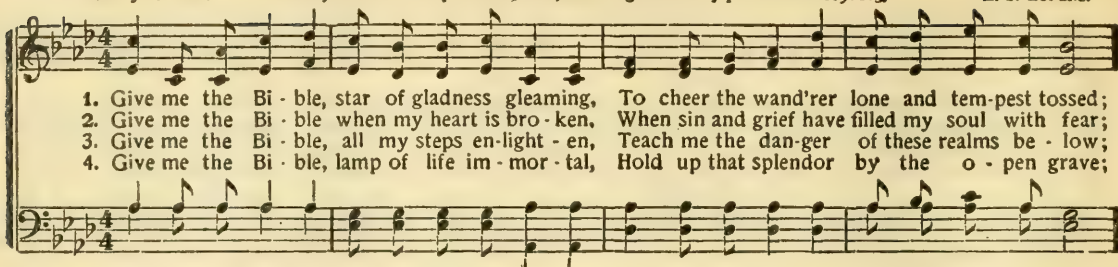
dwelling in me; Gently sub-du - ing powers of - sin, Wonderful Sav-iour is Christ with-in.

GIVE ME THE BIBLE.

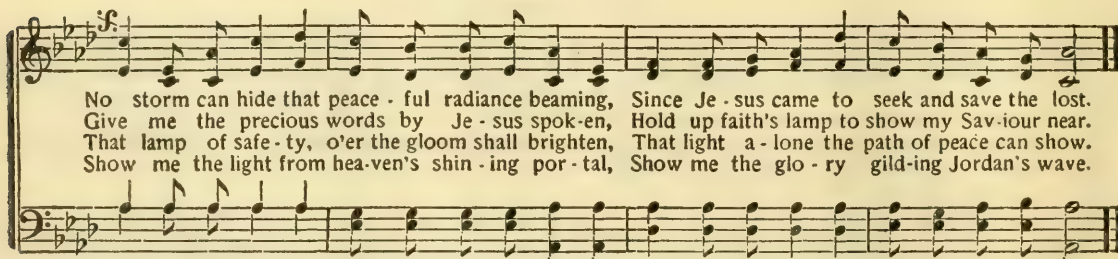
PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

"Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path."—Ps. 119:105.

E. S. LORENZ.



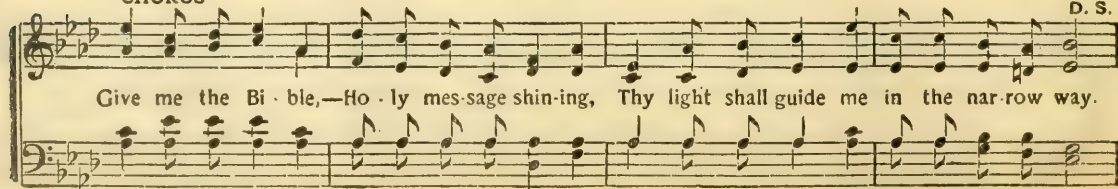
1. Give me the Bi - ble, star of gladness gleaming, To cheer the wand'rer lone and tem-pest tossed;
 2. Give me the Bi - ble when my heart is bro - ken, When sin and grief have filled my soul with fear;
 3. Give me the Bi - ble, all my steps en-light - en, Teach me the danger of these realms be - low;
 4. Give me the Bi - ble, lamp of life im - mor - tal, Hold up that splendor by the o - pen grave;



No storm can hide that peace - ful radiance beaming, Since Je - sus came to seek and save the lost.
 Give me the precious words by Je - sus spok-en, Hold up faith's lamp to show my Sav-iour near.
 That lamp of safe - ty, o'er the gloom shall brighten, That light a - lone the path of peace can show.
 Show me the light from hea-ven's shin - ing por - tal, Show me the glo - ry gild-ing Jordan's wave.

Pre - cept and promise, law and love com-bin-ing, Till night shall van-ish in e - ter - nal day.

CHORUS



Give me the Bi - ble,—Ho - ly mes-sage shin-ing, Thy light shall guide me in the nar-row way.

NOT A WASTED MOMENT.

F. E. B.

"Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord."—Rom. 12:11.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. Not a wast - ed moment in the morn - ing fair, Not an i - dle in - stant in the noon-day glare,
 2. Where the soul is sin-sick with its weight of woe, Where the tears of pen - i - tence in si-lence flow,
 3. Where the home is cheerless and the board is bare, Where the children nev - er hear the voice of pray'r,
 4. Where the toil - ers hur-ry neath the lash of Gain, Where the i - dlers gather in the street and lane,

Not a mis - spent eve-ning let the rec - ord bear, Not a Christ-less mis-sion an - y - where.
 Where the hand of sick-ness lays the loved one low, His co - work - er, glad - ly I will go.
 Where the drunk - ard rick - ets o'er the wife's de - spair, With my Sav - iour I must has - ten there.
 Where the war - riors languish on the field of pain, Let me go and whis - per His dear name.

D. S.—May my an - gel's rec - ord, ev - 'ry clos - ing day, Shine with love's bright moments all the way.

REFRAIN.

D. S.,

Gold - en grains, how fast they flow! - - - Soon the last - - of life must go;
 Gold-en grains, how fast they flow! Soon the last life must go;

MAKE ME A BLESSING TO-DAY.

"And thou shalt be like a watered garden, and like a spring of water, whose waters fail not."—Isa 58: 11.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.

W. H. DOANE.

1. O soft - ly the Spir - it is whisp'ring to me, With tender com- passion, with pit - y - ing plea;
 2. Some heart may be long-ing for on - ly a word, Whose love by the Spirit is quickened and stirred;
 3. Some soul may be plunged in the darkest despair, Whose shadows would melt in the sunlight of pray'r;
 4. Come, all ye that la - bor, ye wea-ry and worn, Come ye who in sor - row or sin - ful - ness mourn;

I hear His be-seeching, and ear-nest-ly pray That Je - sus will make me a bless-ing to - day.
 Now grant, blessed Saviour, this serv-ice to me. Of speaking a com-fort-ing mes-sage for Thee.
 O give me, dear Saviour, I hum-bly im-plore, The sweet con-so-la - tion that soul to re - store.
 With me this pe - ti - tion to Je - sus con-vey: O make me a bless-ing, dear Saviour, to - day.

CHORUS.

Lord, make..... me a bless-ing to - day, A bless-ing to some one, I
 Lord, make me a bless - ing,

MAKE ME A BLESSING TO-DAY.—CONCLUDED.

prayer;... In all that I do, in all that I say, O make me a blessing to-day.

prayer;

501

LIKE A LITTLE CANDLE.

Last stanza by F. E. B. "Neither do men light a candle and put it under a bushel."—Matt. 5: 15. F. E. BELDEN.

1. Je - sus bids us shine with a pure, clear light, Like a lit - tle can - dle burn - ing in the night;
2. Je - sus bids us shine thro' the gloom a-round, Man - y kinds of dark - ness in this world are found;
3. When we shine for oth - ers we shine for Him, Well He sees and knows it if our light is dim;
4. Je - sus is a bright light of love di - vine, When on Him we're looking, then it is we shine,

In this world of dark - ness we must shine, You in your cor - ner, I in mine.
 Sin, and want, and sor - row: so we shine, You in your cor - ner, I in mine.
 He looks down from heav - en, sees us shine, You in your cor - ner, I in mine.
 Like the sil - ver moon, with bor - rowed light, Each in his cor - ner, do - ing right.

LEAN ON HIS ARMS.

"Trust ye in the Lord forever."—Isa. 26: 4.

EDGAR LEWIS

L. E. JONES.

1. Just lean up-on the arms of Je - sus, He'll help you a-long, help you a-long; If you will trust His
 2. Just lean up-on the arms of Je - sus, He'll brighten the way, brighten the way; Just follow gladly
 3. Just lean up-on the arms of Je - sus, O bring ev'-ry care, bring ev'-ry care! The bur-den that has
 4. Just lean up-on the arms of Je - sus, Then leave all to Him, leave all to Him; His heart is full of

CHORUS.

love un-fall-ing, He'll fill your heart with song. Lean on His arms, trusting in His love; Lean on His
 where He lead-eth, His gen-tle voice o - bey.
 seemed so heav-y, Take to the Lord in pray'r.
 love and mer-cy, His eyes are nev-er dim. Lean up-on His arms, ful-ly trusting in His love; Lean up-on His

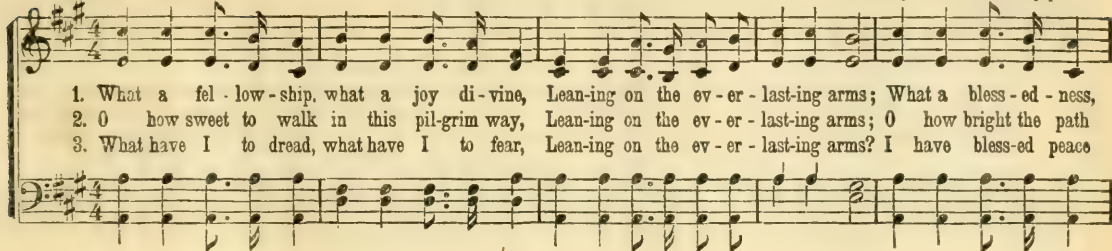
arms, all His mercies prove; Lean on His arms, looking home above, Just lean on the Saviour's arms!
 arms, and all His mer-cies prove; Lean up-on His arms, ev-er

LEANING ON THE EVERLASTING ARMS.

"The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms."—Deut. 33:27.

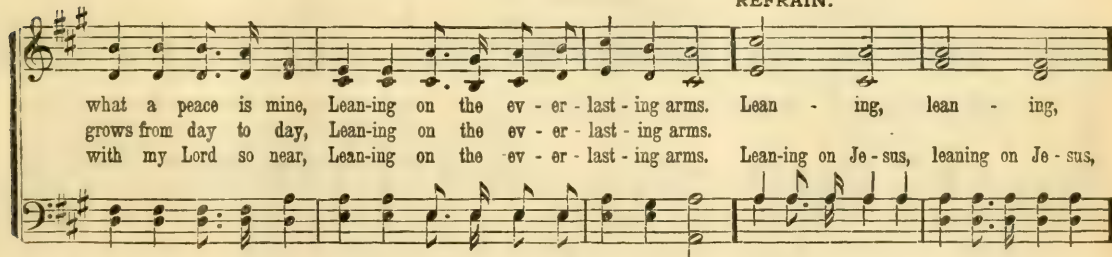
REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

A. J. SHOWALTER, by per.

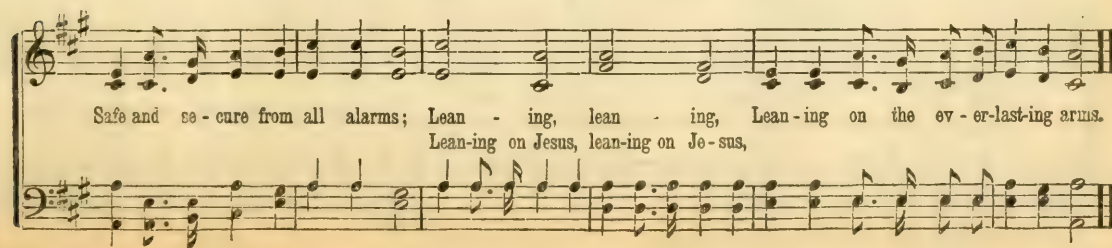


1. What a fel-low-ship, what a joy di-vine, Lean-ing on the ev-er-last-ing arms; What a bless-ed-ness,
 2. O how sweet to walk in this pil-grim way, Lean-ing on the ev-er-last-ing arms; O how bright the path
 3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Lean-ing on the ev-er-last-ing arms? I have bless-ed peace

REFRAIN.



what a peace is mine, Lean-ing on the ev-er-last-ing arms. Lean-ing, lean-ing,
 grows from day to day, Lean-ing on the ev-er-last-ing arms.
 with my Lord so near, Lean-ing on the ev-er-last-ing arms. Lean-ing on Je-sus, leaning on Je-sus,



Safe and se-cure from all alarms; Lean-ing, lean-ing, Lean-ing on the ev-er-last-ing arms.
 Lean-ing on Je-sus, leaning on Je-sus,

J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you."—Rom. 16:20.

W. G. TOMER.

1. God be with you till we meet a-gain; By his counsels guide, up-hold you, With his sheep se-cure-ly fold you;
 2. God be with you till we meet a-gain; 'Neath his wings pro-tection hide you, Dai-ly man-na still provide you;
 3. God be with you till we meet a-gain; When life's per-ils thick confound you, Put his arms un-fail-ing round you;
 4. God be with you till we meet a-gain; Keep love's ban-ner float-ing o'er you, Smite death's threat'ning wave before you;

REFRAIN.
 God be with you till we meet a-gain. Till we meet, - till we meet, Till we meet at Jo-sus'
 Till we meet, till we meet a-gain,

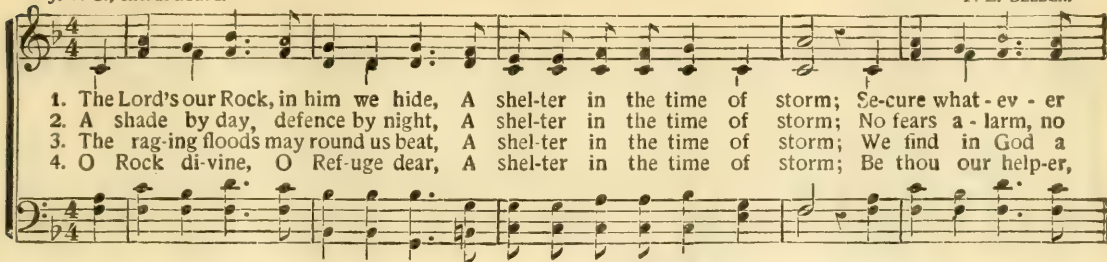
feet, Till we meet, - - till we meet,
 till we meet; Till we meet, till we meet a-gain, God be with you till we meet a-gain.

A SHELTER IN THE TIME OF STORM.

"God is the Rock of our refuge."—Ps. 94:22. "Thou hast been a shelter for me, and a strong tower from the enemy."—Ps. 81:3.

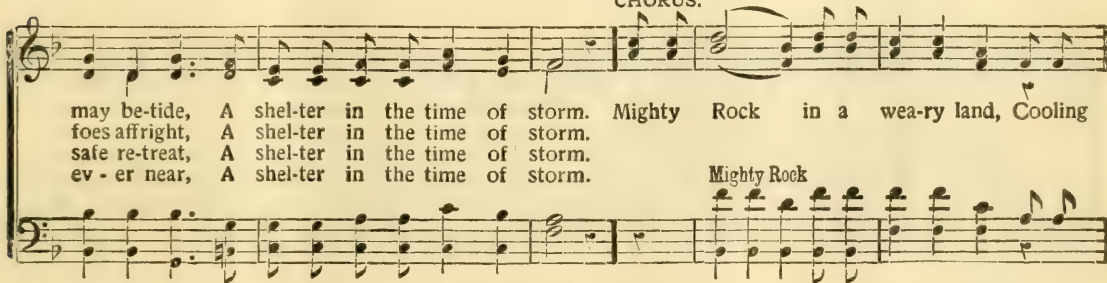
J. V. C., chorus added.

F. E. BELDEN.



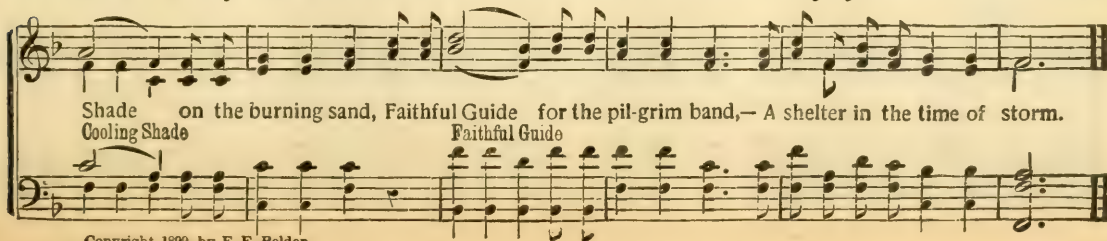
1. The Lord's our Rock, in him we hide, A shel-ter in the time of storm; Se-cure what-ev-er
 2. A shade by day, defence by night, A shel-ter in the time of storm; No fears a-larm, no
 3. The rag-ing floods may round us beat, A shel-ter in the time of storm; We find in God a
 4. O Rock di-vine, O Ref-uge dear, A shel-ter in the time of storm; Be thou our help-er,

CHORUS.



may be-tide, A shel-ter in the time of storm. Mighty Rock in a wea-ry land, Cooling
 foes affright, A shel-ter in the time of storm.
 safe re-treat, A shel-ter in the time of storm.
 ev-er near, A shel-ter in the time of storm.

Mighty Rock



Shade on the burning sand, Faithful Guide for the pil-grim band,— A shelter in the time of storm.
 Cooling Shade Faithful Guide

HIDING IN THEE.

Rev. WILLIAM O. CUSHING.

"I flee unto thee to hide me."—Ps. 103: 9.

IRA D. SANKEY.

1. O safe to the Rock that is high - er than I, My soul in its con - flicts and sor - rows would fly;
 2. In the calm of the noon tide, in sor - row's lone hour, In times when tempta - tion casts o'er me its power;
 3. How oft in the con - flict, when press'd by the foe, I have fled to my Refuge and breath'd out my woe;

So sin - ful, so wea - ry, Thine, thine would I be; Thou blest "Rock of A - ges," I'm hid - ing in Thee.
 In the tem - pests of life, on its wide, heav - ing sea; Thou blest "Rock of A - ges," I'm hid - ing in Thee.
 How oft - en, when tri - als like sea - bil - lows roll, Have I hid - den in Thee, O Thou Rock of my soul.

CHORUS.

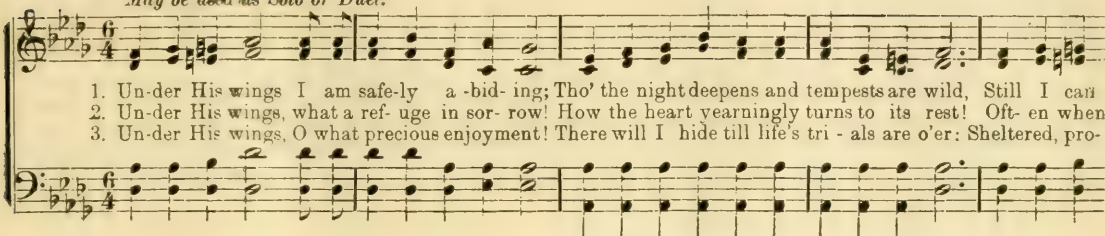
Hid - ing in Thee, Hid - ing in Thee, Thou blest "Rock of A - ges," I'm hid - ing in Thee.

UNDER HIS WINGS.

"Hide me under the shadow of thy wings."—Ps. 17: 8.

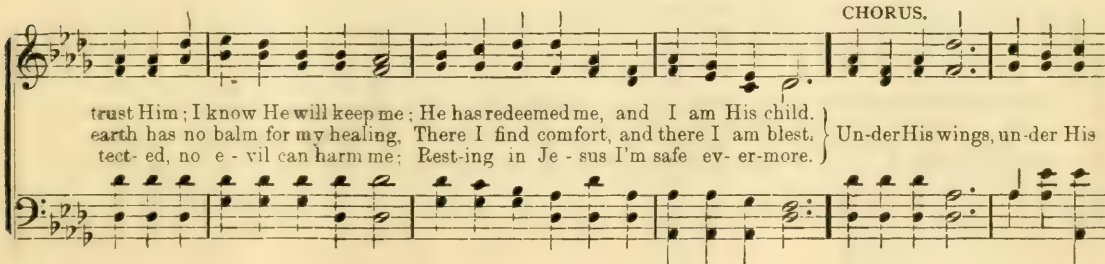
Rev. W. O. CUSHING.

IRA D. SANKEY.

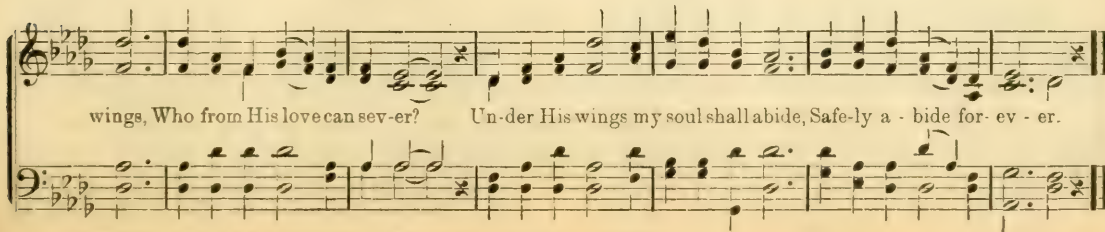
May be used as Solo or Duet.


1. Un-der His wings I am safe-ly a -bid -ing; Tho' the night deepens and tempests are wild, Still I can
 2. Un-der His wings, what a re- fuge in sor- row! How the heart yearningly turns to its rest! Oft- en when
 3. Un-der His wings, O what precious enjoyment! There will I hide till life's tri - als are o'er; Sheltered, pro-

CHORUS.



trust Him; I know He will keep me; He has redeemed me, and I am His child.
 earth has no balm for my healing, There I find comfort, and there I am blest.
 tect-ed, no e - vil can harm me; Rest-ing in Je - sus I'm safe ev - er-more. } Un-der His wings, un-der His



wings, Who from His love can sev-er? Un-der His wings my soul shall abide, Safe-ly a - bide for- ev - er.

STAND LIKE THE BRAVE.

"It is high time to awake * * let us therefore * * put on the armor of light."—Rom. 13 : 11, 12.

F. J. CROSBY.

W. B. BRADBURY AND PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. O Chris-tian, a - wake! 'tis the Master's command; With helmet and shield, and a sword in thy hand,
 2. What - ev - er thy dan-ger, take heed and be - ware, And turn not thy back, for no ar - mor is there;
 3. The cause of thy Mas - ter with vig - or de - fend; Be watch - ful, be zeal - ous, and fight to the end;
 4. Press on, nev - er doubt - ing, thy Captain is near, With grace to sup - ply, and with comfort to cheer;

To meet the bold tempter, go, fear - less - ly go, And stand like the brave, with thy face to the foe.
 The legions of darkness, if thou wouldst o'er - throw, Then stand like the brave, with thy face to the foe.
 Wher - ev - er he leads thee, go, val - iant - ly go, And stand like the brave, with thy face to the foe.
 His love, like a stream in the des - ert will flow, Then stand like the brave, with thy face to the foe.

CHORUS. *m* *f* *ff*
 Stand like the brave, stand like the brave, Stand like the brave, with thy face to the foe.

STAND ON THE ROCK.

DR. C. R. BLACKALL. *With spirit.*

"Stand fast."—Gal. 5: 1.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Firm-ly stand for God, in the world's mad strife, Tho' the bleak winds roar, and the waves beat high; 'Tis the
 2. Firm-ly stand for Right, with a motive pure, With a true heart bold, and a faith e'er strong; 'Tis the
 3. Firm-ly stand for Truth, it will serve you best; Tho' it wait-eth long, it is sure at last; 'Tis the

CHORUS.

Rock a-lone giveth strength and life, When the hosts of sin are nigh.
 Rock a-lone giveth triumph sure, O'er the world's array of wrong. Let us stand on the Rock, Firmly stand on the Rock,
 Rock a-lone giveth peace and rest, When the storms of life are past.

On the Rock of Christ a-lone; If the strife we en-dure, We shall stand se-cure, 'Mid the throng who surround the throne.

SOUND THE BATTLE CRY.

W. F. S. *Vigorously.*

"If God be for us, who can be against us?"—Rom. 8: 31.

W. F. SHERWIN.

1. Sound the bat-tle cry, See! the foe is nigh; Raise the standard high For the Lord; Gird your armor on,
 2. Strong to meet the foe, Marching on we go, While our cause we know Must prevail; Shield and banner bright,
 3. O thou God of all, Hear us when we call, Help us, one and all, By thy grace; When the battle's done,

CHORUS.

Stand firm, ev-'ry one, Rest your cause up-on His ho - ly word.
 Gleaming in the light, Battling for the right, We ne'er can fail. Rouse, then, sol-diers! ral - ly round the banner!
 And the vict'ry won, May we wear the crown Be-fore thy face.

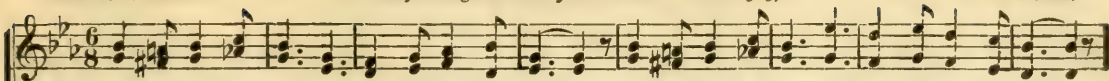
Read - y, stead - y, pass the word a - long; Onward, forward, shout a loud Ho-san-na! Christ is Captain of the faith-ful throng.

STRIKE FOR VICTORY

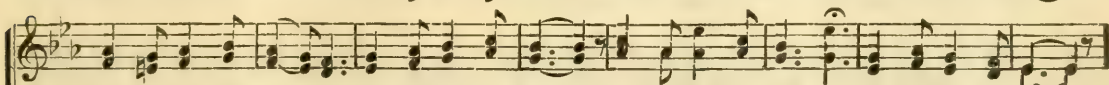
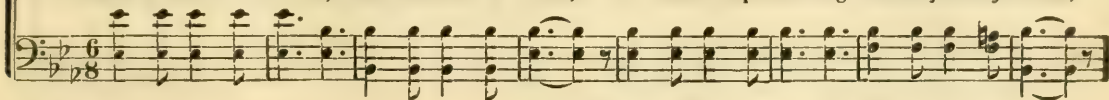
MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

"Victory through our Lord Jesus Christ,"—1 Cor. 15:57.

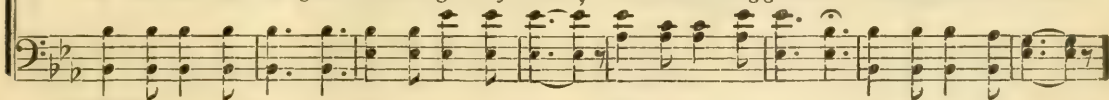
W. H. DOANE.



1. Strike! O strike for vict'ry, Sol-diers of the Lord, Hop-ing in his mer-cy, Trust-ing in his word;
 2. What tho' rag-ing li-ons Meet us on the way! Zion-ward we're marching, Tow'rd the gates of day;
 3. Strike! O strike for vict'ry, He-roes of the cross, Sac-ri-fic-ing pleasure, Glo-ry-ing in loss;
 4. Hand to hand u-nit-ed, Heart to heart as one, Let us still keep marching Till our journey's done,



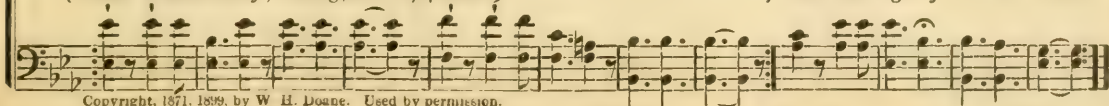
Lift the gos-pel ban-ner High a-bove the world; Let its folds of beau-ty Ev-er be un-furled.
 Ev-er press-ing on-ward, Onward to the light, Till we reach the Jordan, With our home in sight.
 Bind the hel-met strong-er, Tighter grasp the sword; Con-quering and to conquer, Bat-tle for the Lord.
 Till we see the an-gels Come in glo-ry down, With the shining garments And the victor's crown.



CHORUS.



{ Strike! strike for viet'ry, He-roes bold; Strike! till the vict'ry You be-hold; }
 { Faith is the vict'ry; Ne'er give o'er; (Omit.) } Rest then in glory Ev-er-more.



WHO WILL VOLUNTEER?

FLORA KIRKLAND,

"Fight the good fight of faith,"—1 Tim. 6: 12.

Mrs. H. A. FARNSWORTH,

1. Who will volunteer? See the foe is near! Some one now must fight and the vict'ry win! Who will heed the call.
 2. Who will volunteer? Ev- er loud and clear Sounds the Master's charge for the lands afar. None are draft-ed here!
 3. Who will volunteer? Christ, your King, is near. He His wond'rous grace for each need supplies, Brave ly meet the foe:

CHORUS.

Sounding now to all: "Fight the fight of faith" with the hosts of sin!
 Who will vol- un- teer? Who will spread the news of the Morning Star. } We will volunteer! We will vol- un- teer!
 On-ward, up-ward go! Rich reward awaits you be-yond the skies! }

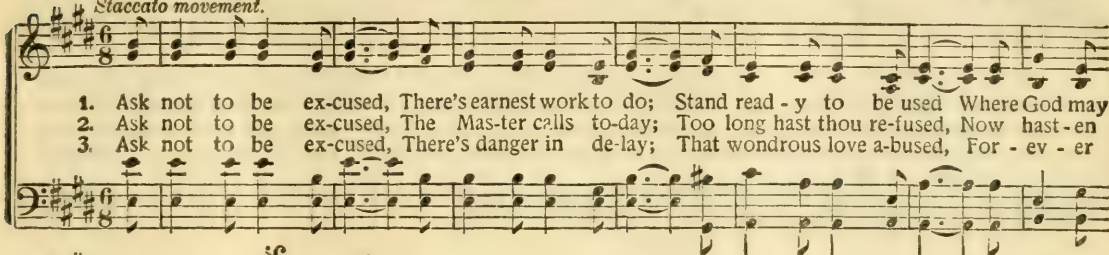
rit.
 In the strength of Christ, our King: Batt'ling for the right, we will ever fight, Till the shouts of vic - t'ry ring!

ASK NOT TO BE EXCUSED.

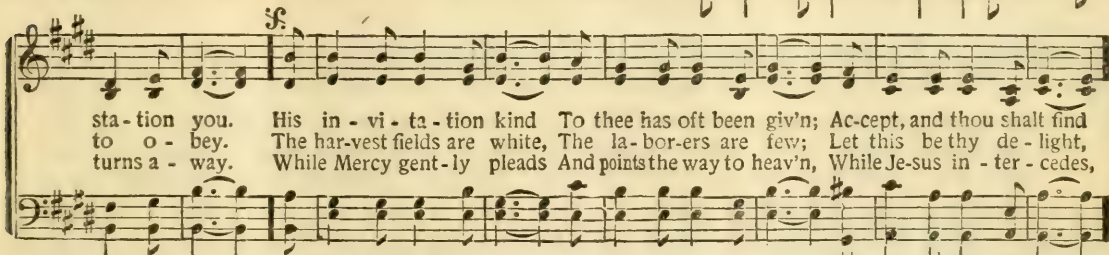
"A certain man made a great supper, and bade many, and sent his servant at supper time to say to them that were bidden: Come, for all things are now ready. And they all with one consent began to make excuse."—Luke 14 : 16.

F. E. B.

F. E. BELDEN.

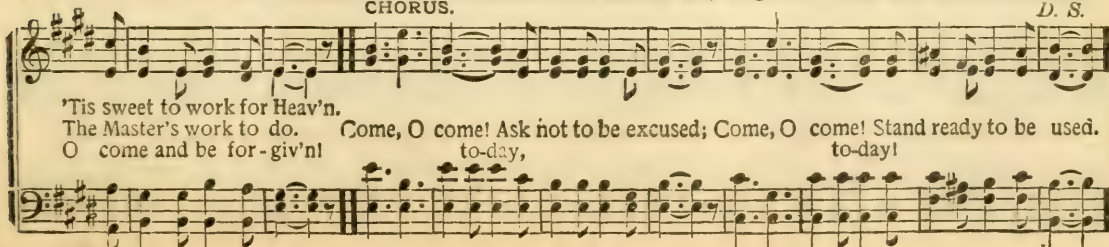
Staccato movement.


1. Ask not to be ex-cused, There's earnest work to do; Stand read-y to be used Where God may
2. Ask not to be ex-cused, The Mas-ter calls to-day; Too long hast thou re-fused, Now hast-en
3. Ask not to be ex-cused, There's danger in de-lay; That wondrous love a-bused, For - ev - er



sta-tion you. His in - vi - ta - tion kind To thee has oft been giv'n; Ac-cept, and thou shalt find
to o - bey. The har-vest fields are white, The la-bor-ers are few; Let this be thy de - light,
turns a - way. While Mercy gent-ly pleads And points the way to heav'n, While Je-sus in - ter - cedes,

D. S.—Ask not to be ex-cused, This answer may be giv'n: Thou hast my love a-bused,
CHORUS. D. S.



'Tis sweet to work for Heav'n.
The Master's work to do. Come, O come! Ask not to be excused; Come, O come! Stand ready to be used.
O come and be for-giv'n! to-day, to-day!

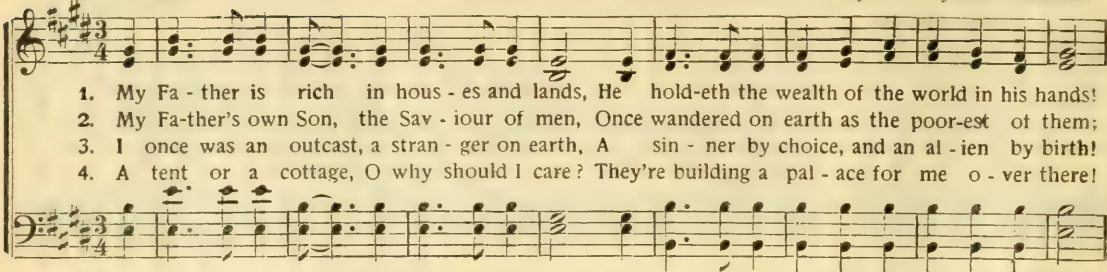
Thou art excused from heav'n. Copyright, 1886, by F. E. Belden.

A CHILD OF THE KING.

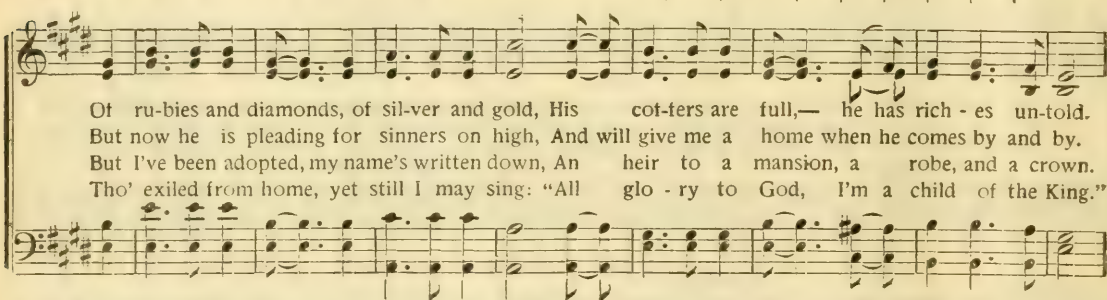
"Heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ."—Rom. 8:17.

Arr. from a Melody by Rev. JOHN B. SUMNER.

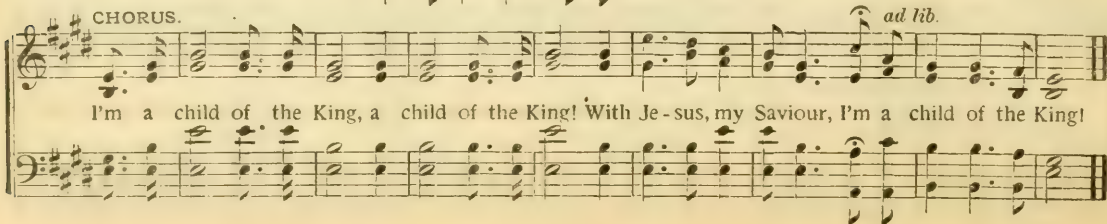
HATTIE E. BUEL.



1. My Fa - ther is rich in hous - es and lands, He hold-eth the wealth of the world in his hands!
2. My Fa-ther's own Son, the Sav - iour of men, Once wandered on earth as the poor-est of them;
3. I once was an outcast, a stran - ger on earth, A sin - ner by choice, and an al - ien by birth!
4. A tent or a cottage, O why should I care? They're building a pal - ace for me o - ver there!



Ot ru-bies and diamonds, of sil-ver and gold, His cot-ters are full,— he has rich - es un-told.
 But now he is pleading for sinners on high, And will give me a home when he comes by and by.
 But I've been adopted, my name's written down, An heir to a mansion, a robe, and a crown.
 Tho' exiled from home, yet still I may sing: "All glo - ry to God, I'm a child of the King."



CHORUS. *ad lib.*

I'm a child of the King, a child of the King! With Je - sus, my Saviour, I'm a child of the King!

TELL IT TO JESUS.

J E RANKIN, D. D

"And they went and told Jesus."—Matt. 14:12.

E. S. LORENZ

1. Are you wea - ry, are you heav - y heart - ed? Tell it to Je - sus, Tell it to Je - sus,
 2. Do the tears flow down your cheeks un - bid - den? Tell it to Je - sus, Tell it to Je - sus;
 3. Do you fear the gath'ring clouds of sor - row? Tell it to Je - sus, Tell it to Je - sus;
 4. Are you troub - led at the tho't of dy - ing? Tell it to Je - sus, Tell it to Je - sus;

Are you griev - ing o - ver joys de - part - ed?
 Have you sins that to the world are hid - den? Tell it to Je - sus a - lone.
 Are you anx - ious what shall be to - mor - row?
 For Christ's com - ing king - dom are you sigh - ing?

D. S.—You've no oth - er such a friend or broth - er, Tell it to Je - sus a - lone.

CHORUS.

Tell it to Je - sus, tell it to Je - sus, He is a friend that's well known;

D. S.

IT IS WELL WITH MY SOUL.

H. G. SPAFFORD.

"He hath delivered my soul in peace."—Ps. 55: 18.

P. P. BLISS.

1. When peace like a riv - er at - tend-eth my way, When sor - rows like sea - bil - lows roll;
 2. Tho' Sa - tan should buf - fet, tho' tri - als should come, Let this blest as - sur - ance con - trol,
 3. My sin— O the bliss of the glo - ri - ous tho't!— My sin, not in part, but the whole,
 4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The clouds be rolled back as a scroll,

What - ev - er my lot, Thou hast taught me to say, "It is well, it is well with my soul."
 That Christ hath re - gard - ed my help - less es - tate, And hath shed his own blood for my soul.
 Is nailed to his cross and I bear it no more; Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!
 The trump shall re - sound, and the Lord shall descend; "E - ven so"— it is well with my soul.

REFRAIN.

It is well - - - with my soul, - - -
 It is well with my soul, It is well, it is well with my soul.

ANNA L. WARING.

"Abide in my love."—John 15: 10.

MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.

1. In heav'nly love a - bid - ing, No change my heart shall fear; And safe is such con-fid-ing, For nothing changes
 2. Wher - ev - er he may guide me, No want shall turn me back; My Shepherd is be - side me, And nothing can I
 3. Green pastures are be - fore me, Which yet I have not seen; Bright skies will soon be o'er me, Where darkest clouds have

The storm may roar

here. The storm may roar with - out me, My heart may low be laid, But God is round a -
 lack. His wis - dom ev - er wak - eth, His sight is nev - er dim, He knows the way he
 been. My hope I can not meas - ure, My path to life is free, My Sav - iour has my

The storm may roar

bout me, And can I be dismayed? But God is round a-bout me, And can I be dismayed?
 tak - eth, And I will walk with him, He knows the way he taketh, And I will walk with him.
 treas - ure, And he will walk with me, My Saviour has my treasure, And he will walk with me.

bout me, and can I be dismayed? K

C. A. M.

"The cloud of the Lord was upon the tabernacle by day, and fire was upon it by night."—Gen. 40: 38.

C. AUSTIN MILLS.

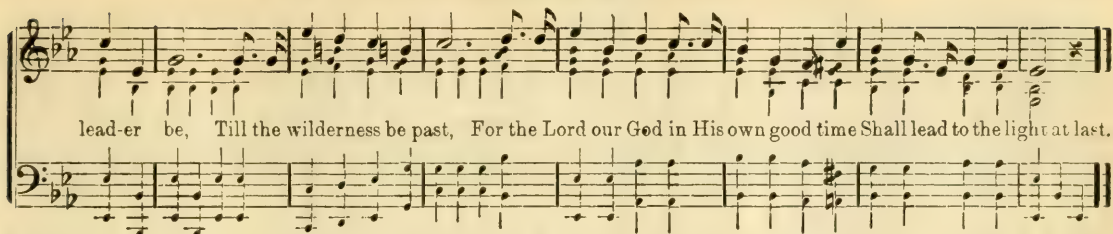
1. As of old when the hosts of Is- ra - el Were compell'd in the wilderness to dwell, Trusting they in their God to
 2. To and fro as a ship without a sail, Not a compass to guide them thro' the vale, But the sign of their God was
 3. All the days of their wand' rings they were fed To the land of the promise they were led; By the hand of the Lord, in

CHORUS.

lead the way To the light of perfect day.
 ever near, Thus their fainting hearts to cheer.
 guidance sure, They were bro't to Cannan's shore. } So the sign of the fire by night, And the sign of the cloud by day.

Hov'ring o'er, just be-fore, As they journey on their way, Shall a guide and a

THE CLOUD AND FIRE.—CONCLUDED.



lead-er be, Till the wilderness be past, For the Lord our God in His own good time Shall lead to the light at last.

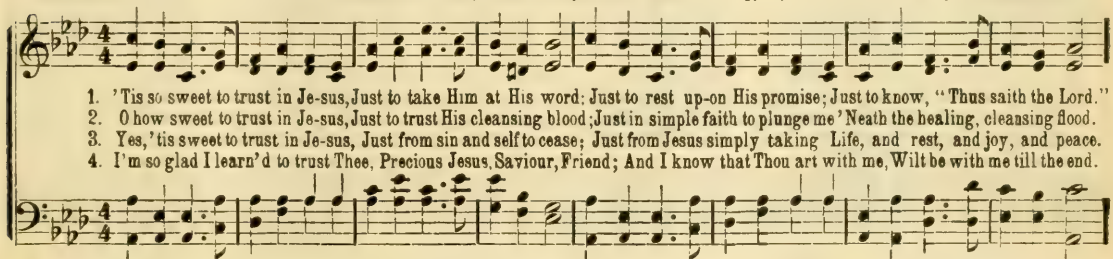
519

'TIS SO SWEET TO TRUST IN JESUS.

LOUISA M. R. STEAD.

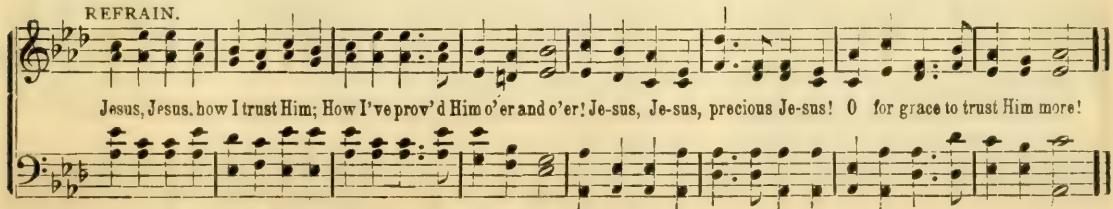
"He shall save them, because they trust in him."—Ps. 37 : 40.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. 'Tis so sweet to trust in Je-sus, Just to take Him at His word; Just to rest up-on His promise; Just to know, "Thus saith the Lord."
2. O how sweet to trust in Je-sus, Just to trust His cleansing blood; Just in simple faith to plunge me 'Neath the healing, cleansing flood.
3. Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Je-sus, Just from sin and self to cease; Just from Jesus simply taking Life, and rest, and joy, and peace.
4. I'm so glad I learn'd to trust Thee, Precious Jesus, Saviour, Friend; And I know that Thou art with me, Wilt be with me till the end.

REFRAIN.



Jesus, Jesus, how I trust Him; How I've prov'd Him o'er and o'er! Je-sus, Je-sus, precious Je-sus! O for grace to trust Him more!

LIFT HIM UP.

"The Son of man must be lifted up, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life."—
 MAY E. WARREN. John 3 : 14, 15. D. S. HAKES.

1. Lift him up, 'tis he that bids you, Let the dy-ing look and live; To all wea-ry, thirsting sin-ners,
 2. Lift him up, this precious Saviour, Let the mul-ti-tude be-hold; They with willing hearts shall seek him,
 3. Lift him up in all his glo-ry, 'Tis the Son of God on high; Lift him up, his love shall draw them,
 4. O then lift him up in sing-ing, Lift the Sav-iour up in prayer; He, the glo-ri-ous Re-deem-er,

Liv-ing wa-ters will he give; And tho' once so meek and low-ly, Yet the Prince of heav'n was he;
 He will draw them to his fold. They shall gath-er from the way-side, Hast'n'ing on with joy-ous feet,
 E'en the careless shall draw nigh. Let them hear a-gain the sto-ry Of the cross, the death of shame,
 All the sins of men did bear. Yes, the young shall bow be-fore him, And the old their voic-es raise;

CHORUS.

And the blind, who grope in darkness, Thro' the blood of Christ shall see.
 They shall bear the cross of Je-sus, And shall find sal-va-tion sweet.
 And from tongue to tongue repeat it: Mighty throngs shall bless his name.
 All the deaf shall hear Hosanna! And the dumb shall shout his praise.

Lift him up, the risen Saviour, High a-

LIFT HIM UP.—CONCLUDED.

mid the wait-ing throng; Lift him up, 'tis he that speak-eth, Now he bids you flee from wrong.

521

THE FAITHFUL THREE.

F. E. B.

"Be it known unto thee, O King, that we will not serve thy gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up."—Dan. 13: 8.

F. E. BELDEN

Moderato.

1. Look up-on the gold-en im-age, Hear the king's de-crea, See the burn-ing fi-ery furnace, And the faithful three.
 2. 'Twas a heathen king's commandment Governed conscience then, Yet how brave-ly for Je-ho-vah Stood those no-ble men!
 3. So when earthly creeds of er-ror Bid you bend the knee, Turn and read the sim-ple sto-ry Of the faith-ful three.
 4. God is a-ble to de-liv-er As in days of old, All who walk the path of du-ty, Fearless, firm, and bold.

D. C.—We will fol-low their ex-ample, Brave and faith-ful three, Bow-ing not be-fore the image At the world's de-crees.

CHORUS.

D. C.

Stand for the right Wher-ev-er you may be, Trust in the Lord, Like the faith-ful three.

J. B. M.

"Touched with the feeling of our infirmities."—Heb. 4: 15.

J. B. MACKAY.

1. Is there an-y - one can help us, one who understands our hearts When the thorns of life have pierced them
 2. Is there an-y - one can help us when the load is hard to bear, And we faint and fall be-neath it
 3. Is there an-y - one can help us, who can give a sin-ner peace When His heart is burden'd down with

till they bleed; One who sympathiz-es with us, who in wondrous love imparts Just the ver-y, ver - y
 in a-larm; Who in ten-der-ness will lift us, and the heav-y- bur-den share, And support us with an
 pain and woe; Who can speak the word of pardon that af-fords a sweet release, And whose blood can wash and

CHORUS.

blessing that we need? } Yes, there's One, on - ly One, The blessed, bless-ed Je-sus, He's the One;
 ev-er-last-ing arm? }
 makes as white as snow? } Yes, there's One on - ly One,

HE'S THE ONE.—CONCLUDED.



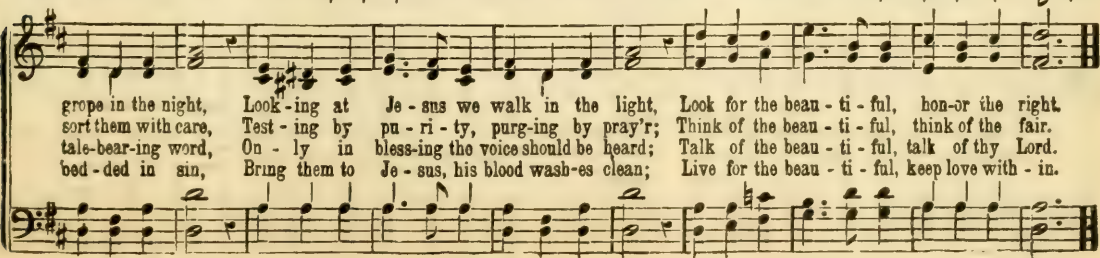
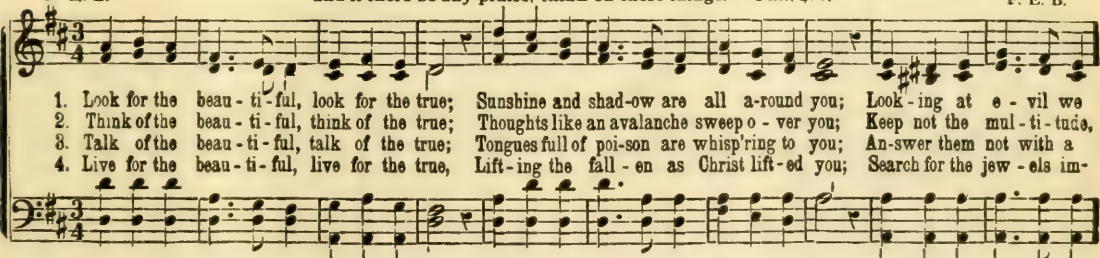
523

LOOK FOR THE BEAUTIFUL.

"Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; IF THERE BE ANY VIRTUE and if there be any praise, think on these things."—Phil. 4: 8.

F. E. B.

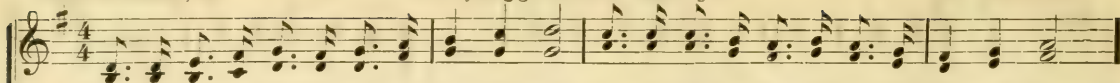
F. E. B.



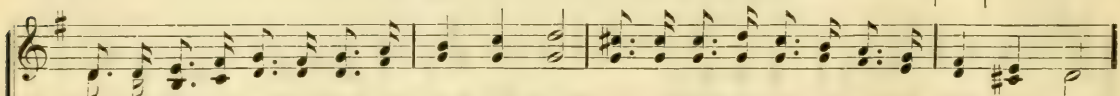
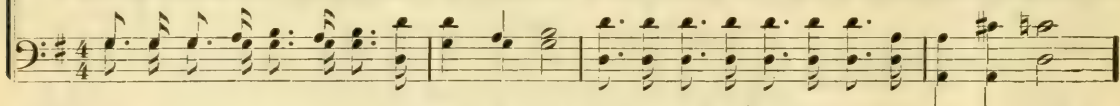
FLORA KIRKLAND, alt.

"In everything give thanks."—Thess. 5: 18.

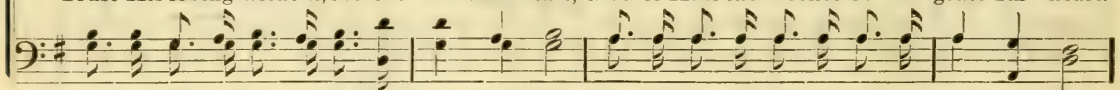
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



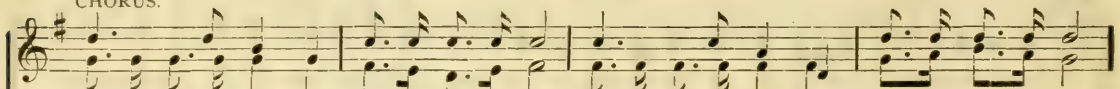
1. Are you heav-y - la - den and with sor-row tried? Look in faith to Christ, your Helper, Friend and Guide;
2. Think of hidden dangers He has bro't you thro', Of the cares and burdens He has borne for you,
3. Does your pathway dar-ken when the clouds draw near? Count your many mercies, dry the flowing tear;
4. As He looks from heaven down on you and me, Know you not He chooseth what each day shall be?



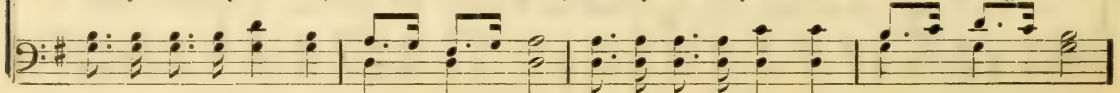
Think of all your mercies, such a bound-less store, Tears will change to praises as you count them o'er.
 Of His words of comfort in your deep - est need, Count the times when Jesus proved a Friend indeed.
 Trust Him in the shadows dim and have no fear; "Heav'n will be the sweeter for the dark down here."
 Trust His loving wisdom, tho' the hot tears start, Give to Him the incense of a grate-ful heart.



CHORUS.



Count your mer-cies, such a boundless store, Count your mer-cies, pressed and running o'er,
 Count your many mercies, bound-less store, Count your many mercies run-ning o'er,



COUNT YOUR MERCIES.—CONCLUDED.

All your mer-cies, count them o'er and o'er, Lost in love and wonder at the bound-less store.
 All your mercies, count them o'er and o'er,

525

MORE ABOUT JESUS.

E. E. HEWITT.

"Of his fullness have we received."—John 1: 16.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. More a-bout Je-sus I would know, More of His grace to oth-ers show; More of His say-ing
 2. More a-bout Je-sus let me learn, More of His ho-ly will dis-cern; Spir-it of God, my
 3. More a-bout Je-sus; in His word Hold-ing communion with my Lord, Hearing His voice in
 4. More a-bout Je-sus; on His throne, Rich-es in glo-ry all His own; More of His kingdom's

D.S.—More of His saving

FINE. REFRAIN. *D.S*

full-ness see, More of His love who died for me.
 teach-er be, Showing the things of Christ to me.
 ev-'ry line, Making each faithful saying mine.
 sure increase; More of His coming, Prince of Peace.

More, more about Jesus, More, more about Jesus;

full-ness see, More of His love who died for me.

FATHER, WE COME TO THEE.

F E BELDEN.

"Behold we come unto thee: for thou art the Lord our God,"—Jer 3:22.

W J BOSTWICK.

1. Fath-er, we come to thee, No oth-er help have we, Thou wilt our ref-uge be, On thee we call;
 2. Save from our man-y foes, Save from our earthly woes, Be thou our soul's repose In time of need;
 3. Give us thy grace div-ine, Seal us for-ev-er thine, Our wayward feet incline From sin to flee.

Earth is but dark and drear With-out thy pres-ence near; Be thou our com-fort here, Father of all.
 Fear-ful are we and weak, To us sweet courage speak; Thy mighty arm we seek For strength indeed.
 O guide us we im-plore, 'Till wea-ry life is o'er, And on a brighter shore We dwell with thee.

CHORUS

Father, we come to thee, Turn not a-way; Help-less we come to thee, Hear while we pray.

LEAD ME, SAVIOUR.

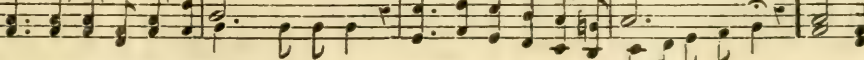
F. M. D.

With expression.

"For thy name's sake, lead me and guide me."—Ps. 31: 3.

FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.

1. Sav - iour, lead me lest I stray, Gen - tly lead me all the way;
2. Thou the ref - uge of my soul, When life's stormy bil - lows roll;
3. Sav - iour, lead me till at last, When the storm of life is past,



I am safe when by thy side, I would in thy love a-bide (love a-bide). Lead me, Lead me,
I am safe when thou art nigh, All my hopes on thee re-ly (I re-ly).
I shall reach the land of day, Where all tears are wiped away (wiped a-way).

I am safe when by thy side, I would in thy love a-bide.

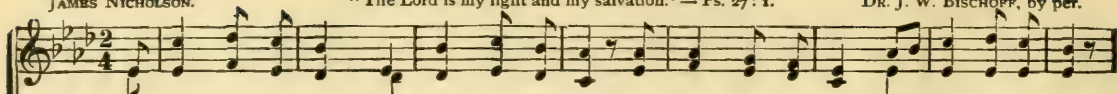
Sav-iour, lead me, lest I stray; Gen-tly down the stream of time, Lead me, Saviour, all the way.
 Changing stream of time, all the way.

THE LORD IS MY LIGHT.

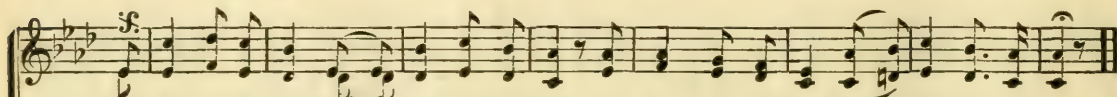
JAMES NICHOLSON.

"The Lord is my light and my salvation."—Ps. 27: 1.

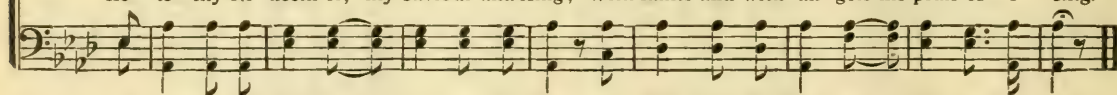
DR. J. W. BISCHOFF, by per.



1. The Lord is my light; then why should I fear? By day and by night his pres-ence is near;
2. The Lord is my light; tho' clouds may a- rise, Faith stronger than sight, looks up to the skies
3. The Lord is my light, the Lord is my strength, I know in his might I'll conquer at length;
4. The Lord is my light, my all and in all; There is in his sight no darkness at all;

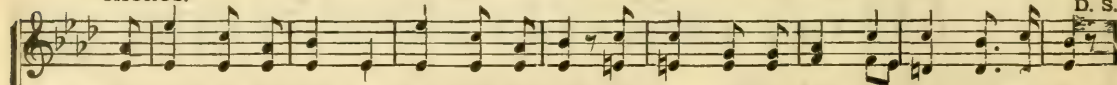


He is my sal - va - tion from sorrow and sin; This bles - sed per - sua - sion the Spir - it brings in.
 Where Jesus for - ev - er in glo - ry doth reign: Then how can I ev - er in darkness re - main?
 My weakness in mer - cy he cov - ers with pow'r, And, walk - ing by faith, he upholds me each hour.
 He is my Re - deem - er, my Saviour and King; With saints and with an - gels his prais - es I sing.

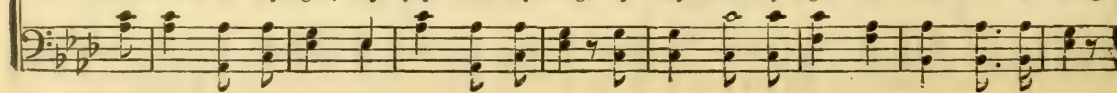


D. S.— The Lord is my light, my joy and my song; By day and by night he leads me a - long.

CHORUS.

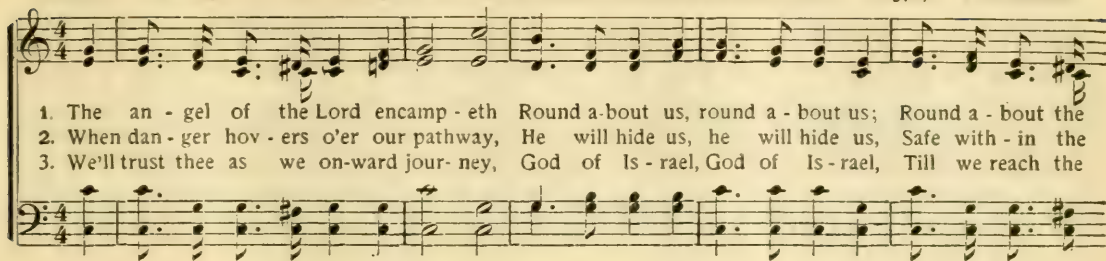


The Lord is my light, my joy and my song; By day and by night he leads me a - long.



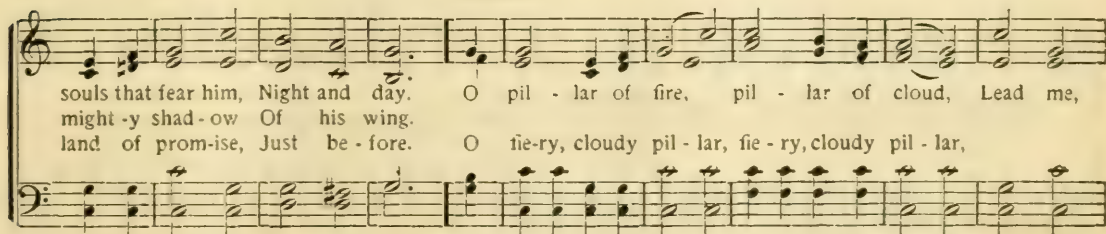
PILLAR OF FIRE.

F. E. B. "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them."—Ps. 34 : 7. F. E. BELDEN.

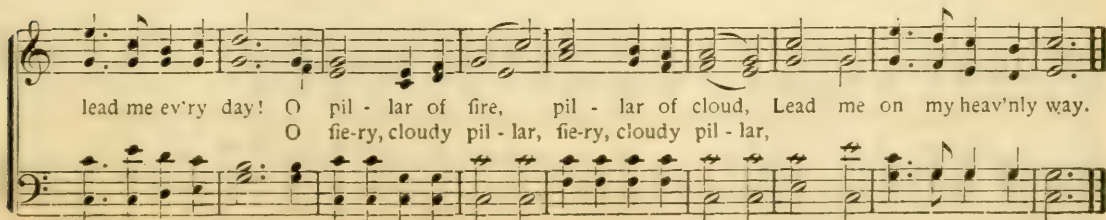


1. The an - gel of the Lord encamp - eth Round a - bout us, round a - bout us; Round a - bout the
 2. When dan - ger hov - ers o'er our pathway, He will hide us, he will hide us, Safe with - in the
 3. We'll trust thee as we on - ward jour - ney, God of Is - rael, God of Is - rael, Till we reach the

CHORUS.



souls that fear him, Night and day. O pil - lar of fire, pil - lar of cloud, Lead me,
 might - y shad - ow Of his wing.
 land of prom - ise, Just be - fore. O fie - ry, cloudy pil - lar, fie - ry, cloudy pil - lar,

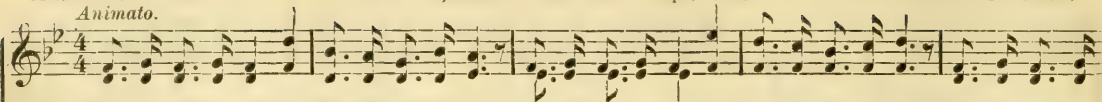


lead me ev'ry day! O pil - lar of fire, pil - lar of cloud, Lead me on my heav'nly way.
 O fie - ry, cloudy pil - lar, fie - ry, cloudy pil - lar,

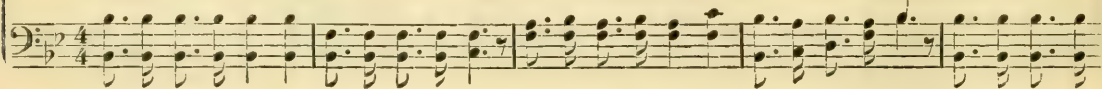
Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.

"Above all, take the shield of faith."—Eph. 6: 16.

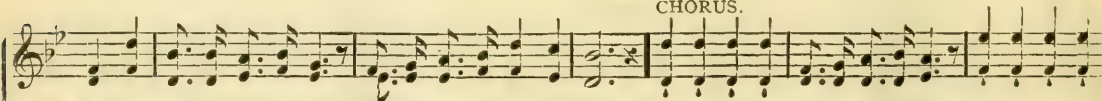
GRANT C. TULLAR.

Animato.

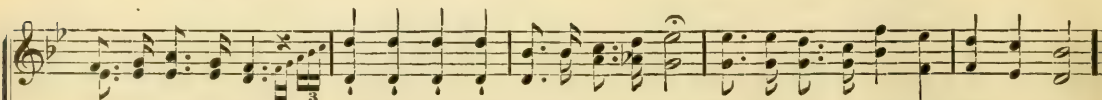
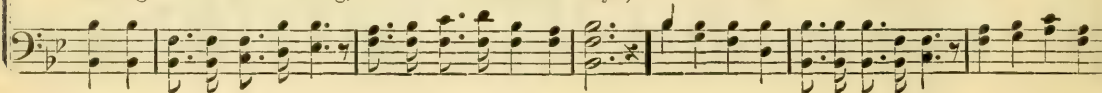
1. Christ, our mighty Captain, leads against the foe; We will nev-er fal-ter when He bids us go; Tho' His righteous
2. Let our glorious banner ev-er be unfurled; From its mighty stronghold evil shall be hurled; Christ, our mighty
3. Fierce the bat-tle rag-es, but 'twill not be long, Then triumphant shall we join the blessed throng, Joyful-ly u-



CHORUS.



purpose we may nev-er know, Yet we'll follow all the way. }
 Captain, overcomes the world, And we follow all the way. } Forward! forward! 'tis the Lord's command, Forward! forward!
 nit-ing in the victor's song, If we follow all the way. }



to the promised land; Forward! forward! let the cho-rus ring; We are sure to win with Christ our King!



URGE THEM TO COME.

DR. C. R. BLACKALL.

W. H. DOANE.

1. In the highways and hedges go seek for the lost, Gather them in to the fold,—Was the earnest com-
 2. If the Shepherd we love, we will care for the sheep; Pre-cious are they in his sight; They are out in the
 3. To the wea-ry and thirst-y the Saviour has said, "Come, heavy laden, to me, I will give you to
 4. There's a welcome for all in the kingdom of grace, All who repent and believe; And the souls that have

CHORUS.

mand that our Saviour di-vine Taught his dis-ci-ples of old.
 des-ert, they wander a-lone; Lead them from dark-ness to light. Urge them to come, show them the way; Ten-der-ly,
 drink of the wa-ter of life;" Tell them the fountain is free.
 stray'd and returned to the fold, Je-sus will glad-ly re-ceive.

lov-ing-ly, bring them to-day; Urge them to come, why should they roam? Bring them along to our dear Saviour's home.

SEEKING THE LOST.

W. A. O.

"I will seek that which was lost."—Eze. 34:16.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. Seeking the lost, yes, kindly en-treat-ing Wanderers on the mountains a - stray, "Come unto me," his
 2. Seeking the lost, and pointing to Je - sus Souls that are weak and hearts that are sore, Leading them forth in
 3. Thus would I go, for Je-sus hath call'd me, Him would I fol-low day un-to day; Care for the dy - ing,

CHORUS. *With Bass Solo obligato.*

message re - peat-ing, Words of the Master speaking to-day.
 ways of sal - va-tion, Showing the path to life ev - er - more. Go-ing a - far, a -
 raise up the fall - en, Pointing the lost to Je-sus the way.

Go-ing a - far upon the

far up-on the mountain, Bringing the wan - d'rers, the wand'rers back a-gain,
 moun - tain, Bring-ing the wan - d'rers back a - gain, In - to the

SEEKING THE LOST.—CONCLUDED.

In-to the fold, the fold of my Redeemer Jesus the Lamb, the Lamb for sinners slain.

fold of my Re-deem - er, . . . Jesus the Lamb for sinners slain.

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FREELY GIVE.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

"Give, and it shall be given unto you."—Luke 6:38.

THEO. E. PERKINS.

1. Would you win a Saviour's blessing? Freely, freely give; Would you see his work progressing? Freely, freely give;
 2. With a cheerful heart and willing, Freely, freely give; Like the dew its balm dis-till-ing, Freely, freely give;
 3. Give to spread the grand Old Story, Freely, freely give; Give to speed the light of glory, Freely, freely give;

Let your souls with love expand, Open wide a liberal hand; Would you follow God's command? Freely, freely give.
 Have you lit-tle? Give your mite; O how precious in his sight! He your off'ring will re-quite; Freely, freely give.
 Would you gain a rich re-ward In the harvest of the Lord? Then o - be-dient to his word, Freely, freely give.

DRAW ME CLOSER TO THEE.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

"Let us draw near with a true heart, in full assurance of faith."—Heb. 10 : 22.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Clos - er to thee, my Fa-ther, draw me, I long for thine em - brace; Clos - er within thine arms en-
 2. Clos - er to thee, my Saviour, draw me, Nor let me leave thee more; Fain would I feel thine arms a -
 3. Clos - er by thy sweet Spir - it draw me, Till I am all like thee; Quicken, re-fine, and wash and

CHORUS.

fold me, I seek a rest - ing place. Clos - - er with the cords of love, Draw me
 round me, And count my wand' rings o'er.
 cleanse me, Till I am pure and free. Clos-er, closer with the cords of love, Draw me, draw me to thy

to thy-self a-bove; Clos - - er draw me, To thy-self a - bove.
 self a - bove; Closer with the cords of love, Draw me to thyself above. Draw me to thy-self a - bove.

ANYWHERE WITH JESUS.

JESSIE H. BROWN.

"I will trust and not be afraid."—Isa. 12:2.

D. B. TOWNER, by per.

1. An - y-where with Je-sus I can safe - ly go, An - y-where he leads me in this world be - low;
 2. An - y-where with Je-sus I am not a - lone, Oth-er friends may fail me, he is still my own;
 3. An - y-where with Je-sus I can go to sleep, When the gloom-y shadows round a - bout me creep,

An - y-where without him, dear-est joys would fade, An - y-where with Je-sus I am not a - fraid.
 Tho' his hand may lead me o - ver drear-y ways, An - y-where with Je-sus is a house of praise.
 Knowing I shall wak-en nev-er-more to roam; An - y-where with Je-sus will be home sweet home.

CHORUS.

An-y-where! an-y-where! Fear I can - not know; An - ywhere with Je - sus I can safe - ly go.

WINNING PRECIOUS SOULS TO THEE.

E. A. H.

"He that winneth souls is wise."—Prov. 11: 30.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN,

DUET.

ALL.

DUET.

1. Be with us, Lord, as forth we go, Winning precious souls to Thee; And make our love and zeal to glow,
 2. Help us to la-bor faith-ful-ly, Winning precious souls to Thee; And gath-er ma-n-y sheaves for Thee,
 3. We toil with fee-ble hands and weak, Winning precious souls to Thee; To us new faith and courage speak,
 4. As we each day our work pursue, Winning precious souls to Thee; Our faith increase, our zeal re-new,
 5. We need Thy help, O gracious Lord! Winning precious souls to Thee; Go with us, and Thy aid af-ford,
 6. As we go forth in trust and love, Winning precious souls to Thee; Send down Thy blessing from a-bove,

ALL.

CHORUS.

Win-ning precious souls to Thee. Win-ning precious souls, ma-n-y pre-cious souls, Jew-els in Thy

crown to be; Help us bring them in from the ways of sin, Ma-n-y pre-cious souls to Thee.

“EVEN UNTO THE END.”

F. E. B.

“Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end.”— Matt. 28:20.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. “Go ye in - to all the world, And preach the gospel to ev - 'ry creature,” Let my ban - ner be unfurled,
2. Millions bless'd with gos - pel light, Yet need the glad - ness of sins for - giv - en; Millions, cursed with heathen night,
3. Stand not i - dle all the day, Because no man hath de - clared thy wages; Work on, love demands no pay,
4. All things on the al - tar lay, Let Calvary's cross be thy on - ly glo - ry; Cast all self - ish fear a - way,

CHORUS

With pen, and song, and the liv - ing teach - er. “E - - ven un - to the end, - - - E - - ven
 Yet long to know of the Way to heav - en. un - to the end,
 'Tis all set down in the heav'n - ly pag - es.
 Be - gin just now tell - ing love's sweet sto - ry. Go ye, go ye over land and sea, Pow'r, “all pow'r

un - to the end;” - - - “Lo, - - I am with you al - way, E - - ven un - to the end.”
 is giv - en un - to me,” I will guide you, I defend, I will keep you un - to the end.

LOVE'S RAINBOW.

"And God said, this is the token of the covenant which I make between me and you."—Gen. 9 : 12.

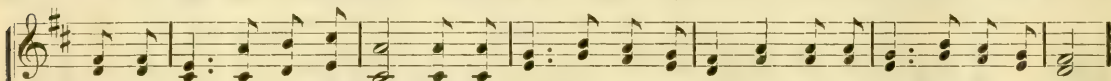
FLORA KIRKLAND.

I. H. MEREDITH.

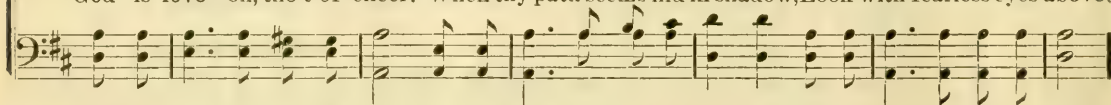
With expression.



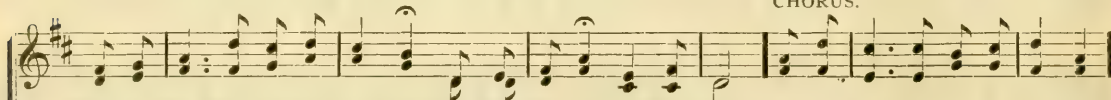
1. Life is not a cloudless journey, Storms and darkness oft oppress, But the Father's changeless mercy,
2. Dark the clouds and wild the tempest: Turn, oh, turn thy longing eyes! See afar, the Father's promise,
3. Nev-er fear, nor be discouraged, Tho' life's journey dark appear, Travel on, by faith uphold - en,



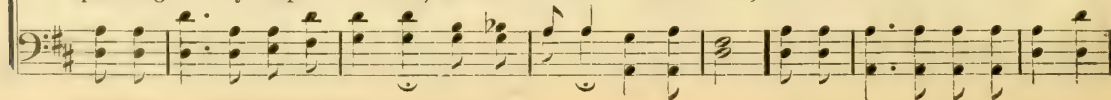
Comes to cheer the heart's distress; Heavy clouds may darkly hov - er, Hiding all faith's view a - bove,
Out of gloom, in light a - rise; See the glow-ing, gleaming col - ors, Father's love to us they prove:
"God is love" oh, tho't of cheer! When thy path seems hid in shadow, Look with fearless eyes above:



CHORUS.



But a - cross the thickest darkness, Shines the rainbow of His love. }
He hath promised; He is faith - ful, 'Tis the rainbow of His love. } Aft - er storm the rainbow shineth
Spanning o'er thy deepest sor - row, Shines the rainbow of His love. }



LOVE'S RAINBOW.—CONCLUDED.

Musical score for 'Love's Rainbow' in G major, 2/4 time. The melody is on the treble staff and the accompaniment is on the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the melody.

Promise writ in light a-bove; Ev-en so across our sor-row Shines the rainbow of His love.

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JUST A RAY OF SUNSHINE.

ADA BLENKHORN.

"She hath done what she could."

P. P. BILHORN.

Musical score for 'Just a Ray of Sunshine' in G major, 6/8 time. The melody is on the treble staff and the accompaniment is on the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the melody.

1. Just a ray of sun-shine Break-ing thro' the gloom, Makes the earth re-joice a-gain,
 2. Just a lit-tle kind-ness, Bright and sun-ny smile, Makes the sad heart sing a-gain,
 3. Words and smiles so kind-ly Like the sun-shine fall, Let your pres-ence ev-er be

And the flow'rs to bloom: Makes the earth re-joice a-gain And makes the flow'rs to bloom.
 All its cares be-guile. Makes the sad heart sing a-gain And all its cares be-guile.
 Blessings un-to all; Let your pres-ence ev-er be Rich bless-ings un-to all.

WALK IN THE LIGHT.

ASA HULL.

"Walk while ye have the light, lest darkness come upon you."—John 12 : 35.

GEO. C. HUGG.

1. Walk in the light the Lord has given To guide thy steps a - right ; His Ho - ly Spir-it, sent from heav'n,
 2. Walk in the light of gos - pel truth That shines from God's own Word, A light to guide in ear - ly youth
 3. Walk in the light; tho' shadows dark Should fall a - cross thy way, Darkness will flee be-fore the light
 4. Walk in the light, and thou shall know The love of God to thee; The fel - low-ship, so sweet be-low,

CHORUS.

Can cheer the darkest night. Walk..... in the light,..... Walk..... in the
 The faith-ful of the Lord.
 Of God's e - ter - nal day. }
 In heav'n will sweeter be. Walk in the light, in the beauti- ful light of God, Walk in, the light, in the

light..... Walk..... in the light,..... Walk in the light, the light of God.
 beauti-ful light of God, Walk in the light, in the beauti-ful light of God.

LIZZIE EDWARDS.

"We walk by faith."—2 Cor. 5: 7

JNO. R. SWENEY.

DUET.

1. I must have the Saviour with me, For I dare not walk a-lone; I must feel His presence near me,
 2. I must have the Saviour with me, For my faith, at best, is weak; He can whisper words of comfort
 3. I must have the Saviour with me, In the on-ward march of life, Thro' the tem-pest and the sun-shine,
 4. I must have the Saviour with me, And His eye the way must guide, Till I reach the vale of Jor-dan,

CHORUS.

And His arm a-round me thrown. Then my soul..... shall fear no ill, Let Him
 That no oth-er voice can speak.
 Thro' the bat-tle and the strife, }
 Till I gain the oth-er side. Then my soul shall fear no ill, fear no ill,

lead..... me where He will, I will go..... without a mur-mur, And His footsteps follow still.
 Let Him lead me, where He will, where He will, I will go

WHAT ARE YOU DOING FOR JESUS?

EMILY P. MILLER.

"I must work the works of him that sent me."—John 9 : 4.

J LINCOLN HALL.

1. What are you doing for Je - sus, As you journey thro' life? Sowing the grain for the harvest, Or scat-ter-ing
 2. What are you doing for Je - sus? Are you striving each day, By lit-tle acts of kind-ness, To bright-en
 3. What are you doing for Je - sus? Soon comes setting of sun; Has-ten to tell the glad ti-dings, Lest you leave some

CHORUS.

seeds of strife? } What are you do - ing, Do - ing for Je - sus?
 some ones way? }
 work un - done. } What are you do-ing for Je - sus your friend? What are you do - ing for Je - sus to - day?

What are you do - ing As the days go by?..... What are you do - ing,
 What are you do-ing for Je-sus your friend As the days go by, days go by? What are you do-ing for Jesus your friend?

WHAT ARE YOU DOING FOR JESUS?—CONCLUDED.

Do - ing for Je - sus? What are you do - ing As the days go by?.....
 What are you doing for Je - sus to-day? What are you doing for Je - sus your friend days go by?

543

LIFT! BROTHER, LIFT!

F. E. B.

"If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me."—Matt. 16: 24.

F. E. BELDEN.

Spirited.

1. When the cross seems hard to carry, Lift! brother, lift! O'er the burden nev-er tar-ry. Lift! brother, lift!
 2. Du - ty's call is self-de-n-y-ing, Lift! brother, lift! Half the bat-tle lies in try-ing, Lift! brother, lift!
 3. When the e - vil seems the strongest, Lift! brother, lift! Lift the hardest, lift the longest, Lift! brother, lift!

CHORUS.

Lift the cross and clasp it tighter, Lift! brother, lift! Lifting makes the burden lighter, Lift! brother, lift!

THROW OUT THE LIFE-LINE.

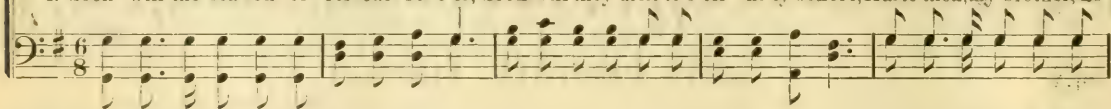
Rev. U. S. UFFORD.

(May be used as a Solo and Chorus.)

E. S. U. Arr. by GEO. C. STEBBINS.

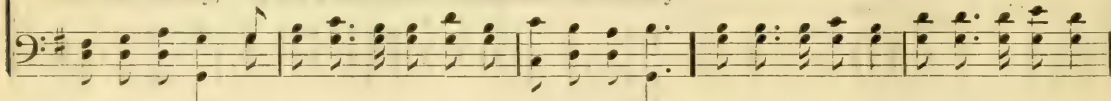


1. Throw out the Life-Line a-cross the dark wave, There is a brother whom some one should save; Somebody's brother! oh,
2. Throw out the Life-Line. With hand quick and strong. Why do you tarry, why linger so long? See! he is sinking; oh,
3. Throw out the Life-Line to danger-fraught men, Sinking in anguish where you've never been: Winds of temptation and
4. Soon will the sea-son of res-cue be o'er, Soon will they drift to e-ter-ni-ty's shore, Haste then, my brother, no



who then, will dare To throw out the Life-Line his per-il to share?
 has - ten to-day — And out with the Life-Boat! away, then, a-way!
 bil-lows of woe Will soon hurl them out where the dark wa-ters flow.
 time for de-lay, But throw out the Life-Line and save them to-day.

Throw out the Life-Line! Throw out the Life-Line!



Some one is drifting a - way; Throw out the Life-Line! Throw out the Life-Line! Some one is sinking to - day.



THROW OUT THE LIFE-LINE!

F. E. B. "I will draw all men unto me."—John 12:32. "Who redeemeth thy life from destruction."—Ps. 103:4. F. E. BELDEN.

1. Out up - on an an - gry o - cean, Without helm or oar, Mill - ions in the wild com - mo - tion,
 2. On a flow'ry gos - pel mead - ow, Thousands dwell at ease, Car - ing not that Death's dark shad - ow
 3. How can we who once were res - cued At so great a cost, Cast a - drift the on - ly Life-Line,
 4. Brothers, hear your brothers call - ing, "Throw the line this way;" Sis - ters, see your sis - ters sink - ing,

f CHORUS.

Sink to rise no more.
 Haunts the stormy seas. Throw out the life-line! Throw out the life-line! Night is swiftly com - ing; Be-
 Laugh - ing at the lost?
 With no arm to stay.

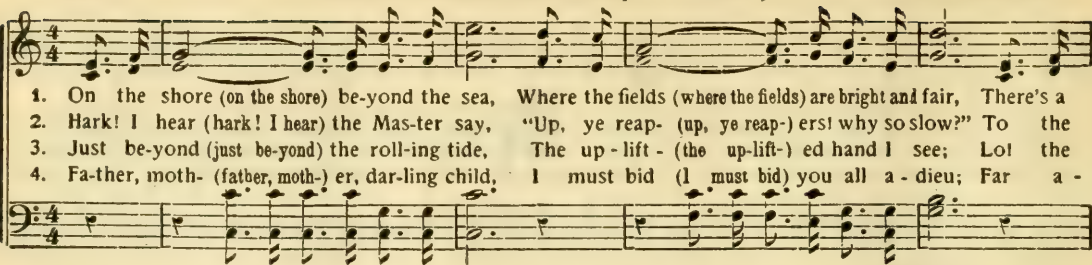
hold the set - ting sun! Throw out the life-line! Throw out the life-line! Je - sus is the life-line; You may save one (save one).

MISSIONARY'S FAREWELL.

I. B.

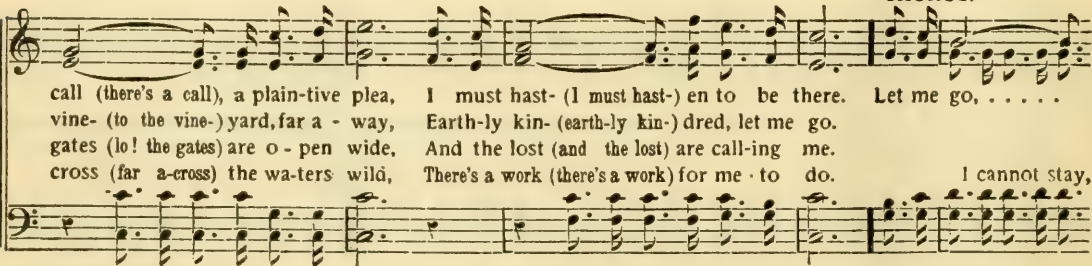
"Come over into Macedonia and help us."—Acts 16:9.

Rev. I. BALTZELL.

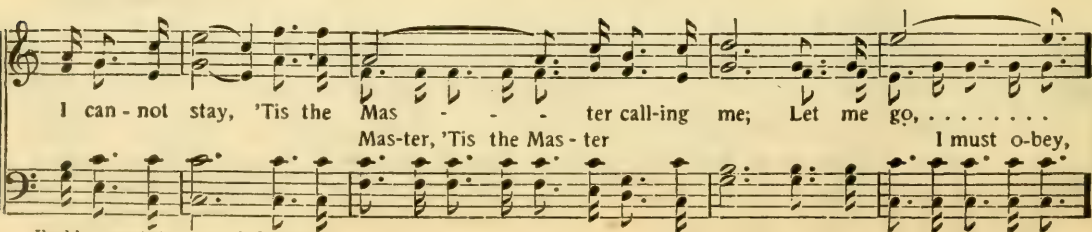


1. On the shore (on the shore) be-yond the sea, Where the fields (where the fields) are bright and fair, There's a
 2. Hark! I hear (hark! I hear) the Mas-ter say, "Up, ye reap- (up, ye reap-) ers! why so slow?" To the
 3. Just be-yond (just be-yond) the roll-ing tide, The up- lift - (the up-lift-) ed hand I see; Lo! the
 4. Fa-ther, moth- (father, moth-) er, dar-ling child, I must bid (I must bid) you all a - dieu; Far a -

CHORUS.



call (there's a call), a plain-tive plea, I must hast- (I must hast-) en to be there. Let me go,
 vine- (to the vine-) yard, far a - way, Earth-ly kin- (earth-ly kin-) dred, let me go.
 gates (lo! the gates) are o - pen wide, And the lost (and the lost) are call-ing me.
 cross (far a-cross) the wa-ters wild, There's a work (there's a work) for me to do. I cannot stay,



I can - not stay, 'Tis the Mas - - - ter call-ing me; Let me go,
 Mas-ter, 'Tis the Mas - ter I must o-bey,

MISSIONARY'S FAREWELL.—CONCLUDED.

I must o - bey; Na - tive land, fare-well to thee (fare-well to thee)
fare-well to thee,

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THE CALL FOR REAPERS.

J. O. THOMPSON.

"The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few."—Matt. 9 : 37.

J. B. O. CLEMM.

1. Far and near the fields are teeming With the sheaves of ripened grain; Far and near their gold is gleaming
2. Send them forth with morn's first beaming, Send them in the noontide's glare; When the sun's last rays are streaming,
3. O thou whom thy Lord is send-ing, Gath-er now the sheaves of gold, Heav'nward then at evening wending

D. S.— Send them now the sheaves to gather,

End. CHORUS. D. S.
O'er the sun - ny slope and plain.
Bid them gath - er ev - 'ry-where. Lord of harvest, send forth reapers! Hear us, Lord, to thee we cry;
Thou shalt come with joy un - told.

Ere the har - vest time pass by.

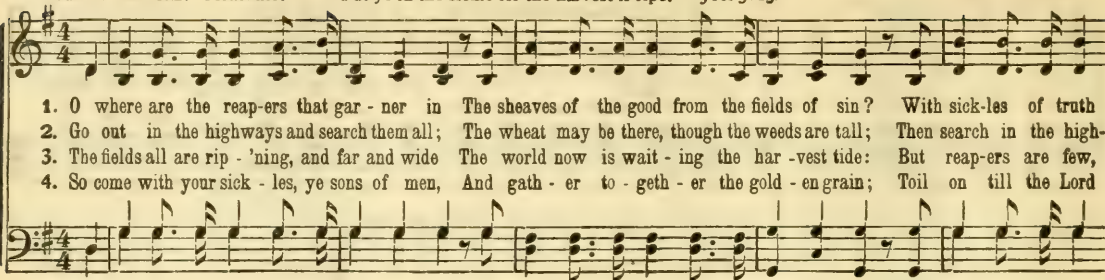
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WHERE ARE THE REAPERS?

EBEN E. REXFORD. *Moderato.*

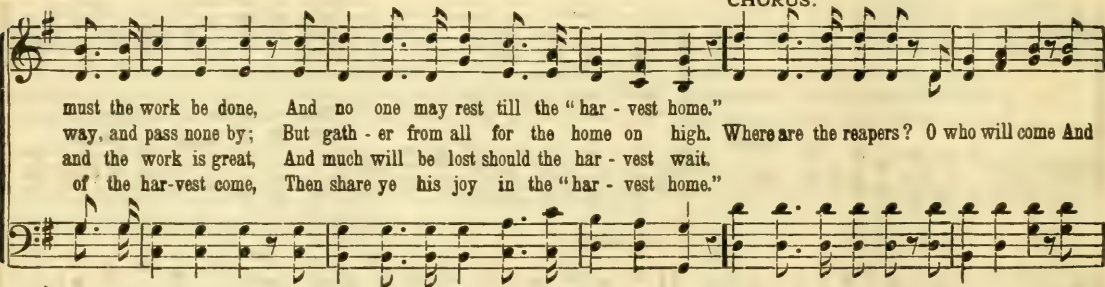
"Put ye in the sickle for the harvest is ripe."—Joel 3:13.

GEO. F. ROOT.

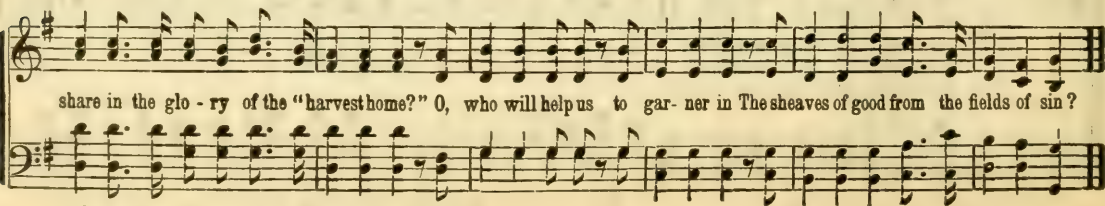


1. O where are the reap-ers that gar - ner in The sheaves of the good from the fields of sin? With sick-les of truth
 2. Go out in the highways and search them all; The wheat may be there, though the weeds are tall; Then search in the high-
 3. The fields all are rip - 'ning, and far and wide The world now is wait - ing the har - vest tide: But reap-ers are few,
 4. So come with your sick - les, ye sons of men, And gath - er to - geth - er the gold - engrain; Toil on till the Lord

CHORUS.



must the work be done, And no one may rest till the "har - vest home."
 way, and pass none by; But gath - er from all for the home on high. Where are the reapers? O who will come And
 and the work is great, And much will be lost should the har - vest wait.
 of the har-vest come, Then share ye his joy in the "har - vest home."



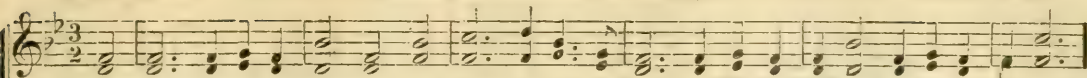
share in the glo - ry of the "harvest home?" O, who will help us to gar - ner in The sheaves of good from the fields of sin?

ONE MORE DAY'S WORK FOR JESUS.

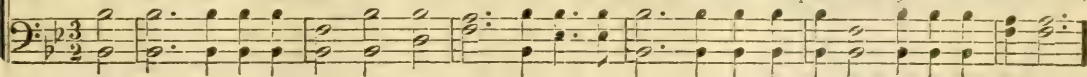
ANNA WARNER.

"To every man his work."—Mark 13:34.

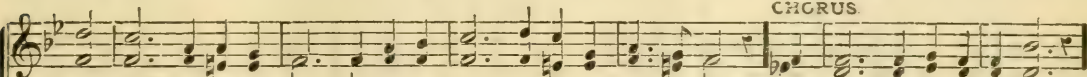
ROBERT LOWRY.



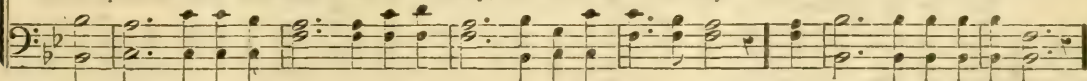
1. One more day's work for Je-sus, One less of life for me; But heav'n is nearer, And Christ is dear-er,
2. One more day's work for Je-sus; How glo-rious is my King! 'Tis joy, not du-ty, To speak his beau-ty;
3. One more day's work for Je-sus; How sweet the work has been, To tell the sto-ry, To show the glo-ry
4. One more day's work for Je-sus,— O yes, a wea-ry day; But heav'n shines clearer, And rest comes nearer,
5. O bless-ed work for Je-sus! O rest at Je-sus' feet! There toil seems pleasure, My wants are treasure,



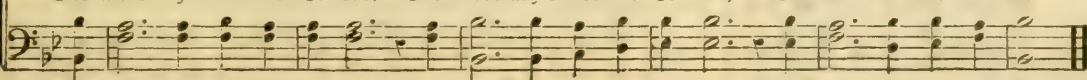
CHORUS.



Than yes-ter-day to me; His love and light Fill all my soul to-night.
 My soul mounts on the wing At the mere tho't How Christ my life has bought.
 Where Christ's flock enter in! How it did shine In this poor heart of mine! One more day's work for Jesus,
 At each step of the way; And Christ in all—Be-fore his face I fall.
 And pain for him is sweet; Lord, if I may, I'll serve an-oth-er day.



One more day's work for Je-sus, One more day's work for Je-sus, One less of life for me.

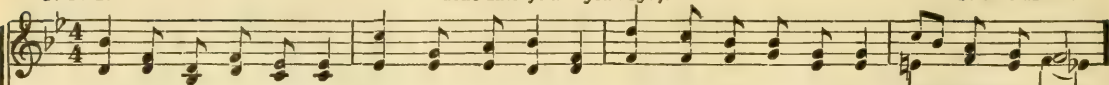


PRAY FOR THE ERRING.

F. E. B.

"If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you."—John 15: 7.

F. E. BELDEN.



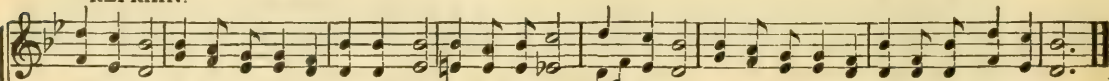
1. Pray for the er - ring ones, faith shall reclaim them; Doubt not the prom - is - es, plead them in prayer.
2. Plead with them ten - der - ly, point them to Je - sus; Tho' just - ly sor - row - ing, do not de - spair.
3. Let thine ex - am - ple be worth - y thy call - ing, Thy life is wit - ness - ing each day and hour.
4. Walk with the Per - fect One, choos - ing none oth - er; His robe of righteous - ness joy - ful - ly wear;



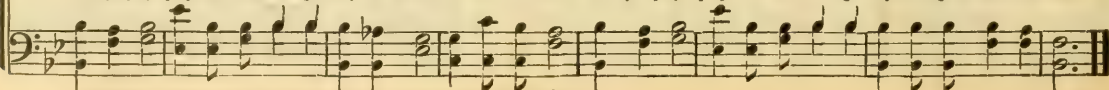
Lov - ing and mer - ci - ful, Je - sus will save them; Up to the mer - cy seat thy loved ones bear.
 Kneel in the dark - est hour, firm - ly be - liev - ing; On Christ the cru - ci - fied cast all your care.
 Thousands now per - ish - ing long for a Sav - iour; Show forth his wondrous love, tell of his power.
 So shall the er - ring see beau - ty in Je - sus, So shall the Fa - ther hear and grant thy prayer.

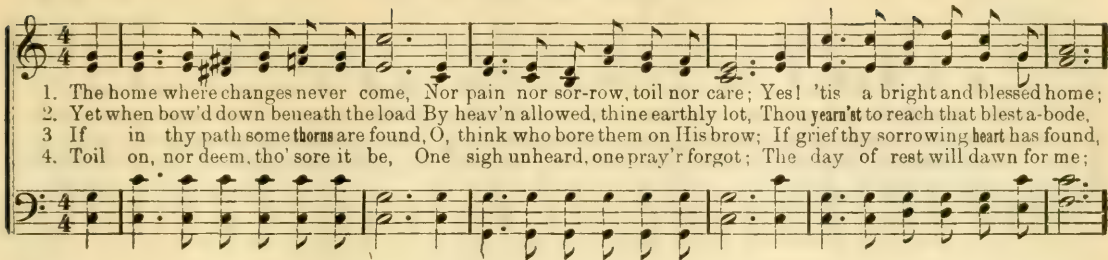


REFRAIN.



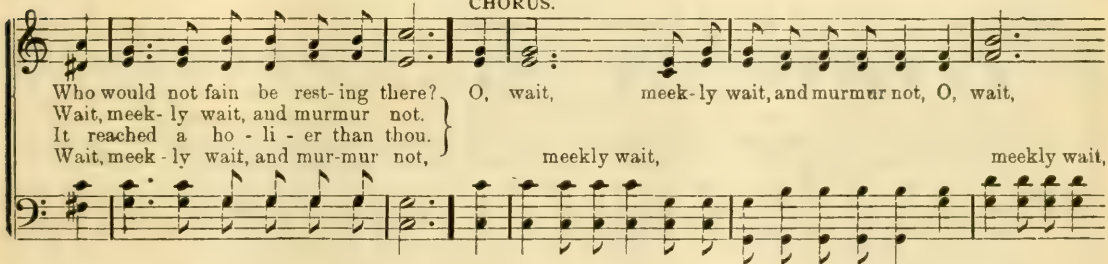
Always pray, pray for the er - ring; Pray in faith, Je - sus will hear; Always pray, pray for the er - ring; Prayer brings the wand'ers near.



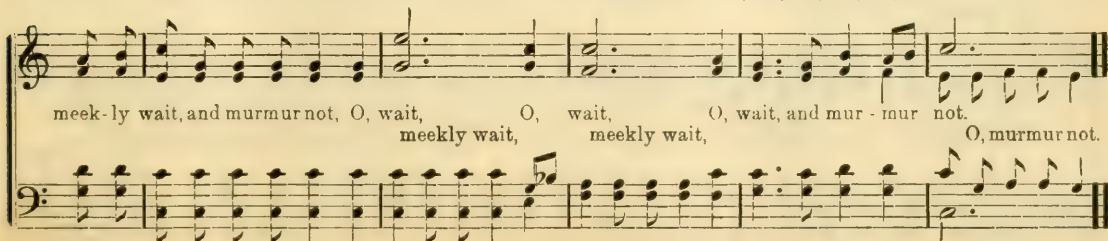


1. The home where changes never come, Nor pain nor sor-row, toil nor care; Yes! 'tis a bright and blessed home;
 2. Yet when bow'd down beneath the load By heav'n allowed, thine earthly lot, Thou yearn'st to reach that blest a-bode,
 3. If in thy path some thorns are found, O, think who bore them on His brow; If grief thy sorrowing heart has found,
 4. Toil on, nor deem, tho' sore it be, One sigh unheard, one pray'r forgot; The day of rest will dawn for me;

CHORUS.



Who would not fain be rest-ing there? O, wait, meek-ly wait, and murmur not, O, wait,
 Wait, meek-ly wait, and murmur not.
 It reached a ho-li-er than thou.
 Wait, meek-ly wait, and mur-mur not, meekly wait, meekly wait,



meek-ly wait, and murmur not, O, wait, O, wait, O, wait, and mur-mur not.
 meekly wait, meekly wait, O, murmur not.

WILL THERE BE ANY STARS?

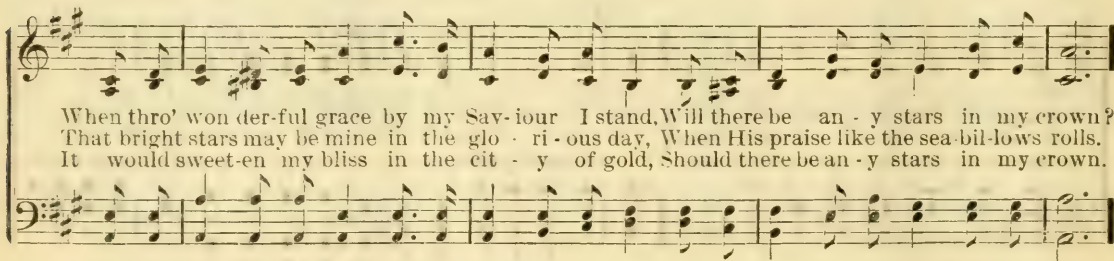
E. E. HEWITT

"They that be teachers shall shine as the stars forever and ever"—Dan. 12: 3.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

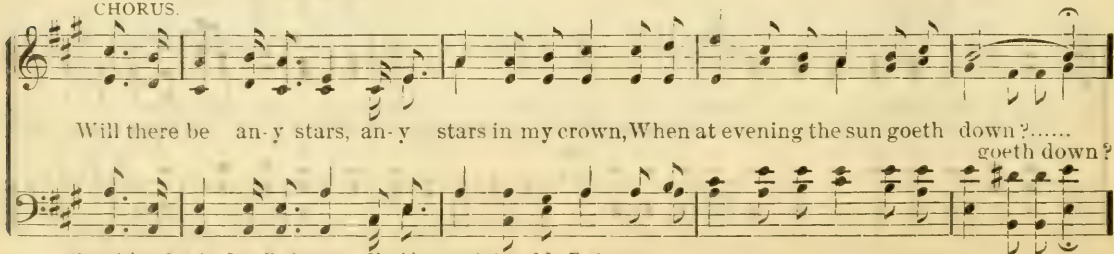


1. I am think-ing to-day of that beau-ti-ful land, I shall reach when the sun go-eth down;
 2. In the strength of the Lord let me la-bor and pray; Let me watch as a win-ner of souls;
 3. O what joy will it be when His face I be-hold, Liv-ing gems at His feet to lay down;



When thro' won-der-ful grace by my Sav-iour I stand, Will there be an-y stars in my crown?
 That bright stars may be mine in the glo-ri-ous day, When His praise like the sea-bil-lows rolls.
 It would sweet-en my bliss in the cit-y of gold, Should there be an-y stars in my crown.

CHORUS.



Will there be an-y stars, an-y stars in my crown, When at evening the sun goeth down?.....
 goeth down?

WILL THERE BE ANY STARS?—CONCLUDED.

When I wake with the blest In the mansions of rest, Will there be an - y stars in my crown?.....
an - y stars in my crown?

553

ALL MY CLASS.

F. E. B.

"They watch for your souls as they that must give account, that they may do it with joy and not with grief"—Heb. 13: 17.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. All my class! not one for-got-ten When before the Throne I kneel; I would share the loving burden That my Saviour's heart doth feel.
2. All my class! if one be miss-ing In the glorious gath'ring day, How shall I account to Je-sus? What shall I with weeping say?
3. Dai-ly would I walk before them, Sunless in God's ho-ly sight, Pleading till His Spirit draw them, Ev'ry one to life and light.

REFRAIN.

Ev'-ry one, bless-ed tho't! Not a sin-gle name for-got. One left out, His joy would d'm; Ev'-ry one is dear to Him.

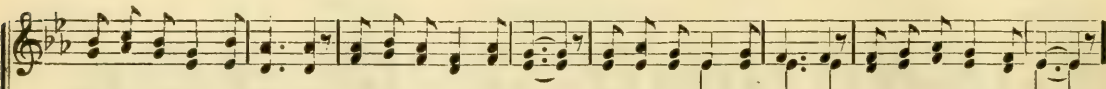
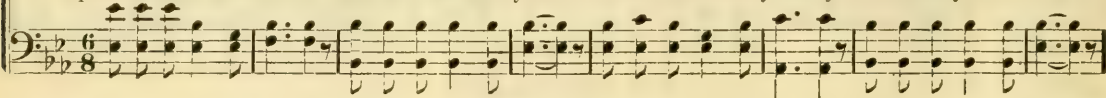
"And thine ears shall hear a word behind thee, saying, this is the way, walk ye in it."—Isa. 30: 21.

L. L. P.

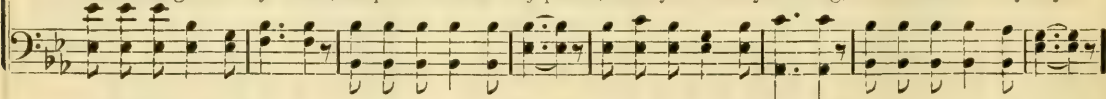
Adapted by L. L. PICKETT.



1. Speak to my soul, dear Jesus, Speak now in tend' rest tone; Whisper in loving kindness; "Thou art not left alone,"
2. Speak to Thy children ev-er, Lead in the ho-ly way; Fill them with joy and gladness, Teach them to watch and pray,
3. Speak now as in the old time Thou didst reveal Thy will: Let me know all my du-ty, Let me Thy law ful-ful,



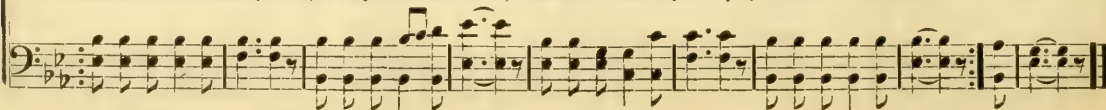
Open my heart to hear Thee, Quickly to hear Thy voice, Fill Thou my soul with praises Let me in Thee re-joice.
May they in con-se-cra-tion Yield their whole lives to Thee, Hasten Thy coming kingdom, Till our dear Lord we see.
Lead me to glo-ri-fy Thee, Help me to show Thy praise, Gladly to do Thy bidding, Honor Thee all my days.



CHORUS.



{ Speak Thou in softest whispers, Whispers of love to me; "Thou shalt be always conq'ror Thou shalt be always free." }
{ Speak Thou to me each day, Lord, Always in tend' rest tone, Let me now hear Thy whisper, "Thou art not left } a - lone."



WATCH AND PRAY.

Anon.

"Watch ye, stand fast in the faith; quit you like men, be strong."—1 Cor. 16:13.

R. LOWRY.

1. Watch, for the time is short; Watch while 'tis called to-day; Watch lest the world pre-vail; Watch, Christian, watch and pray;
 2. Chase slumber from thine eyes, Chase doubting from thy breast; Thine is the promis'd prize Of heaven's e-ter-nal rest;
 3. Take Je-sus for thy trust; Watch while the foe is near; Gird well the ar-mor on; Watch till thy Lord appear.

Watch, for the flesh is weak; Watch, for the foe is strong; Watch lest the Bride-groom come; Watch, tho' he tar-ry long.
 Watch, Christian, watch and pray; Thy Saviour watched for thee Till from his brow there poured Great drops of a-g-o - ny.
 Now when thy sun is up, Make thou no more delay, In this ac-cept-ed time Watch, Christian, watch and pray.

CHORUS.

O watch and pray, O watch and pray; O watch in the darkness, and watch in the day; Christian, watch and pray.
 O watch and pray, O watch and pray, O watch and pray, O watch and pray;

GOOD NIGHT.

F. E. BELDEN. *Legato*. "When thou liest down, thou shalt not be afraid, and thy sleep shall be sweet."—Prov. 3:24. D. S. HAKES.

1. When soft-ly fades the dy - ing day, - - And mor-tal cares we fold a - way, Then with the last faint
 2. And when the deep - er shadows fall, - - And na - ture veil as with a pall, Then pray'rs of eve - ning
 3. O Fa - ther, give us sweet re - pose - - From all our earth-ly cares and woes, And grant that heav'n may

REFRAIN.

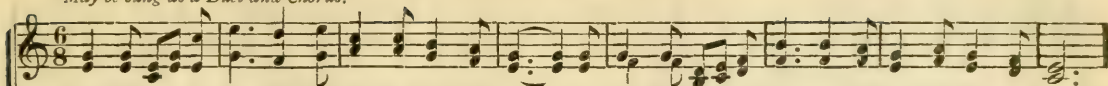
ray of light All na-ture seems to say Good night. Good night, - - good night, May an - - gels
 take their flight From lips that soft-ly say Good night. Good night, good night, Good night, good night, May an - gels er - er
 greet our sight When we have said our last Good night.

bright, (pure and bright), Their vig - ils keep till morn-ing light, - - Good night, good night, Good night, good night,
 bright, (pure and bright), Their vig - ils keep till morning light, Good night, good night, Good night, good night (good night).

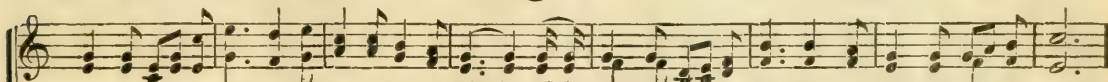
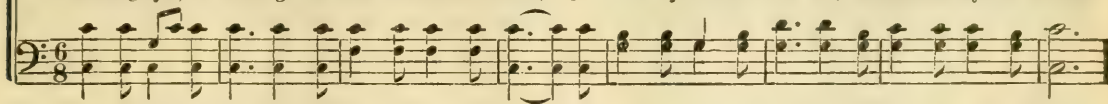
C. F. O.

"Lo! I am with you alway."—Matt. 28:20.

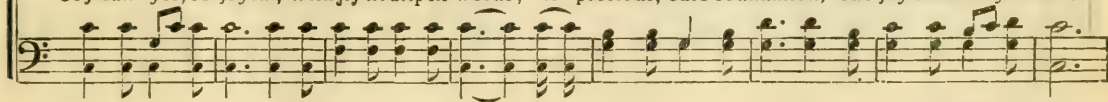
J. C. H. and V. A. WHITE.

May be sung as a Duet and Chorus.

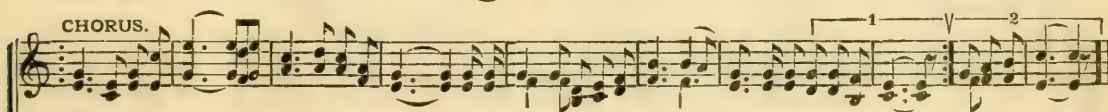
1. Lonely? no, not lonely While Je-sus stand-eth by; His pres-ence always cheers me; I know that he is nigh.
2. Wea-ry? no, not weary While leaning on his breast; My soul hath full enjoyment, In His e - ter - nal rest.
3. Waiting? yes, I'm waiting; He bids me watch and wait; I on - ly wonder oft - en, What makes my Lord so late.



Friend-less? no, not friendless, For Je-sus is my Friend; I change, but he re-main-eth, The same un-to the end.
 Helpless? yes, so helpless; But I am leaning hard On the mighty arm of Je - sus, And he is keeping guard.
 Joy-ful? yes, so joyful, With joy too deep for words; A precious, sure foundation, The joy that is my Lord's.



CHORUS.



No, never a-lone, - - no, never a-lone; He has promised never to leave me, Nev-er to leave me a-lone.
 No, no, never alone, No, no, never alone; Omit - - } leave me a-lone.



LIFETIME IS WORKING TIME.

MRS. CARRIE A. BRECK.

"Workers together with Him."—2 Cor. 6: 1.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. Lifetime is working time, spend no i - dle days; Je - sus is call - ing thee on the harvest ways;
 2. Lifetime is working time, learn where du - ty lies; Grasp ev'ry pass - ing day as a precious prize;
 3. Lifetime is working time, do thy hon - est part; Tho' in discouragements, bear a cheer - ful heart;

Work - ing with a will - ing hand, sing a song of praise;
 Glad to help the sor - row - ing, glad to sym - pa - thize; } Work, ev - er work for Je - sus!
 Trust - ing Je - sus as thy friend, ne'er from Him depart,

CHORUS.

Swift - ly the hours of la - bor fly, Freight - ed with love let each pass by!
 Work, work, work, work, work, work, work, work, work, work, work, work, work, work, work, work, work, work.

LIFETIME IS WORKING TIME.—CONCLUDED.

There is joy in la - bor for the struggling neighbor, Work, ev - er work for Je - sus!

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THE HELPING WORD.

Words by A. N. O. and F. E. B.

"Bear ye one another's burdens."—Gal. 6: 2.

D. S. HAKES.

Moderato.

1. If an - y lit - tle word of mine May make a dark life brighter, If an - y lit - tle song of mine
2. If an - y lit - tle love of mine May make a hard life sweeter. If an - y lit - tle care of mine
3. If an - y lit - tle lift of mine May ease a toil - er bend - ing. God give me love, and care, and strength;

D. S.—arop it in some lonely vale.

END. CHORUS.

D. S

May make a sad heart lighter,
May make a friend's the fleeter. God help me speak the helping word, And sweeten it with singing. And
We live for Him by lending.

To set the ech-oes ring-ing.

Copyright, 1908, by F. E. Belden.

NEVER GIVE UP.

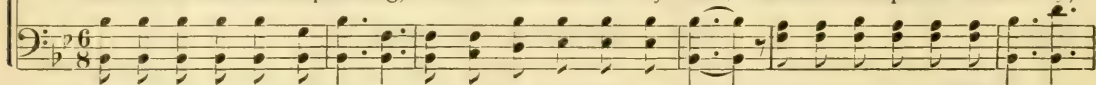
FANNY J. CROSBY.

"We are not of them who draw back."—Heb. 10: 39.

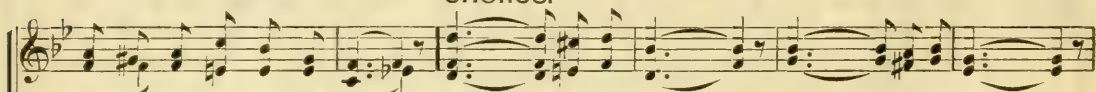
I. ALLAN SANKEY.



1. Nev-er be sad or despond-ing, On-ly have faith to be-lieve; Grace, for the duties before thee,
 2. What if thy burdens oppress thee? What tho' thy life may be dear? Look on the side that is brightest,
 3. Nev-er be sad or despond ing, Lean on the arm of thy Lord; Dwell in the depths of His mer-cy,

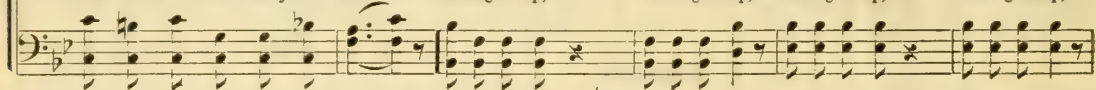


CHORUS.



Ask of thy God and re-ceive.
 Pray, and thy path will be clear.
 Thou shalt re-ceive thy re-ward.

Nev - er give up, Nev - er give up,
 Never give up, never give up, Never give up, never give up,



Never give up to thy sorrows, Jesus will bid them depart;

Trust..... in the Lord,.....
 Trust in the Lord, trust in the Lord,



NEVER GIVE UP.—CONCLUDED.

Trust.... in the Lord,..... Sing when your trials are greatest, Trust in the Lord and take heart.
Trust in the Lord, Trust in the Lord,

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BRING THEM IN.

ALEXCENAH THOMAS.

"My Father worketh, and I work.—John 5: 17.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. Hark! 'tis the Shepherd's voice I hear, Out in the desert dark and drear, Calling the sheep who've gone astray,
2. Who'll go and help the Shepherd kind, Help Him the wand'ring ones to find? Who'll bring them back into the fold,
3. Out in the desert hear their cry, Out on the mountain wild and high. Hark! 'tis the Master speaks to thee,

CHORUS.

Far from the Shepherd's fold away. (Bring them in, Bring them in, Bring them in from the fields of sin;
Where they'll be sheltered from the cold; (Bring them in, Bring them in, Bring the wanderers to (Omit.....) Je - sus.
"Go, find my sheep where'er they be.")

ABIDING AND CONFIDING.

Rev. A. B. SIMPSON.

"Abide in me, and I in you."—John 15:4.

Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

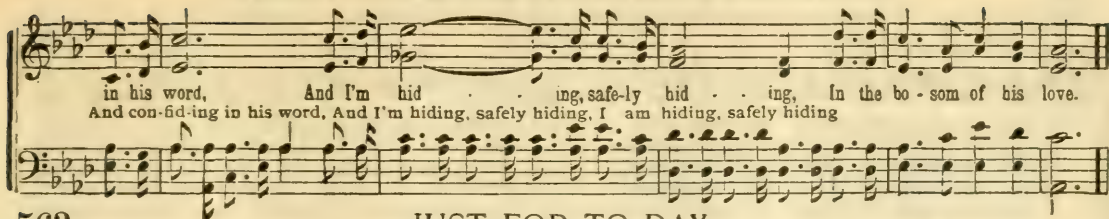
1. I have learn'd the wondrous se-cret Of a - bid - ing in the Lord; I have found the strength and sweetness Of con-
 2. I am cru - ci - fied with Je-sus, And he lives and dwells in me, I have ceased from all my struggling, 'Tis no
 3. All my cares I cast up-on him, And he bears them all a-way; All my fears and griefs I tell him, All my
 4. For my words I take his wisdom, For my works his Spir-it's pow'r, For my ways his gra-cious Presence Guards and

fid - ing in his word; I have tast-ed life's pure fountain, I am trusting in his blood, I have lost my-self in Je - sus,
 long-er I, but he; All my will is yielded to him, And his Spir it reigns within, And his precious blood each moment
 needs from day to day. All my strength I draw from Jesus, By his breath I live and move; E'en his ver-y mind he gives me,
 guides me ev'ry hour. Of my heart he is the Por-tion, Of my joy the ceaseless Spring; Saviour, Sanc - ti - fi - er, Keep-er,

CHORUS.

I am sink - ing in - to God.
 Keeps me cleans'd and free from sin. I'm a - bid - - ing in the Lord, And con - fid - - ing
 And his faith, and life, and love.
 Glo - rious Lord and com-ing King. I'm a-bid-ing in the Lord, I'm a-bid-ing in the Lord, And confiding in his word,

ABIDING AND CONFIDING—CONCLUDED.



in his word, And I'm hid . . . ing, safe-ly hid . . . ing, In the bo - som of his love.
And con-fid-ing in his word, And I'm hiding, safely hiding, I am hiding, safely hiding

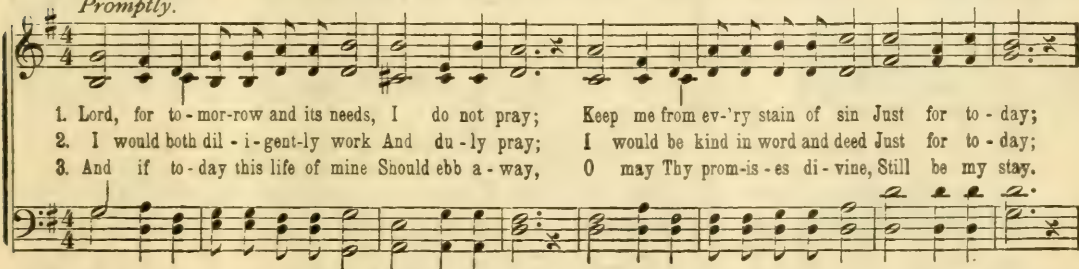
563

JUST FOR TO-DAY.

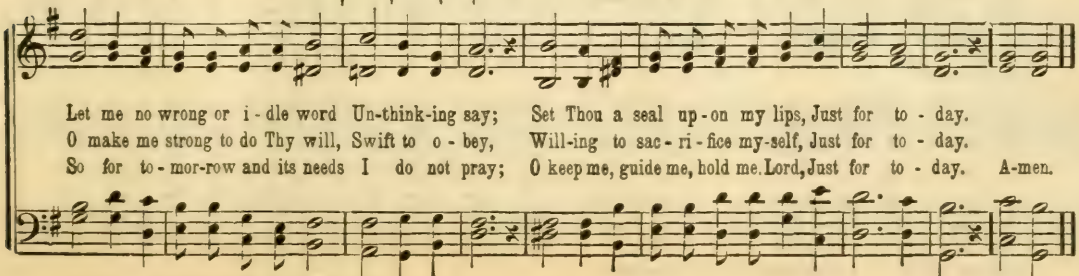
E. R. WILBERFORCE. "The morrow shall take thought for the things of itself."—Matt. 6: 34.

F. E. BELDEN.

Promptly.



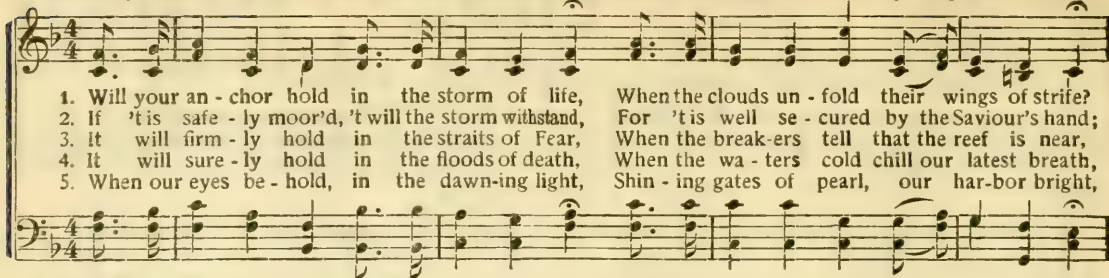
1. Lord, for to-mor-row and its needs, I do not pray; Keep me from ev-'ry stain of sin Just for to-day;
2. I would both dil-i-gent-ly work And du-ly pray; I would be kind in word and deed Just for to-day;
3. And if to-day this life of mine Should ebb a-way, O may Thy prom-is-es di-vine, Still be my stay.



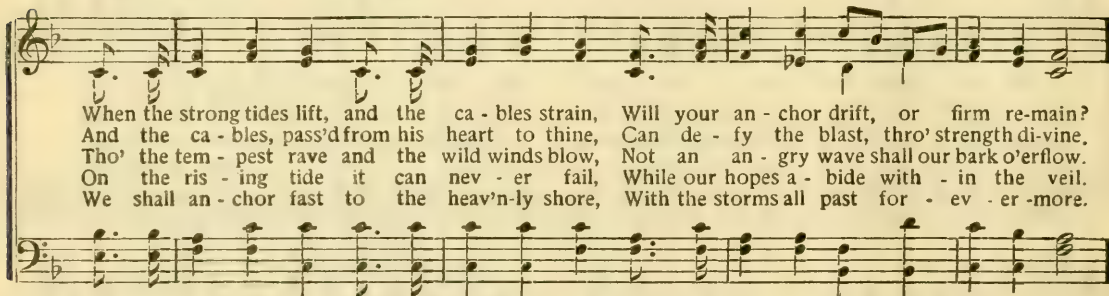
Let me no wrong or i-dle word Un-think-ing say; Set Thou a seal up-on my lips, Just for to-day.
O make me strong to do Thy will, Swift to o-bey, Will-ing to sac-ri-fice my-self, Just for to-day.
So for to-mor-row and its needs I do not pray; O keep me, guide me, hold me, Lord, Just for to-day. A-men.

WE HAVE AN ANCHOR.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. "Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast."—Heb. 6: 19. W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

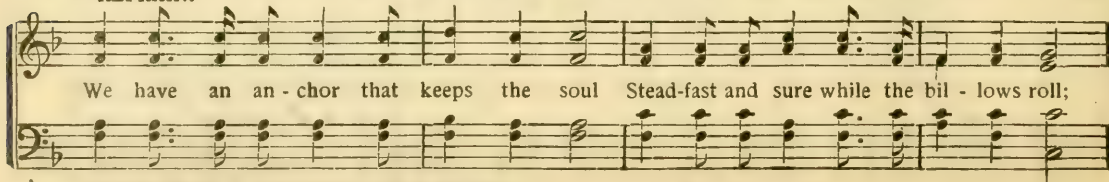


1. Will your an - chor hold in the storm of life, When the clouds un - fold their wings of strife?
 2. If 'tis safe - ly moor'd, 't will the storm withstand, For 'tis well se - cured by the Saviour's hand;
 3. It will firm - ly hold in the straits of Fear, When the break - ers tell that the reef is near,
 4. It will sure - ly hold in the floods of death, When the wa - ters cold chill our latest breath,
 5. When our eyes be - hold, in the dawn-ing light, Shin - ing gates of pearl, our har - bor bright,



When the strong tides lift, and the ca - bles strain, Will your an - chor drift, or firm re-main?
 And the ca - bles, pass'd from his heart to thine, Can de - fy the blast, thro' strength di-vine.
 Tho' the tem - pest rave and the wild winds blow, Not an an - gry wave shall our bark o'erflow.
 On the ris - ing tide it can nev - er fail, While our hopes a - bide with - in the veil.
 We shall an - chor fast to the heav'n-ly shore, With the storms all past for - ev - er - more.

REFRAIN.



We have an an - chor that keeps the soul Stead-fast and sure while the bil - lows roll;

WE HAVE AN ANCHOR.—CONCLUDED.

Fastened to the Rock which can - not move, Grounded firm and deep in the Sa - viour's love.

565

CHRISTIAN, ONWARD!

W. C. J.

WALTON C. JOHN.

1. Christian, onward! Christ is coming, Wake the hour of ju - bi - lee; Na - tions waiting for the message—
2. Hear the cry of dis - tant na - tions, Hear the call to you and me: Come and lift the fal - len sin - ner,
3. Then with strength and courage ever, Gird the gospel arm - or - on; Faith - ful - ly we'll press the battle
4. On - ward, onward, ev - er onward, Be our watchword in the fray, Bear the banner - bravely forward,


Onward, Christian, vic - to - ry! Hell's proud cohorts almost vanquished, Vanquished for e - ter - ni - ty.
 Help from Satan's wrath to flee. Christian, onward! Christ is com - ing, Wake the hour of ju - bi - lee.
 Till the vic - to - ry is won. Christian, onward! Christ is com - ing, Wake the hour of ju - bi - lee.
 Let there be no more de - lay. Christian, onward! Christ is com - ing, Wake the hour of ju - bi - lee.

I'LL GO WHERE YOU WANT ME TO GO.

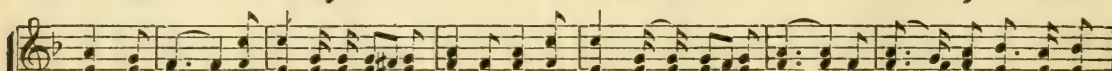
MARY BROWN.
Andante.

"Whithersoever thou sendest us we will go."—Josh. 1:16.

CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL.

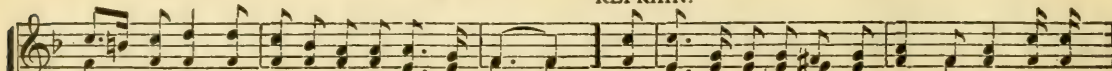


1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Nor o - ver the storm-y sea; It may not be at the battle's front My Lord will have
 2. Per-haps to-day there are loving words Which Jesus would have me speak, There may be now in the paths of sin Some wan-d'r'er whom
 3. There's surely somewhere a low-ly place In earth's harvest fields so wide, Where I may la-bor thro' life's short day For Je - sus, the



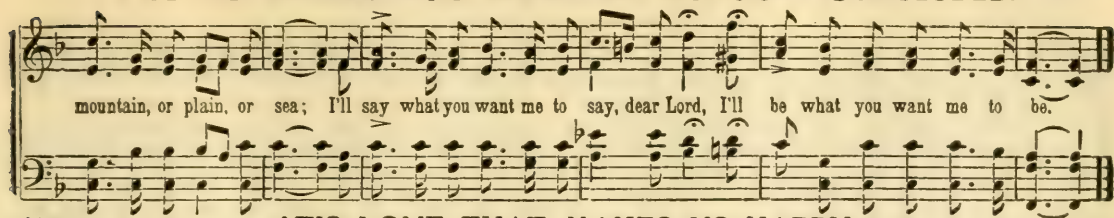
need of me; But if by a still, small voice he calls To paths that I do not know, I'll answer, dear Lord, with my
 I should seek; O Saviour, if thou wilt be my guide, Tho' rug-ged and dark the way, My voice shall ech - o thy
 cru - ci - fied; So trusting my all to thy ten-der care, And knowing thou lov - est me, I'll do thy will with a

REFRAIN.



hand in thine, I'll go where you want me to go.
 mes-sage sweet, I'll say what you want me to say. I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, O-ver
 heart sin-cere, I'll be what you want me to be.

I'LL GO WHERE YOU WANT ME TO GO.—CONCLUDED.



mountain, or plain, or sea; I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what you want me to be.

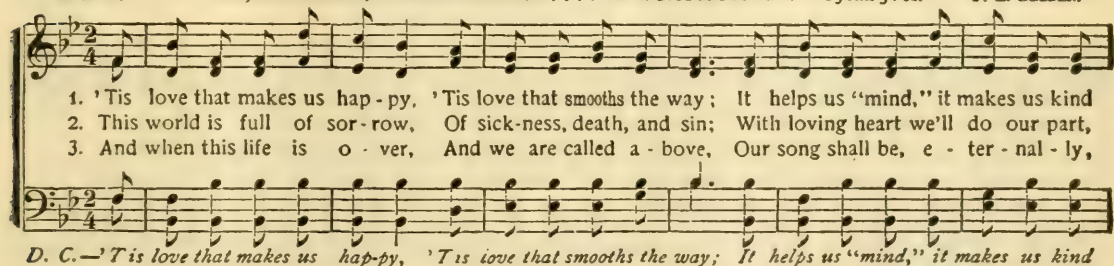
567

'TIS LOVE THAT MAKES US HAPPY.

F. E. B.

"My little children, let us not love in word; . . . but in deed and in truth."—1 John 3:18.

F. E. BELDEN.

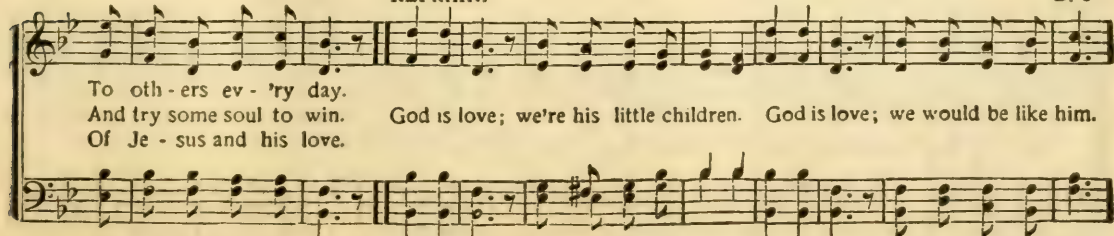


1. 'Tis love that makes us hap-py, 'Tis love that smooths the way; It helps us "mind," it makes us kind
2. This world is full of sor-row, Of sick-ness, death, and sin; With loving heart we'll do our part,
3. And when this life is o-ver, And we are called a-bove, Our song shall be, e-ter-nal-ly,

D. C.—'Tis love that makes us hap-py, 'Tis love that smooths the way; It helps us "mind," it makes us kind

REFRAIN.

D. C

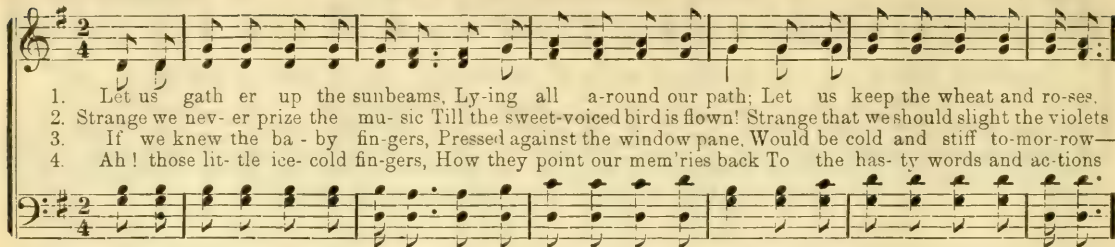


To oth-ers ev-'ry day.
And try some soul to win. God is love; we're his little children. God is love; we would be like him.
Of Je-sus and his love.

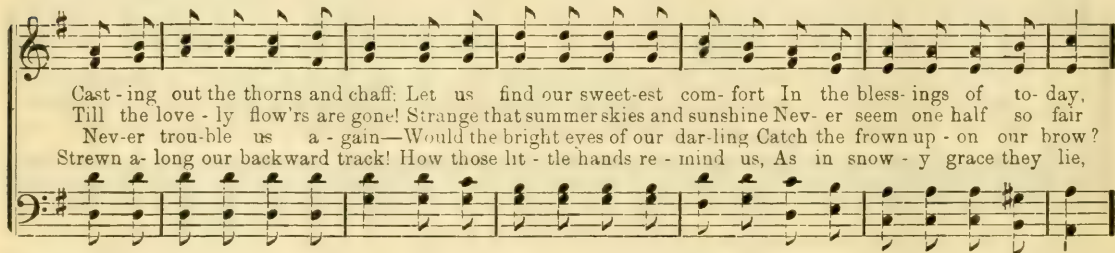
Mrs. ALBERT SMITH.

"Be kindly affectioned one to another."—Rom. 12: 10.

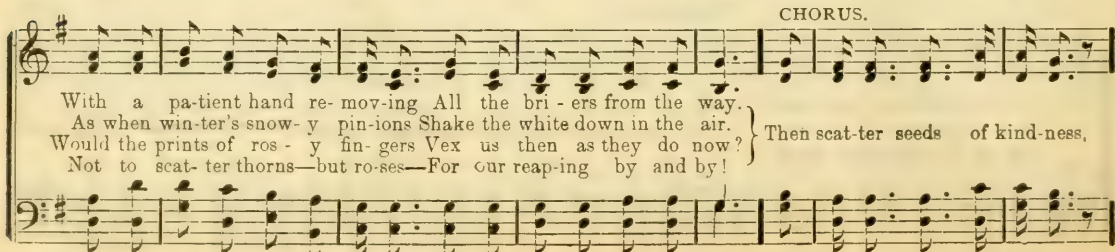
S. J. VAIL.



1. Let us gath er up the sunbeams, Ly-ing all a-round our path; Let us keep the wheat and ro-ses.
 2. Strange we nev- er prize the mu- sic Till the sweet-voiced bird is flown! Strange that we should slight the violets
 3. If we knew the ba - by fin-gers, Pressed against the window pane, Would be cold and stiff to-mor-row—
 4. Ah! those lit-tle ice-cold fin-gers, How they point our mem'ries back To the has - ty words and ac-tions



Cast-ing out the thorns and chaff; Let us find our sweet-est com-fort In the bless-ings of to-day,
 Till the love-ly flow'rs are gone! Strange that summerskies and sunshine Nev-er seem one half so fair
 Nev-er trou-ble us a-gain—Would the bright eyes of our dar-ling Catch the frown up-on our brow?
 Strewn a-long our backward track! How those lit-tle hands re-mind us, As in snow-y grace they lie,



CHORUS.

With a pa-tient hand re-mov-ing All the bri-ers from the way.
 As when win-ter's snow-y pin-ions Shake the white down in the air.
 Would the prints of ros-y fin-gers Vex us then as they do now? } Then scat-ter seeds of kind-ness,
 Not to scat-ter thorns—but ro-ses—For our reap-ing by and by!

SCATTER SEEDS OF KINDNESS.—CONCLUDED.

ad lib.

Then scat-ter seeds of kindness, Then scat-ter seeds of kind-ness, For our reap-ing ly and by.

This musical score is for a two-part setting of the hymn 'Scatter Seeds of Kindness'. It features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp). The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the notes. The piece concludes with a final cadence marked 'ad lib.'.

569

LITTLE FEET, BE CAREFUL.

MRS. L. M. B. BATEMAN.

"Make me to go in the path of thy commandments."—Ps. 119: 35.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. I wash'd my hands this morn-ing, O ver - y clean and white, And lent them both to Je - sus, To work for him till night.
 2. I told my ears to lis - ten Quite close-ly all day thro', For a - ny act of kindness, Such lit - tle hands can do.
 3. My eyes are set to watch them A - bout their work or play, To keep them out of mis-chief, For Je-sus'sake all day.

This musical score is for a three-part setting of the hymn 'Little Feet, Be Careful'. It is in 2/4 time and G minor (two flats). The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the notes. The piece concludes with a final cadence.

CHORUS.

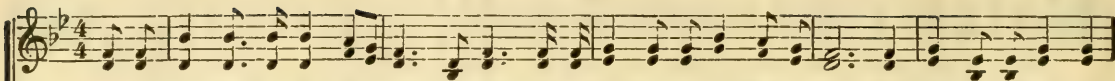
Lit - tle feet, be care-ful, Where you take me to, Any - thing for Je - sus, On - ly let me do.

This musical score is for the chorus of the hymn 'Little Feet, Be Careful'. It is in 2/4 time and G minor. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the notes. The piece concludes with a final cadence.

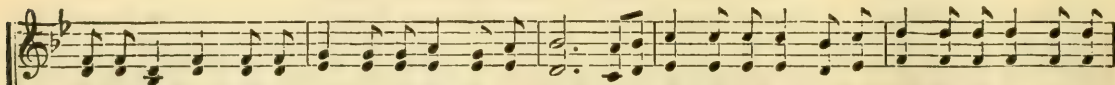
JOHN P. ELLIS.

"Be not weary in well doing."—2d Thess. 3:13.

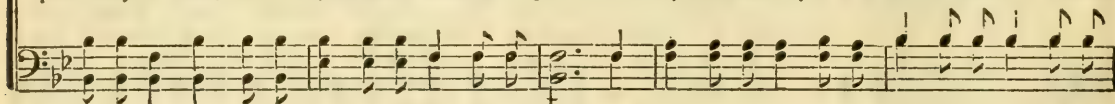
ROBERT LOWRY.



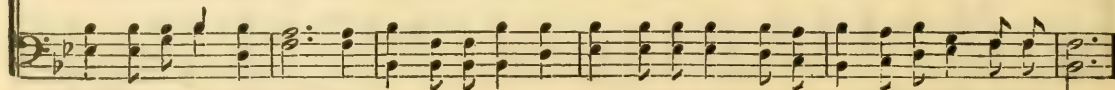
1. If your hand's on the plow, hold on, hold on; Tho' the soil may be sterile and hard, The plowshare will make The
2. If your heart's in the work, hold on, hold on; Tho' the way should be gloomy and sad, A light will ap-pear, The



fallow ground break, And the plowman will have his re-ward; Earth's bosom will sparkle with emerald green, And its path-way be clear, And the heart of the worker be glad; Heav'n's portals will open, and mu-sic resound, And the



grain will be gold-en king; The reapers will come, with loud "Harvest Home," And the gleaners will joyfully sing. mansions of bliss will ring With praise for the brave, who labor to save, And the angels will joy-ful - ly sing.



HOLD ON.—CONCLUDED.

CHORUS.

Musical score for the chorus of 'Hold On'. It features a treble and bass staff in 2/4 time. The melody is in G major. The lyrics are: 'Hold on, hold on, my brother, hold on, Hold on till the prize is won: Hold on to the plow, And weary not now, For the work is almost done. Hold on, hold on'.

571

MASTER, HAST THOU WORK FOR ME

A good effect with this song may be obtained by having a member of the infant class sing it as a solo, all joining in the refrain.
JESSIE H. BROWN. Or, three soloists may be selected, one for each stanza. J. H. FILLMORE.

Musical score for 'Master, Hast Thou Work for Me'. It features a treble and bass staff in 4/4 time. The melody is in D major. The lyrics are: '1. Mas-ter, hast thou work for me? I would glad-ly toil for thee; I have nei-ther strength nor skill, 2. Let me learn in ear-ly youth, Lessons from thy Book of truth; Let me seek to walk thy ways, 3. Let me dai-ly sow some seed, Dai-ly do some kind-ly deed; Grant thy lov-ing help to me,'

D. S.—Mas-ter, hast thou work for me?

End. REFRAIN.

Musical score for the refrain of 'Master, Hast Thou Work for Me'. It features a treble and bass staff in 4/4 time. The melody is in D major. The lyrics are: 'Yet some place I long to fill; Tho' my hands are small and weak, Yet some lit-tle task I seek. Know thy will and sing thy praise; Heart and hands to thee I bring, Let me serve thee, ho-ly King! Give me per-fect trust in thee; Trust-ing thee to teach me how, Let me serve thee, here and now.'

I would glad-ly toil for thee.

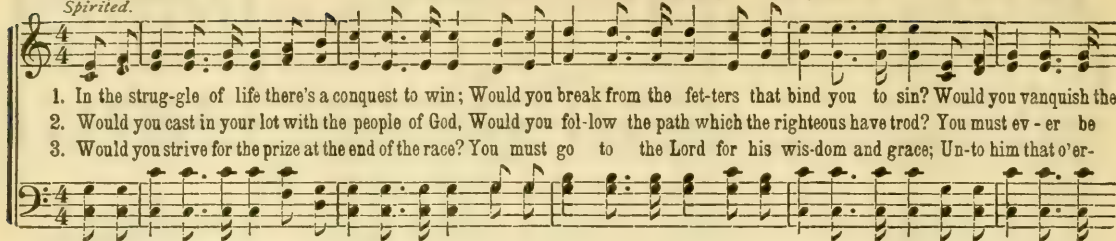
By permission.

KEEP STEP.

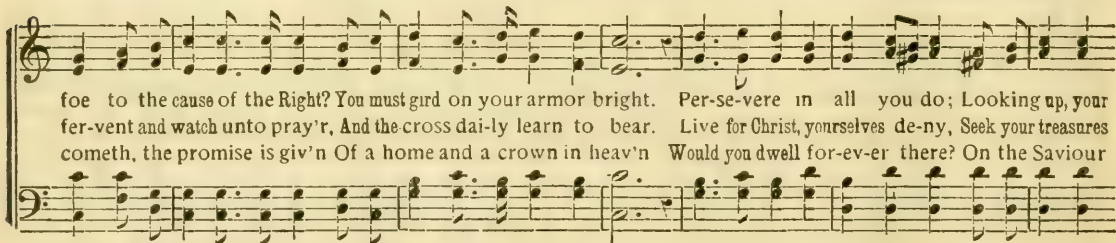
FANNY J. CROSBY.
Spirited.

"Doth not he see my ways, and count all my steps?"—Job 31:4

W. H. DOANE.

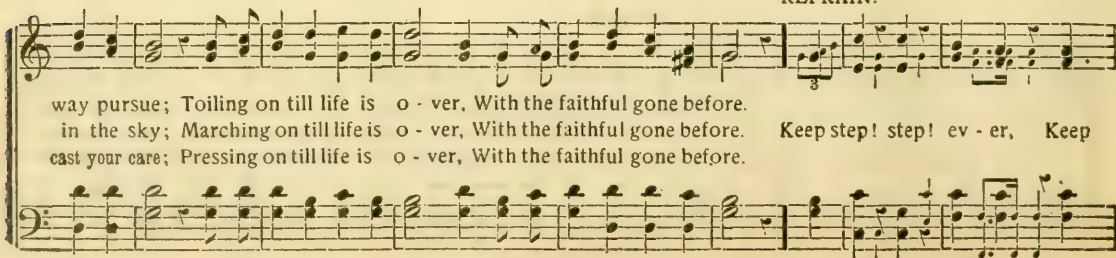


1. In the strug-gle of life there's a conquest to win; Would you break from the fet-ters that bind you to sin? Would you vanquish the
 2. Would you cast in your lot with the people of God, Would you fol-low the path which the righteous have trod? You must ev-er be
 3. Would you strive for the prize at the end of the race? You must go to the Lord for his wis-dom and grace; Un-to him that o'er-



foe to the cause of the Right? You must gird on your armor bright. Per-se-vere in all you do; Looking up, your
 fer-vent and watch unto pray'r, And the cross dai-ly learn to bear. Live for Christ, your-selves de-ny, Seek your treas-ures
 cometh, the promise is giv'n Of a home and a crown in heav'n Would you dwell for-ev-er there? On the Saviour

REFRAIN.



way pursue; Toiling on till life is o-ver, With the faithful gone before.
 in the sky; Marching on till life is o-ver, With the faithful gone before. Keep step! step! ev-er, Keep
 cast your care; Pressing on till life is o-ver, With the faithful gone before.

KEEP STEP.—CONCLUDED.

step, keep step for - ev - er. And the blessing of God will be yours to the end, He will leave his children nev - er.

573

HEAR THE PENNIES DROPPING.

FIDELIA H. DE WITT.

"He that giveth, let him do it with simplicity"—Rom. 12:8.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Hear the pen-nies dropping! Lis-ten while they fall; Ev-'ry one for Je-sus,— He will get them all.
 2. Dropping, dropping ev - er, From each lit-tle hand; 'Tis our gift to Je-sus, From his lit - tle band..
 3. Now, while we are lit - tle, Pennies are our store; But, when we are old-er, Lord, we'll give thee more.
 4. Tho' we've lit-tle mon-ey, We can give him love; He will own our off'ring, Smi-ling from a-bove.

REFRAIN.

Dropping, dropping, dropping, dropping; Hear the pen-nies fall! Ev-'ry one for Je-sus,— He will get them all.

TOILING FOR JESUS.

W. A. OGDEN.
Spirited.

"There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth,"—Prov. 11 : 24.

W. A. OGDEN, by per.

1. Glad-ly, glad - ly, toil-ing for the Mas-ter, Go we forth with willing hands to do What - so-e'er to
 2. Joy-ful, joy - ful, we will tell the sto - ry Of his love to mortals here be-low; Christ, the brightness
 3. Meek-ly, meek-ly, fol-low-ing the Mas-ter, Walking faith-ful-ly the path he trod; Lead-ing wan-d'ers

REFRAIN.

us he hath ap-point-ed, Faith-ful - ly our mission we'll pur-sue. Toil - ing for Je - sus,
 of the Father's glo - ry, Free - ly here his bless-ing will be-stow.
 to the dear Re-deem-er, Point-ing sin-ners to the Lamb of God. Toil-ing, toil - ing for the Mas - ter,

Joy-ful-ly we go, joy-ful-ly we go. Toil - ing for Je - sus, In his vineyard here below.
 yes, Toiling, toil-ing for the Master,

F. E. B.

"Not because I desire a gift; but I desire fruit that may abound to your account."—Eph. 4:17.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. Give! said the golden sun: ¹Up rose the mist, Safe in the sil-ver clouds ²Cradled and kissed. Give! said the thirst-y earth:
 2. Give! said the little stream: ³Up gushed the spring, In shady for-est nook, Where robins sing. Give! said the riv-er wide:
 3. Give! said the midnight moon: ⁴Swift came the light Borrowed from ⁵far-off sun, Cheering the night. Help! said the ⁶Milky Way:
 4. Give! cried a sinful world: ⁷Down came the Lord, He who made everything Just by his word. Give! cries the ⁸heathen child,

CHORUS. *Moderato*.

⁹Down came the show'r; Give! said the rain-drops bright, ¹⁰Up sprang the flow'r.
¹¹Brooks hurried down. Give! said the o-cean tide: ¹²Rivers flowed on.
 Stars heard the call, ¹³O-ri-on, ¹⁴Ple-ia-des, ¹⁵Dip-per and all.
 Hun-gry for love: ¹⁶Yes! say our pennies bright, Lent from above.

* Living is giving, giving is living; All things would

Faster.

die if on-ly receiving. Give! this is the rule of love by which we live.

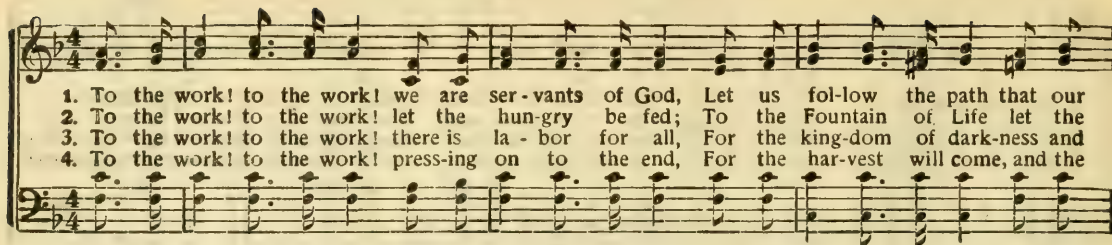
MOTION SONG IF DESIRED. 1.—Hands lifted from left knee to right shoulder. 2.—Arms folded and rocked. 3.—Hands moved downward from head to knees. 4.—Hands lifted. 5.—Hands move upward. 6.—Hands move downward from left to right, fingers working. 7.—Flowing motion. 8.—Hands move downward. 9.—Point to sun. 10.—Hands indicating "Milky Way." 11, 12, 13.—Point to location of each in sky. 14.—Hands move downward. 15.—Pointing over the sea. 16.—Arms extended, hands open, showing offerings.

*In chorus, all imitate receiving and passing on—both hands first to left, receiving; then to right, giving; in time with music.

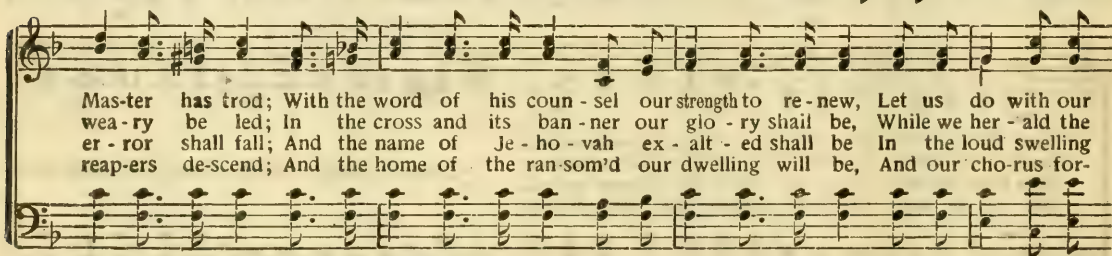
FANNY CROSBY.

"Let us labor therefore to enter into that rest."—Heb. 4:11.

W. H. DOANE.

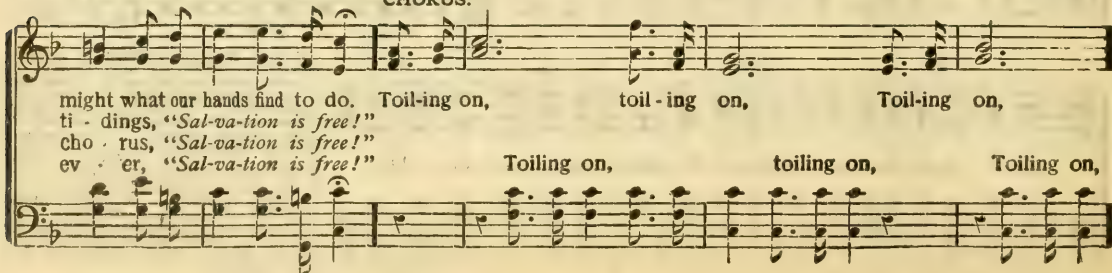


1. To the work! to the work! we are ser-vants of God, Let us fol-low the path that our
 2. To the work! to the work! let the hun-gry be fed; To the Foun-tain of Life let the
 3. To the work! to the work! there is la-bor for all, For the king-dom of dark-ness and
 4. To the work! to the work! press-ing on to the end, For the har-vest will come, and the



Mas-ter has trod; With the word of his coun-sel our strength to re-new, Let us do with our
 wea-ry be led; In the cross and its ban-ner our glo-ry shall be, While we her-ald the
 er-ror shall fall; And the name of Je-ho-vah ex-alt-ed shall be In the loud swelling
 reap-ers de-scend; And the home of the ran-som'd our dwelling will be, And our cho-rus for-

CHORUS.



might what our hands find to do. Toil-ing on, toil-ing on, Toil-ing on,
 ti-dings, "Sal-va-tion is free!"
 cho-rus, "Sal-va-tion is free!"
 ev-er, "Sal-va-tion is free!"
 Toiling on, toiling on, Toiling on,

TOILING ON.—CONCLUDED.

toil-ing on, Let us hope, let us watch, And la-bor till the Master comes.
toil-ing on, and trust, and pray,

577

BEAUTIFUL LITTLE HANDS.

T. CORBEN.

"I will show thee my faith by my works."—James 2: 18.

BISHOP W. JOHNS.

1. Beau-ti-ful the lit-tle hands That fulfill the Lord's commands; Beau-ti-ful the lit-tle eyes, Kindled with light from the skies.
2. All the lit-tle hands were made Jo-sus precious cause to aid; All the little hearts to beat Warm in his service so sweet.
3. All the lit-tle lips should pray To the Saviour ev'ry day; All the little feet should go Swift on his errands be-low.
4. What your little hands can do, That the Lord intends for you; Make that thing your first delight, Do it for him with your might.

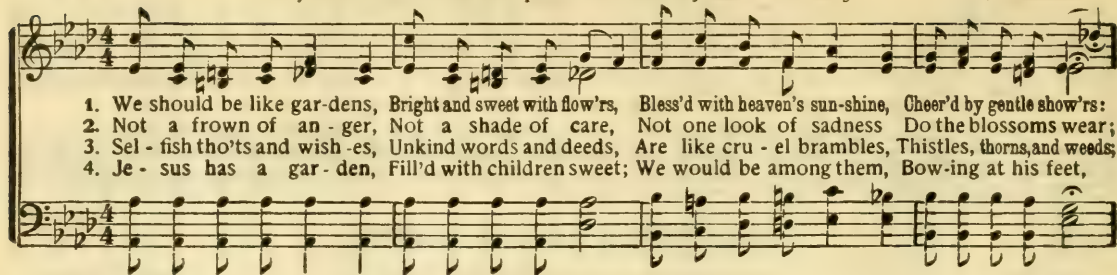
CHORUS.

{ Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful, are the hands That ful-fill the Lord's commands; } Kindled with light from the skies.
{ Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful, are the eyes, (Omit) }

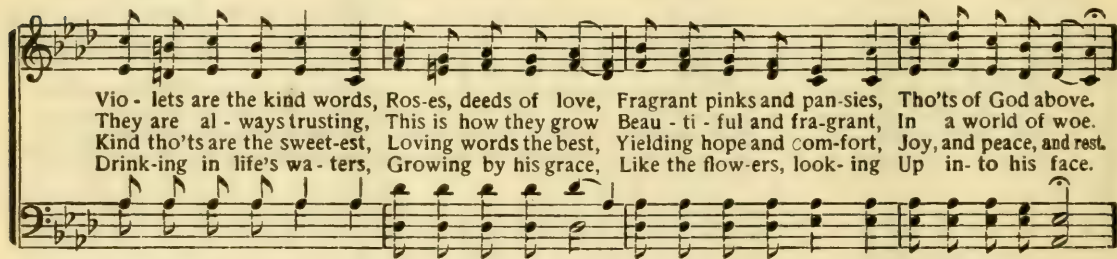
F. E. B.

"Thy children shall be like olive plants round about thy table."—Ps. 128: 3.

F. E. BELDEN.

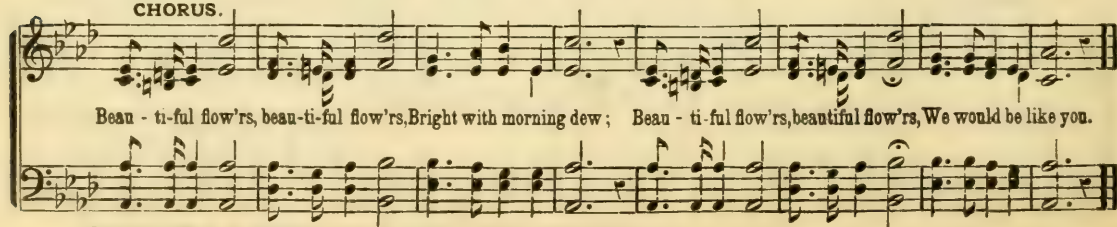


1. We should be like gar-dens, Bright and sweet with flow'rs, Bless'd with heaven's sun-shine, Cheer'd by gentle show'rs:
 2. Not a frown of an-ger, Not a shade of care, Not one look of sadness Do the blossoms wear;
 3. Sel-fish tho'ts and wish-es, Unkind words and deeds, Are like cru-el brambles, Thistles, thorns, and weeds;
 4. Je-sus has a gar-den, Fill'd with children sweet; We would be among them, Bow-ing at his feet,



Vio-lets are the kind words, Ros-es, deeds of love, Fragrant pinks and pan-sies, Tho'ts of God above.
 They are al-ways trust-ing, This is how they grow, Beau-ti-ful and fra-grant, In a world of woe.
 Kind tho'ts are the sweet-est, Loving words the best, Yielding hope and com-fort, Joy, and peace, and rest.
 Drink-ing in life's wa-ters, Growing by his grace, Like the flow-ers, look-ing Up in-to his face.

CHORUS.

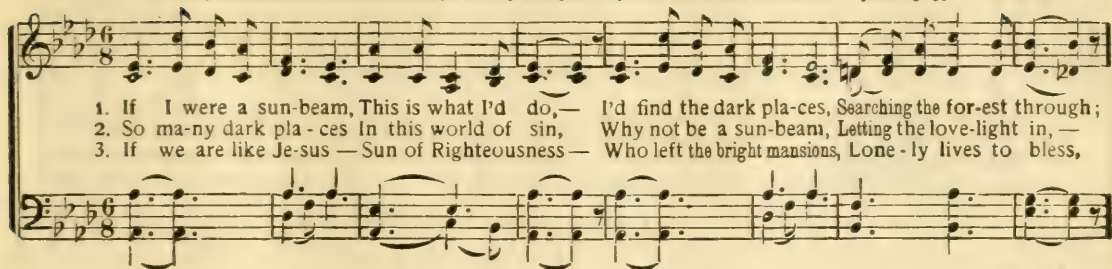


Beau-ti-ful flow'rs, beau-ti-ful flow'rs, Bright with morning dew; Beau-ti-ful flow'rs, beautiful flow'rs, We would be like you.

I'LL BE A SUNBEAM.

"By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another."—John 13:35.

F. E. B.

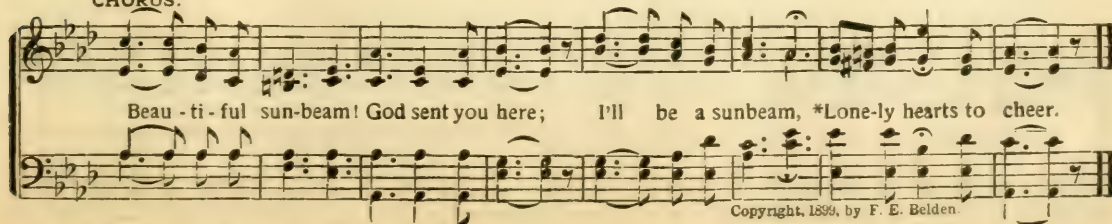


1. If I were a sun-beam, This is what I'd do,— I'd find the dark pla-ces, Searching the for-est through;
 2. So ma-n-y dark pla-ces In this world of sin, Why not be a sun-beam, Letting the love-light in,—
 3. If we are like Je-sus — Sun of Righteousness — Who left the bright man-sions, Lone-ly lives to bless,



I would kiss the pale flowers, Bend-ing low at my feet, Till each lone-ly blos-som O-pen'd fair and sweet,
 God's beau-ti-ful love-light,—Smiles and words of cheer: Kindness is the sun-shine We should scat-ter here.
 'Twill be sweet-est pleas-ure Of his love to tell, Shin-ing out his glad-ness Where the sad ones dwell.

CHORUS.



Beau-ti-ful sun-beam! God sent you here; I'll be a sunbeam, *Lone-ly hearts to cheer.

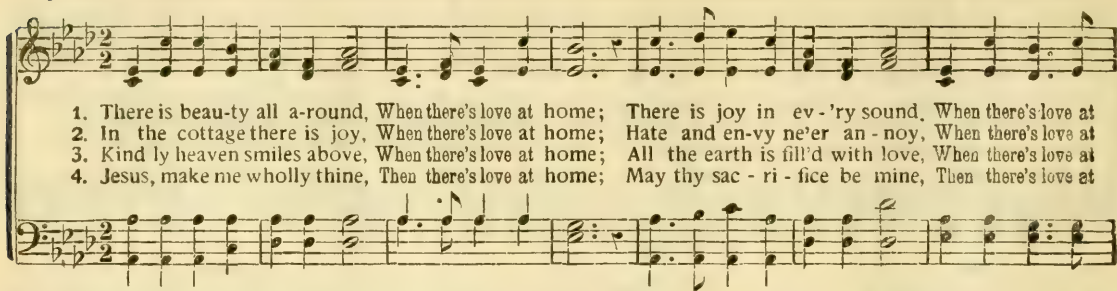
Copyright, 1899, by F. E. Belden.

*Mother's heart: Baby's heart: Brother's heart, etc.

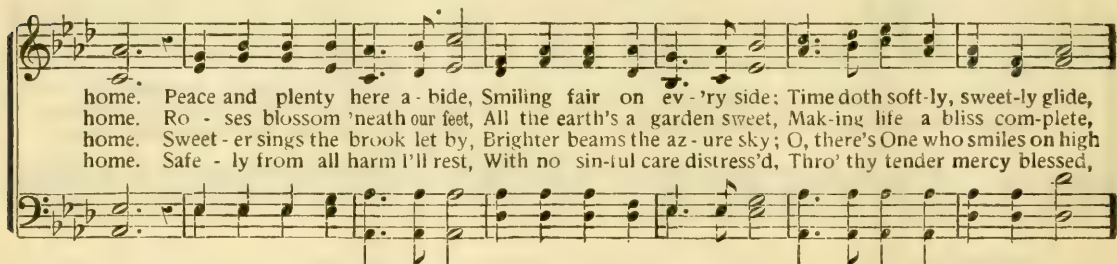
LOVE AT HOME.

Arranged from

J. H. M. "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another."—John 13:35. J. H. McNAUGHTON.

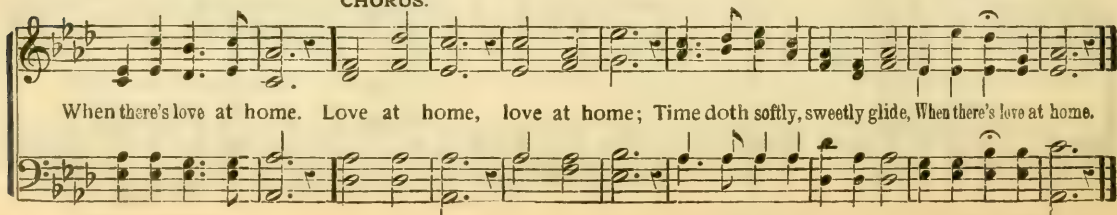


1. There is beau-ty all a-round, When there's love at home; There is joy in ev-'ry sound, When there's love at
 2. In the cottage there is joy, When there's love at home; Hate and en-vy ne'er an- noy, When there's love at
 3. Kind ly heaven smiles above, When there's love at home; All the earth is fill'd with love, When there's love at
 4. Jesus, make me wholly thine, Then there's love at home; May thy sac - ri - fice be mine, Then there's love at



home. Peace and plenty here a-bide, Smiling fair on ev-'ry side; Time doth soft-ly, sweet-ly glide,
 home. Ro - ses blossom 'neath our feet, All the earth's a garden sweet, Mak-ing life a bliss com-plete,
 home. Sweet - er sings the brook let by, Brighter beams the az - ure sky; O, there's One who smiles on high
 home. Safe - ly from all harm I'll rest, With no sin-tul care distress'd, Thro' thy tender mercy blessed,

CHORUS.



When there's love at home. Love at home, love at home; Time doth softly, sweetly glide, When there's love at home.

ANGRY WORDS! OH, LET THEM NEVER.

D. K. P.

"Be kindly affectioned, one to another."—Rom. 12:10.

H. R. PALMER.

1. An - gry words! oh, let them nev - er From the tongue un-brid-led slip; May the heart's best impulse
 2. Love is much too pure and ho - ly, Friendship is too sa - cred far, For a mo-ment's reckless
 3. An - gry words are light-ly spok-en; Bit-t'rest tho'ts are rash-ly stirred—Brightest links of life are

CHORUS.

ev - er Check them e'er they soil the lip. "Love ³one an-oth - er," Thus saith the Sav - iour, Children, o-
 fol - ly Thus to des - o-late and mar.
 broken, By a sin - gle an - gry word. "Love each oth - er, love each oth - er,"

bey the Father's blest command: "Love one an-oth-er," Thus saith the Sav-iour, Children, ³obey his blest command.
 'Tis the Father's blest command: Love each other, love each oth - er," 'Tis his blest command.

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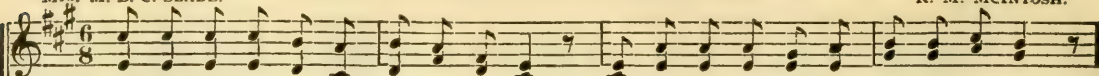
M

TELL IT AGAIN.

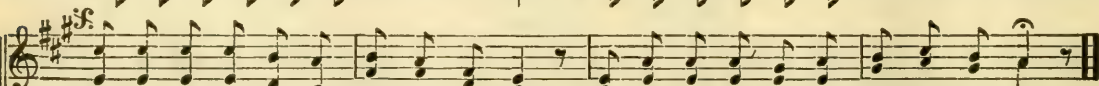
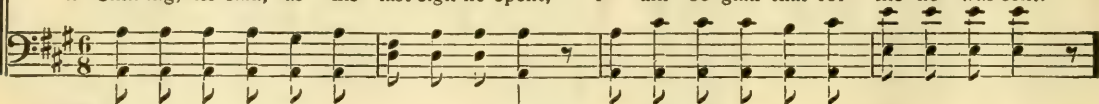
"The man departed, and told the Jews that it was Jesus, which had made him whole."—John 5 : 15.

Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE.

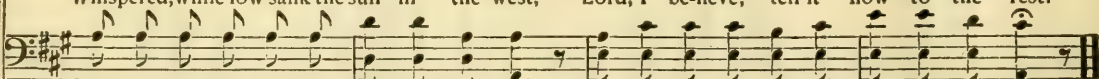
R. M. McINTOSH.



1. In - to the tent where a gyp - sy boy lay, Dy - ing a - lone at the close of the day,
2. "Did he so love me, a poor lit - tle boy? Send un - to me the good tid - ings of joy?
3. Bend - ing, we caught the last words of his breath, Just as he en - tered the val - ley of death,
4. Smil - ing, he said, as his last sigh he spent, "I am so glad that for me he was sent!"



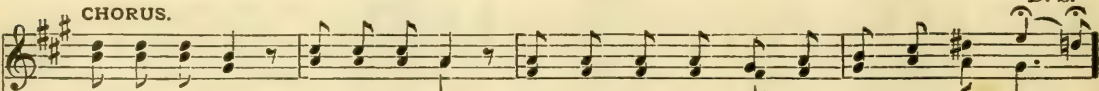
News of Sal - va - tion we car - ried; said he, "No - bod - y ev - er has told it to me!"
 Need I not per - ish? my hand will he hold? No - bod - y ev - er the sto - ry has told!"
 "God sent his Son!" "who - so - ev - er," said he; "Then I am sure that he sent him for me!"
 Whispered, while low sank the sun in the west, "Lord, I be - lieve;" "tell it now to the rest!"



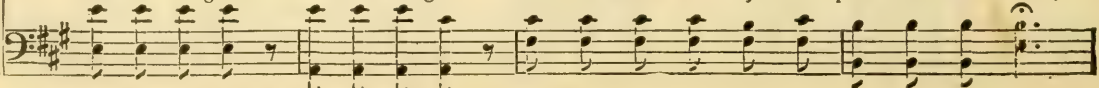
D. S.—Till none can say of the chil - dren of men, "No - bod - y ev - er has told me be - fore."

D. S.

CHORUS.



Tell it a - gain! tell it a - gain! Sal - va - tion's sto - ry re - peat o'er and o'er,

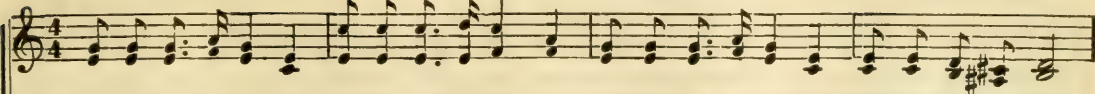


BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES.

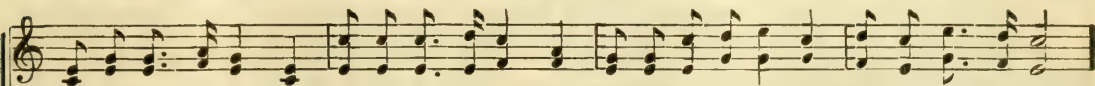
KNOWLES SHAW.

"The harvest is the end of the world."—Matt. 13:39.

GEORGE A. MINOR.



1. Sow-ing in the morn-ing, sowing seeds of kind-ness, Sow-ing in the noon-tide and the dew-y eve;
2. Sow-ing in the sun-shine, sowing in the shad-ows, Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze;
3. Go-ing forth with weeping, sowing for the Mas-ter, Tho' the loss sustained our spir-it oft-en grieves;



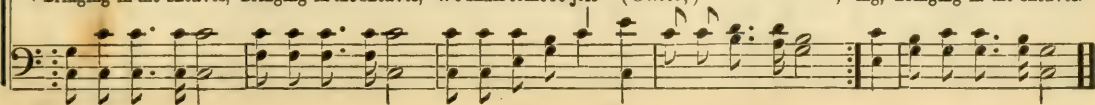
Wait-ing for the har-vest, and the time of reap-ing, We shall come re-joic-ing, bring-ing in the sheaves.
 By and by the har-vest, and the la-lor end-ed, We shall come re-joic-ing, bring-ing in the sheaves.
 When our weeping's o-ver, He will bid us welcome, We shall come re-joic-ing, bring-ing in the sheaves.



CHORUS.



{ Bringing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves, We shall come re-joic-ing, Bringing in the sheaves; }
 { Bringing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves, We shall come re-joic (Omit,) - - - }-ing, Bringing in the sheaves.



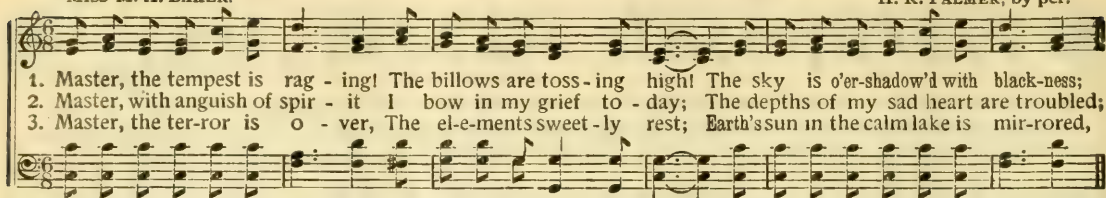
By permission.

PEACE, BE STILL

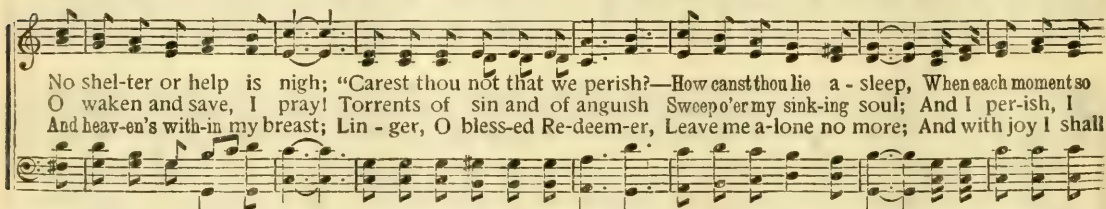
"Jesus rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, Peace! be still!"—Mark 4:39.

MISS M. A. BAKER.

H. R. PALMER, by per.

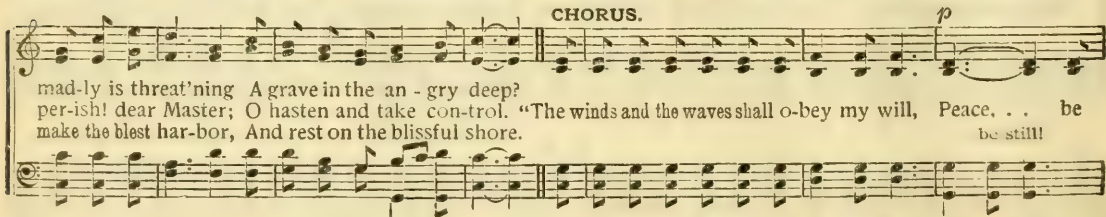


1. Master, the tempest is rag - ing! The billows are toss - ing high! The sky is o'er-shadow'd with black-ness;
2. Master, with anguish of spir - it I bow in my grief to - day; The depths of my sad heart are troubled;
3. Master, the ter-ror is o - ver, The el-e-ments sweet - ly rest; Earth's sun in the calm lake is mir-rored,



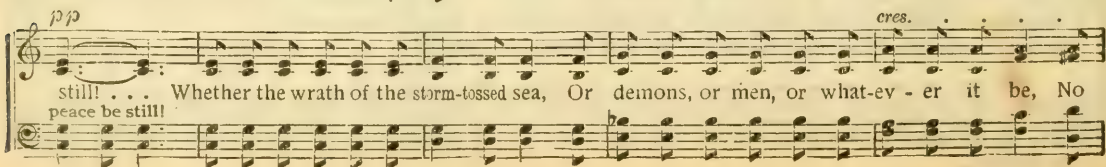
No shel-ter or help is nigh; "Carest thou not that we perish?—How canst thou lie a - sleep, When each moment so
O waken and save, I pray! Torrents of sin and of anguish Sweep o'er my sink-ing soul; And I per-ish, I
And heav-en's with-in my breast; Lin - ger, O bless-ed Re-deem-er, Leave me a-lone no more; And with joy I shall

CHORUS.



mad-ly is threat'ning A grave in the an - gry deep?
per-ish! dear Master; O hasten and take con-trol. "The winds and the waves shall o-bey my will, Peace, . . . be
make the blest har-bor, And rest on the blissful shore. be still

pp *cres.*



still! . . . Whether the wrath of the storm-tossed sea, Or demons, or men, or what-ev - er it be, No
peace be still!

PEACE, BE STILL.—CONCLUDED.

wa-ter can swallow the ship where lies The Master of o-cean, and earth, and skies; They all shall sweetly o -
 bey my will; Peace, be still! Peace, be still! They all shall sweetly o - bey my will; Peace, peace, be still!

585

AWAY THE BOWL!

Written and arranged by F. E. B.

"Look not on the wine when it is red."—Prov. 23:31.

Arranged

1. Cold wa-ter is the cup that cheers; A-way, a-way the bowl! Old Al-co-hol is king of tears;
 2. See how the stag-g'ring drunkard reels; A-way, a-way the bowl! What shame and mis-ry he re-veals!
 3. No al-co-hol we'll buy or sell; A-way, a-way the bowl! We hate it now and ev-er shall;

D. C.—Cold wa-ter hath far sweeter charms; Away, a-way the bowl!

D. C.—They watch for his return with dread; Away, a-way the bowl!

D. C.—To drive the de-mon from our land; Away, a-way the bowl!

D. C.

A-way, a-way the bowl! Good-bye to rum and all its harms, Farewell the winecup's dread alarms,
 A-way, a-way the bowl! His hun-gry chil-dren cry for bread, And from their cold, damp cellar bed,
 A-way, a-way the bowl! U nit-ed in a temp'rance band, We're join'd in heart, we're join'd in hand,

LOOK FOR THE WAY-MARKS.

"Surely the Lord God will do nothing but he revealeth his secret unto his servants the prophets."—Amos 3: 7. "For the prophecy came not in old time by the will of man: but holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost."—2 Pet. 1: 21.

"There is a God in heaven that revealeth secrets, and maketh known to the king Nebuchadnezzar

what shall be in the latter days."—Dan. 2: 28.

F. E. B.

F. E. BELDEN.

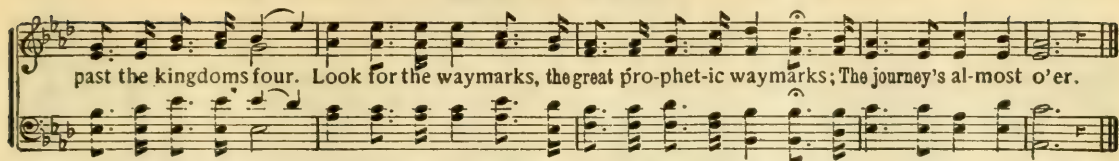
1. Look for the way-marks as you jour-ney on, Look for the way-marks, passing one by one;
 2. First, the As - syr - ian king-dom ruled the world, Then Me - do - Per - sia's banners were un-furled;
 3. Down in the feet of i - ron and of clay, Weak and di - vid - ed, soon to pass a - way;

Down thro' the a - ges, past the kingdoms four,— Where are we stand-ing? Look the way-marks o'er.
 And af - ter Greece held u - ni - ver - sal sway, Rome seized the scepter,— Where are we to - day?
 What will the next great, glo-rious dra - ma be?—Christ and his com-ing. And e - ter - ni - ty.

CHORUS.

Look for the way-marks, the great pro - phet - ic way-marks, Down thro' the a - ges,

LOOK FOR THE WAY-MARKS.—CONCLUDED.



past the kingdoms four. Look for the waymarks, the great prophetic waymarks; The journey's al-most o'er.

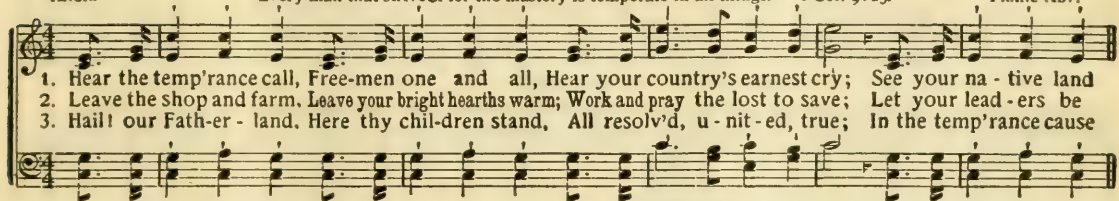
587

THE TEMPERANCE CALL.

ANON.

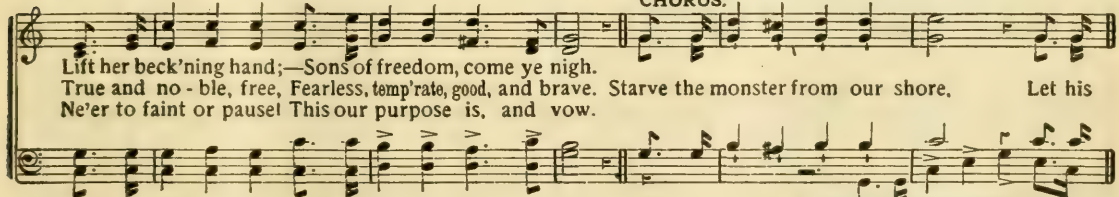
"Every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things."—1 Cor. 9:25.

FRANZ ABT.

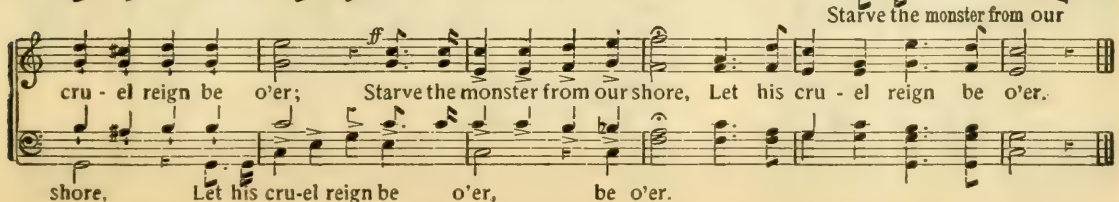


1. Hear the temp'rance call, Free-men one and all, Hear your country's earnest cry; See your na-tive land
2. Leave the shop and farm. Leave your bright hearths warm; Work and pray the lost to save; Let your lead-ers be
3. Hail! our Fath-er-land. Here thy chil-dren stand, All resolv'd, u-nit-ed, true; In the temp'rance cause

CHORUS.



Lift her beck'ning hand;—Sons of freedom, come ye nigh.
True and no-ble, free, Fearless, temp'rate, good, and brave. Starve the monster from our shore, Let his
Ne'er to faint or pause! This our purpose is, and vow.



Starve the monster from our
cru-el reign be o'er; Starve the monster from our shore, Let his cru-el reign be o'er.
shore, Let his cru-el reign be o'er, be o'er.

HARVEST TIME.

"He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing,
 bringing his sheaves with him."—Ps. 126: 6.

THOMAS HASTINGS.

C. S. CABLE.

1. He that go - eth forth with weeping, Bear - ing precious seed in love, Nev - er tir - ing, nev - er
 2. Soft de - scend the dews of heaven, Bright the rays ce - les - tial shine; Precious fruits will thus be
 3. Sow thy seed, be nev - er wea - ry, Let no fears thy soul an - noy; Be the prospect ne'er so

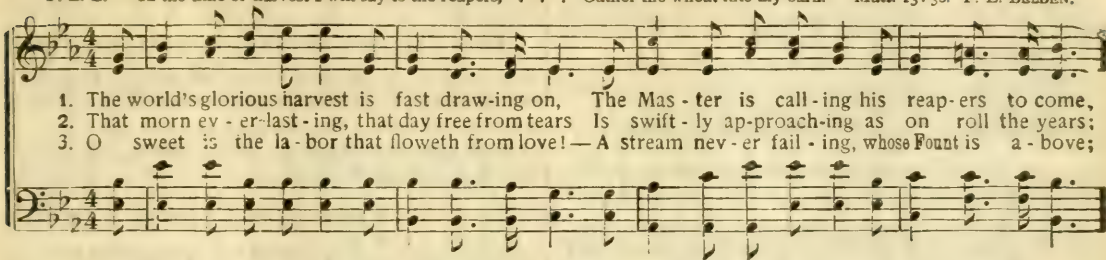
CHORUS.

sleep - ing, Find - eth mer - cy from a - bove. Lo, the scene of ver - dure bright'ning! See the ris - ing
 giv - en Thro' an influence all di - vine.
 drear - y, Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy. Lo, the scene of verdure bright'ning! See the

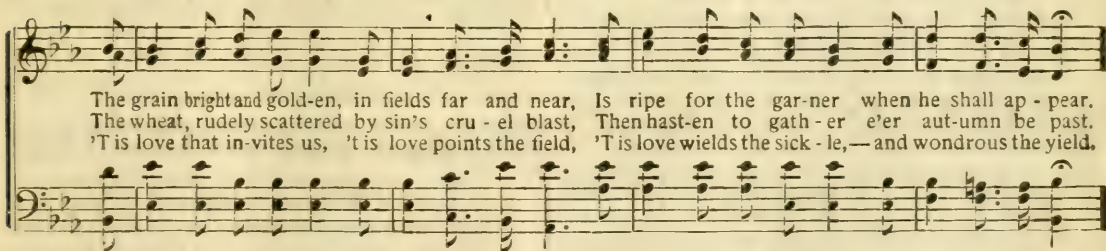
grain ap - pear; Look! the waving fields are whit'ning, For the harvest time is near.
 ris - ing grain ap - pear; Look! the wav - ing fields are whit'ning,

HASTEN ON, GLAD DAY.

F. E. B. "In the time of harvest I will say to the reapers, . . . Gather the wheat into my barn."—Matt. 13:30. F. E. BELDEN.

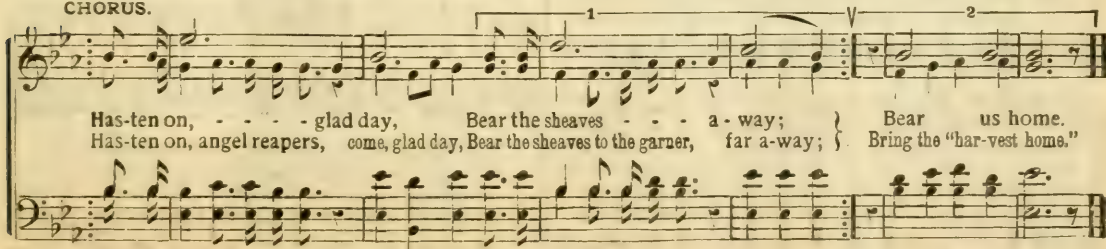


1. The world's glorious harvest is fast draw-ing on, The Mas - ter is call-ing his reap-ers to come,
 2. That morn ev - er-last-ing, that day free from tears Is swift-ly ap-proach-ing as on roll the years;
 3. O sweet is the la-bor that floweth from love!—A stream nev-er fail-ing, whose Fount is a - bove;



The grain bright and gold-en, in fields far and near, Is ripe for the gar-ner when he shall ap - pear.
 The wheat, rudely scattered by sin's cru - el blast, Then hast-en to gath-er e'er aut-umn be past.
 'Tis love that in-vites us, 'tis love points the field, 'Tis love wields the sick - le,—and wondrous the yield.

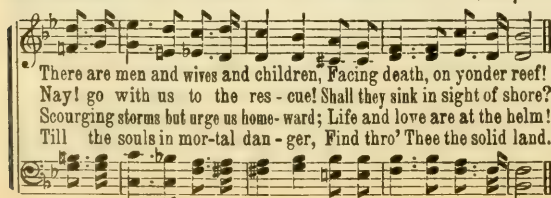
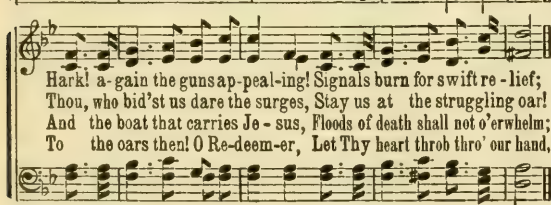
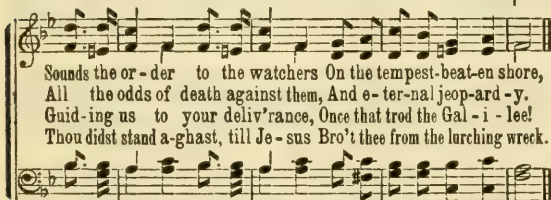
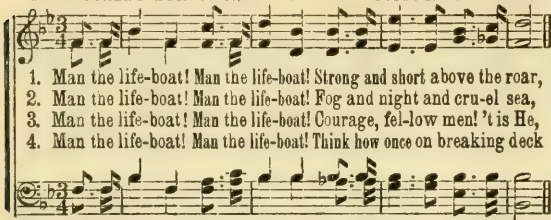
CHORUS.



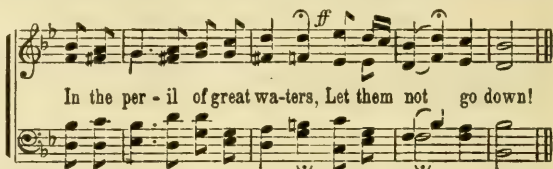
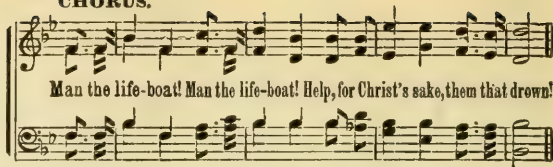
Has-ten on, - - - glad day, Bear the sheaves - - - a - way; } Bear us home.
 Has-ten on, angel reapers, come, glad day, Bear the sheaves to the garner, far a-way; } Bring the "har-vest home."

M. WOOLSEY STRYKER, D. D.

HUBERT P. MAIN.



CHORUS.



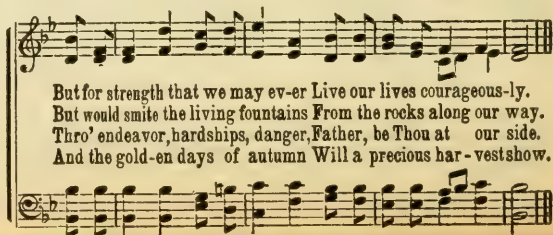
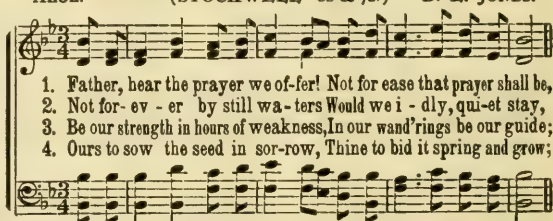
591

COURAGEOUS LIVES.

Anon.

(STOCKWELL, 8s & 7s.)

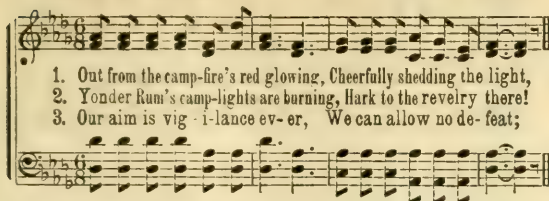
D. E. JONES.



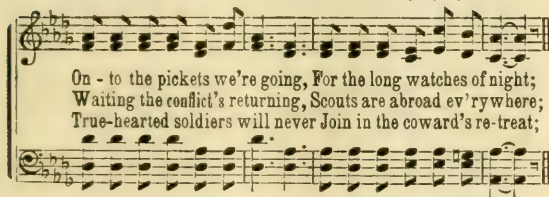
592 SLEEPING ON GUARD.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

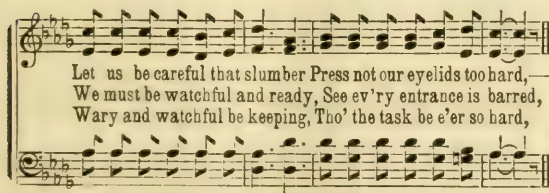
FRANK M. DAVIS.



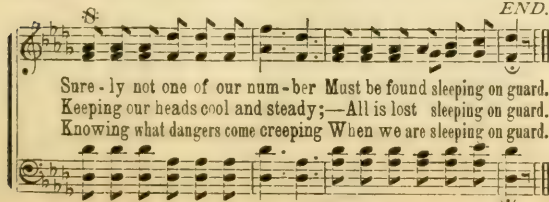
1. Out from the camp-fire's red glowing, Cheerfully shedding the light,
2. Yonder Kum's camp-lights are burning, Hark to the revelry there!
3. Our aim is vig-i-lance ev-er, We can allow no de-feat;



On - to the pickets we're going, For the long watches of night;
Waiting the conflict's returning, Scouts are abroad ev'rywhere;
True-hearted soldiers will never Join in the coward's re-treat;



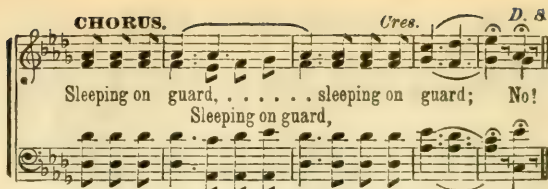
Let us be careful that slumber Press not our eyelids too hard,
We must be watchful and ready, See ev'ry entrance is barred,
Wary and watchful be keeping, Tho' the task be e'er so hard,



Sure - ly not one of our num - ber Must be found sleeping on guard.
Keeping our heads cool and steady; — All is lost sleeping on guard.
Knowing what dangers come creeping When we are sleeping on guard.

D. S. — Surely not one of our num - ber Must be found sleeping on guard.

CHORUS. *Cres.* *D. S.*



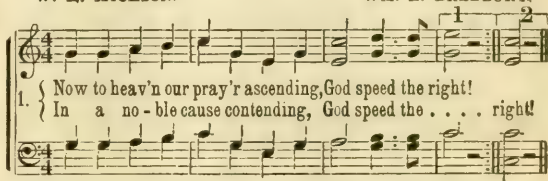
Sleeping on guard, sleeping on guard; No!
Sleeping on guard.

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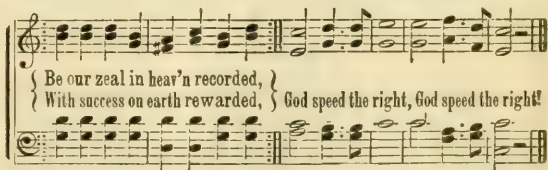
593 GOD SPEED THE RIGHT.

W. E. HICKSON.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. { Now to heav'n our pray'r ascending, God speed the right!
In a no - ble cause contending, God speed the . . . right!



{ Be our zeal in heav'n recorded, }
{ With success on earth rewarded, } God speed the right, God speed the right!

2 Be that prayer again repeated, Pain, nor toil, nor trial heeding,
God speed the right! And in His own time succeeding;
Ne'er despairing though defeated, God speed the right!
God speed the right!
Like the good and great in story, God speed the right!
If we fail, we fail with glory; Every foe at length subduing,
God speed the right! God speed the right!

3 Patient, firm, and persevering, Truth, our cause, whate'er delay it,
God speed the right! There's no power on earth can
No event nor danger fearing, stay it,
God speed the right! God speed the right!

H. B. G.

MRS. CHARLES BARNARD.

1. Give of your best to the Mas-ter, Give of the
 2. Give of your best to the Mas-ter, Give Him first
 3. Give of your best to the Mas-ter, Naught else is

D.S.—Give of your best to the Mas-ter, Give of the

strength of your youth, Throw your soul's fresh, glowing
 place in your heart; Give Him first place in your
 wor- thy His love; He gave Him- self for your

strength of your youth, Glad in sal-va-tion's full
End.

ar-dor In-to the battle for truth. Je-sus has set the ex-
 service, Consecrate now ev'ry part. Give and to you shall be
 ransom, Gave up His glory a-bove; Laid down His life without

ar-mor, Join in the battle for truth.

am-ple, Dauntless was He, young and brave; Give Him your
 giv-en; God His be-lov-ed Son gave; Grateful-ly
 mur-mur, You from sin's ru-in to save; Give Him your

Used by permission.

rit......D.C.

loy-al de-vo-tion, Give Him the best that you have,
 seeking to serve Him, Give Him the best that you have,
 heart's ad-o-ra-tion, Give Him the best that you have.

595 THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, (ALMSGIVING. 8, 8, 8, 4) J. B. DYKES.

1. My God, is a-ny hour so sweet,
 2. No words can tell what sweet re-lief
 3. Hush'd is each doubt, gone ev-ry fear;
 4. Lord, till I reach that bliss-ful shore,

From blush of morn to eve-ning star, As that which
 Here for my ev-'ry want I find; What strength for
 My spir-it seems in heav'n to stay; And e'en the
 No priv-i-lege so dear shall be As thus my

calls me to..... Thy feet, The hour of pray'r?
 war-fare, balm for grief, What peace of mind.
 pen-i-ten-tial tear Is win-d a-way.
 in-most soul to pour In pray'r to Thee.

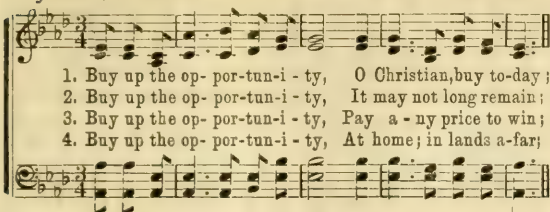
596 BUY UP THE OPPORTUNITY.

Ephesians 5 : 16.

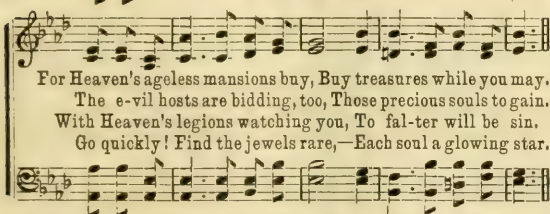
(Suggested by Rev. John M. MacInnis.)

JOHN R. CLEMENTS.

W. S. WEEDEN.

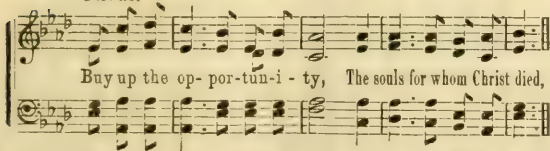


1. Buy up the op- por- tun- i - ty, O Christian, buy to-day;
2. Buy up the op- por- tun- i - ty, It may not long remain;
3. Buy up the op- por- tun- i - ty, Pay a - ny price to win;
4. Buy up the op- por- tun- i - ty, At home; in lands a-far;

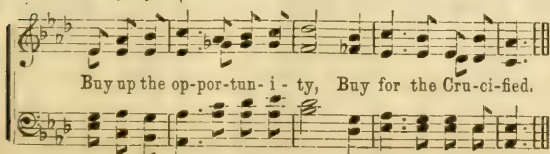


For Heaven's ageless mansions buy, Buy treasures while you may.
The e-vil hosts are bidding, too, Those precious souls to gain.
With Heaven's legions watching you, To fal-ter will be sin.
Go quickly! Find the jewels rare, — Each soul a glowing star.

Chorus.



Buy up the op- por- tun- i - ty, The souls for whom Christ died,



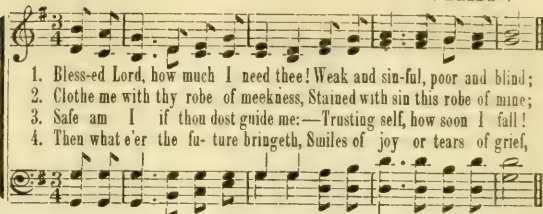
Buy up the op- por- tun- i - ty, Buy for the Cru- ci- fied.

Copyright, 1902, by John R. Clements.

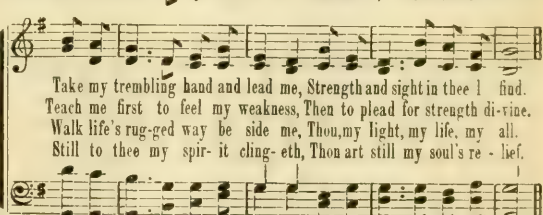
597 HOW MUCH I NEED THEE.

F. E. B.

F. E. BELDEN.

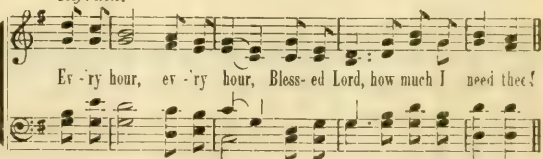


1. Bless-ed Lord, how much I need thee! Weak and sin-ful, poor and blind;
2. Clothe me with thy robe of meekness, Stained with sin this robe of mine;
3. Safe am I if thou dost guide me:—Trusting self, how soon I fall!
4. Then what e'er the fu- ture bringeth, Smiles of joy or tears of grief,

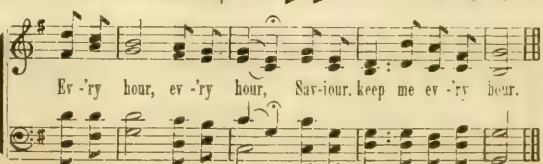


Take my trembling hand and lead me, Strength and sight in thee I find.
Teach me first to feel my weakness, Then to plead for strength di-vine.
Walk life's rug-ged way be side me, Thou, my light, my life, my all.
Still to thee my spir- it cling- eth, Thou art still my soul's re- lief.

Refrain.



Ev-ry hour, ev-ry hour, Bless-ed Lord, how much I need thee!

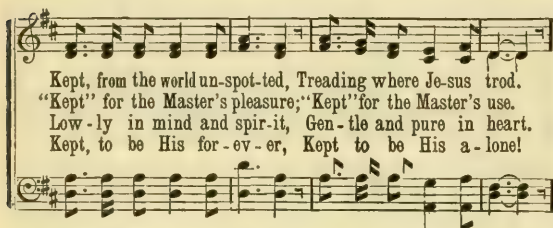
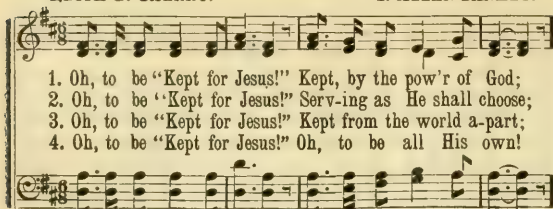


Ev-ry hour, ev-ry hour, Sav-iour, keep me ev-ry hour.

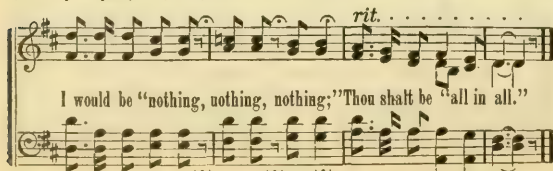
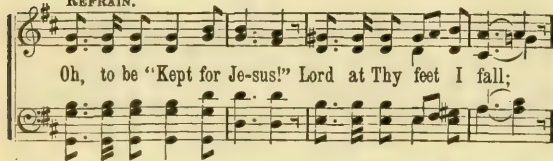
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EDITH G. CHERRY.

I. ALLAN SANKEY.

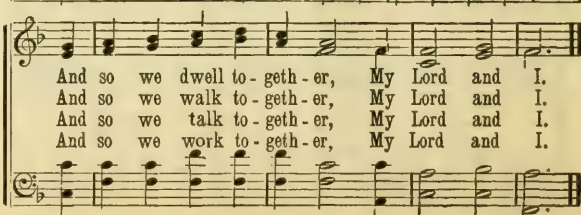
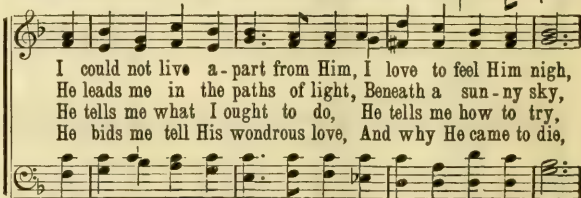
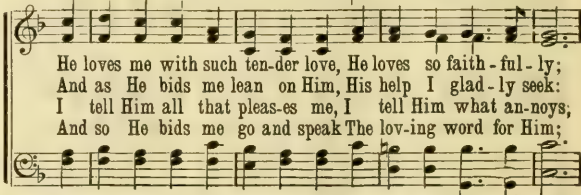
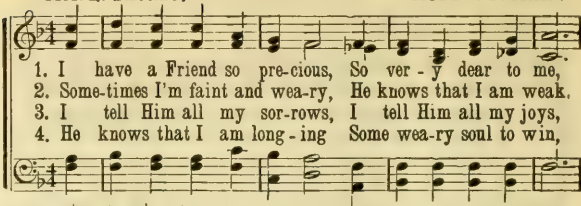


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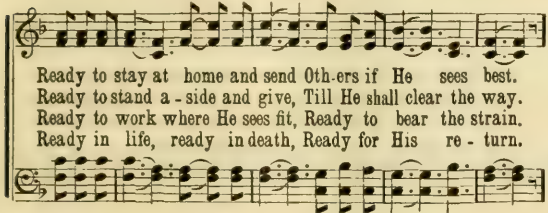
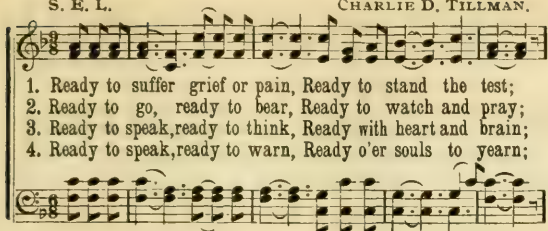
Mrs. L. SHOREY.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

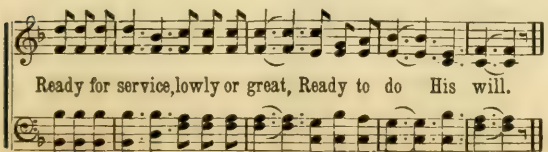
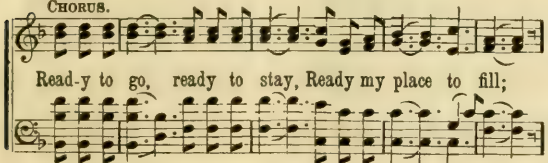


S. E. L.

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

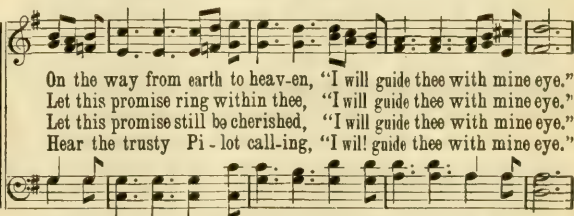
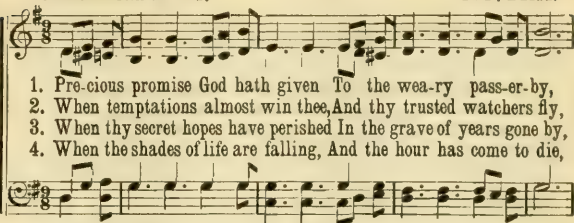


CHORUS.

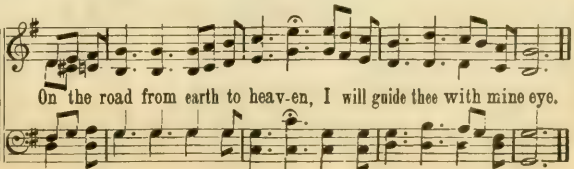
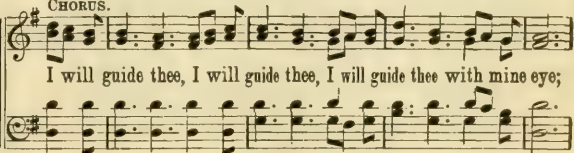


NATHANIEL NILES.

P. P. BLISS.



CHORUS.



602 FORWARD, BROTHERS!

E. E. HEWITT.

(6s, 5s, with Cho.)

W. H. DOANE.

1. Forward, brothers, forward! Battle for the right, God Him-
 2. Forward, brothers, forward! Words of life proclaim, Unto
 3. Forward, brothers, forward! Strong in faith and pray'r, On His

self is call-ing, Gird you for the fight. He will fail you
 oth-ers ren-der, Serv-ice in His name. For His grace a-
 arms re-ly-ing, His reward we'll share. With His banner

D.S.—High His banner

never, Help your brave endeavor, Make you conquer ever,
 bounding, Mercy all surrounding, On with songs resounding,
 o'er us, We shall be victorious, In His Kingdom glorious,

flinging, On with joyful singing, Hal-le-lu-jahs ringing,

FINE. CHORUS.

Trusting in His might. } Forward, Forward, Christian brothers,
 Ev'-ry heart aflame. }
 We the crown shall wear. } Forward, all, Forward, all,

Forward, brothers, all.

FORWARD, BROTHERS!—Concluded.

D.S.

forward all, Forward, Forward, Answer God's inspiring call.
 Forward, all, Forward, all,

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603 GOD BLESS OUR SCHOOL.

(RUSSIAN HYMN. 11s, 10s.)

F. E. BELDEN.

A. LWOFF. Arr. by F. E. B.

(See No. 645 for the original harmony.)

1. God bless our Sabbath-school! Christ superintend it, Source of true
 2. Searching Thy holy word, here we assemble, Parents and
 3. Pow'r both to will and do, Lord Thou hast promised, Will thou hast

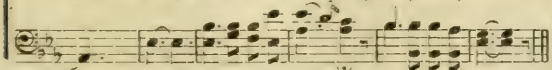
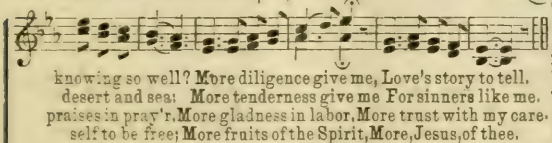
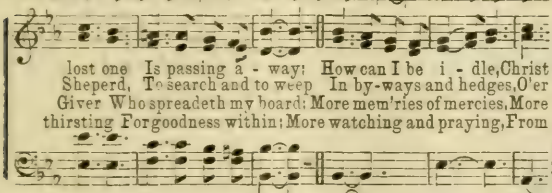
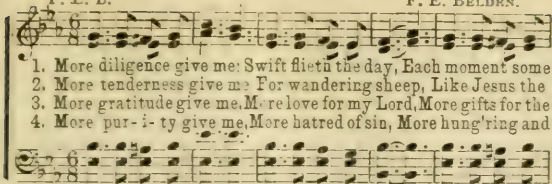
wisdom, yet ruling by love; Our great Example and Shep-
 children, the a-ged and youth, Wonderful Conn-sel-or, our
 giv'n, now the power bestow, Vainly we call Thee our Lord

herd we follow, Till Thy great fold we shall enter a-bove.
 minds en-light-en, Thy Ho-ly Spir-it revealing Thy truth.
 and our Master, Unless we live out the truth that we know.

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F. E. E.

F. E. BELDEN.



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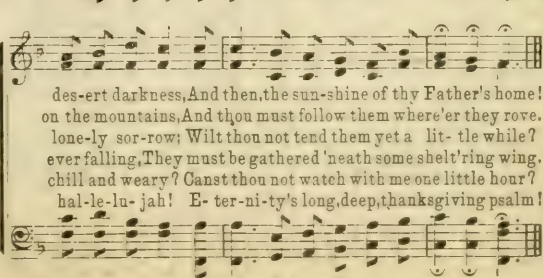
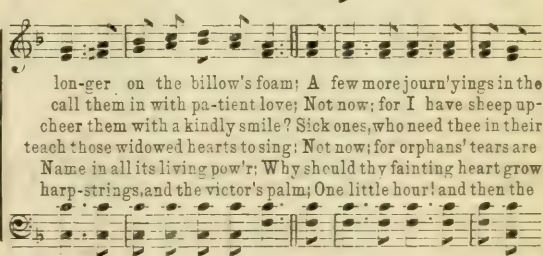
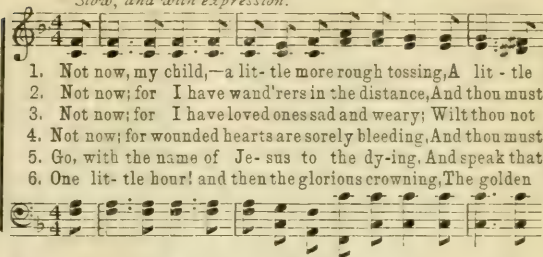
- 1 Chide mildly the erring,
 Kind language endears,
 Grief follows the sinful,
 Add not to their tears;
 Avoid with reproaches
 Fresh pain to bestow;
 The heart that is stricken
 Needs never a blow.
- 2 Chide mildly the erring,
 Jeer not at their fall;
 If strength be but human,
 How feeble were all!

- What marvel that footsteps
 Should wander away,
 When tempests so darken
 Life's wearisome way?
- 3 Chide mildly the erring,
 Entreat them with care;
 Their natures are mortal,
 They need not despair.
- We all have some frailty,
 We all are unwise;
 The grace which redeems us
 Must come from the skies.

Anon.

MRS. C. PENNEFATHER.

IRA D. SANKEY.

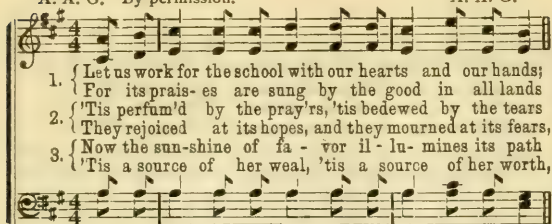
Slow, and with expression.

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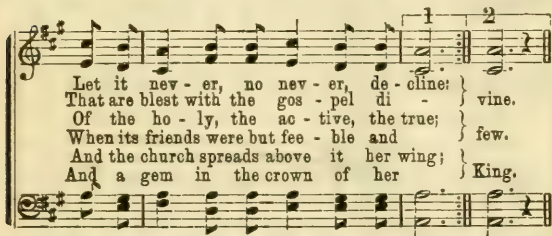
607 WORK FOR THE SCHOOL.

A. A. G. By permission.

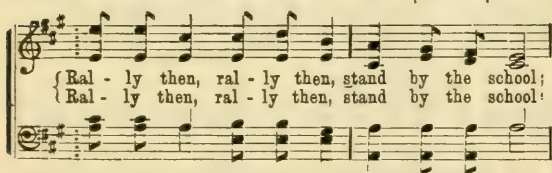
A. A. G.



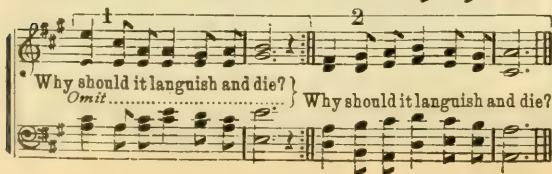
1. Let us work for the school with our hearts and our hands;
For its praises are sung by the good in all lands;
2. 'Tis perfum'd by the prayers, 'tis bedewed by the tears
They rejoiced at its hopes, and they mourned at its fears,
3. Now the sun-shine of fa - vor il - lu - mines its path
'Tis a source of her weal, 'tis a source of her worth,



Let it nev - er, no nev - er, de - cline;
That are blest with the gos - pel di - vine.
Of the ho - ly, the ac - tive, the true; } few.
When its friends were but fee - ble and
And the church spreads above it her wing; } King.
And a gem in the crown of her



{ Ral - ly then, ral - ly then, stand by the school;
{ Ral - ly then, ral - ly then, stand by the school!

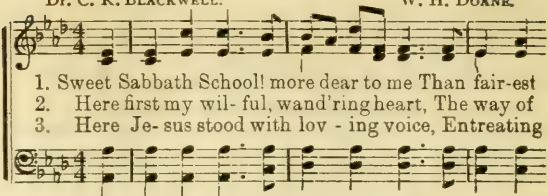


Why should it languish and die? }
Omit Why should it languish and die?

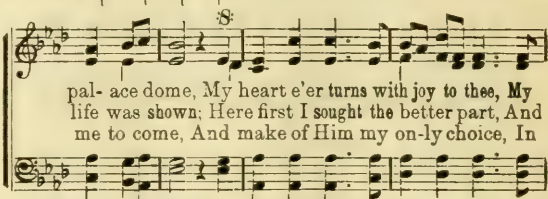
608 MY SABBATH HOME.

Dr. C. R. BLACKWELL.

W. H. DOANE.



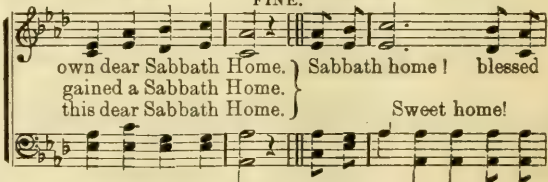
1. Sweet Sabbath School! more dear to me Than fair-est
2. Here first my wil - ful, wand'ring heart, The way of
3. Here Je - sus stood with lov - ing voice, Entreating



pal - ace dome, My heart e'er turns with joy to thee, My
life was shown; Here first I sought the better part, And
me to come, And make of Him my on - ly choice, In

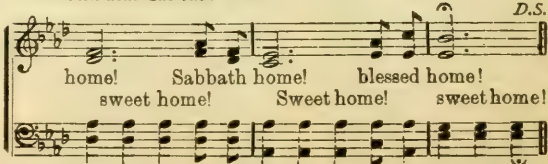
D.S.—My heart e'er turns with joy to thee, My

FINE. CHORUS.



own dear Sabbath Home. } Sabbath home! blessed
gained a Sabbath Home.
this dear Sabbath Home. } Sweet home!

own dear Sab-bath Home.



home! Sabbath home! blessed home!
sweet home! Sweet home! sweet home!

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Mrs. ANNIE S. HAWKS.

Rev. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. I need Thee every hour, Most gra-cious Lord;
 2. I need Thee every hour; Stay Thou near by;
 3. I need Thee every hour, In joy or pain;
 4. I need Thee every hour; Teach me Thy will,
 5. I need Thee every hour, Most Ho - ly One;

No ten-der voice like Thine Can peace af - ford.
 Temptations lose their pow'r When Thou art nigh.
 Come quick-ly and a - bide, Or life is vain.
 And Thy rich prom - is - es In me ful - fil.
 O make me Thine in-deed, Thou bless-ed Son.

REFRAIN.

I need Thee, O I need Thee! Every hour I need Thee;

O bless me now, my Saviour! I come to Thee.

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E. A. HOFFMAN.

JOSEPH GARRISON.

1. { I am passing down the valley that they say is so lone
 'Tis to me the vale of Beulah, 'tis a beau-ti-ful way
 2. { Not a shadow, not a shad-ow ev-er darkens the way
 And the music, sweetly chanted by the heavenly throng
 3. { So I journey with rejoicing toward the city of light,
 And I near the open portals of the kingdom a-bove,

FINE.
 But I find that all the pathway is with flowers o'er-grown.
 For the Saviour walks beside me, my companion all day.
 For a radiance of rare glo-ry shines upon it all day:
 Floats in cadence down the valley, and it cheers me along.
 While each day my joy is deeper, and the path grows more bright.
 For this highway leads to heaven, to the kingdom of love.

D. S.—For the lovely land of promise In the distance I see.

CHORUS.

D.S.

Vale of Beulah. Vale of Beulah. Thou art precious to me;

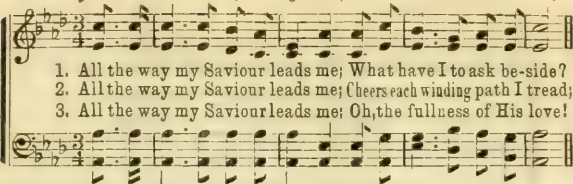
Copyright, 1883, by E. A. Hoffman. Used by permission.

611 ALL THE WAY.

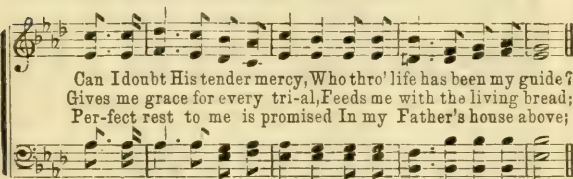
FANNY J. CROSEY.

(Deut. 32: 12.)

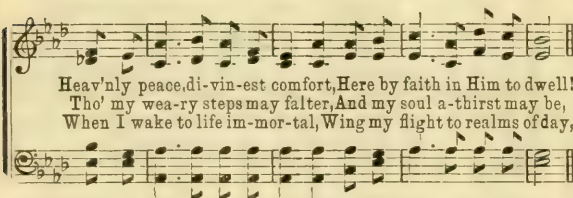
REV. R. LOWRY.



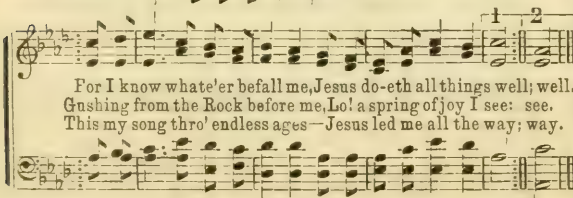
1. All the way my Saviour leads me; What have I to ask be-side?
2. All the way my Saviour leads me; Cheers each winding path I tread;
3. All the way my Saviour leads me; Oh, the fullness of His love!



Can I doubt His tender mercy, Who thro' life has been my guide?
Gives me grace for every tri-al, Feeds me with the living bread;
Per-fect rest to me is promised In my Father's house above;



Heav'nly peace, di-vin-est comfort, Here by faith in Him to dwell!
Tho' my wea-ry steps may falter, And my soul a-thirst may be,
When I wake to life im-mor-tal, Wing my flight to realms of day,



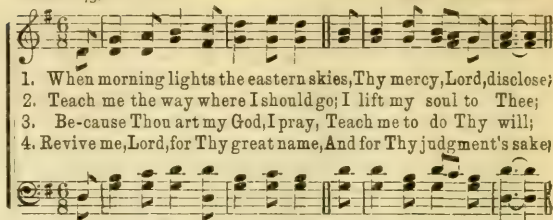
For I know what'er befall me, Jesus do-eth all things well; well,
Gushing from the Rock before me, Lo! a spring of joy I see: see,
This my song thro' endless ages—Jesus led me all the way; way.

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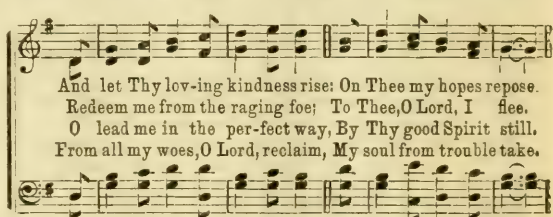
612 ON THEE MY HOPES REPOSE.

Psalm 143.

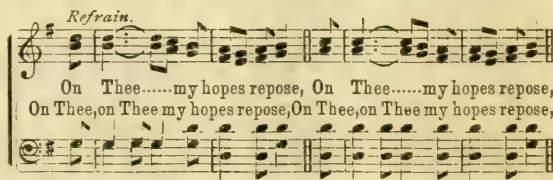
WILL H. YOUNG.



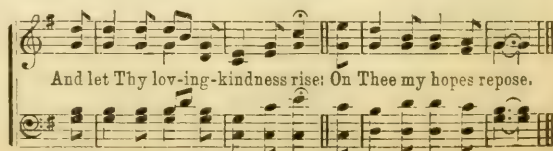
1. When morning lights the eastern skies, Thy mercy, Lord, disclose;
2. Teach me the way where I should go; I lift my soul to Thee;
3. Be-cause Thou art my God, I pray, Teach me to do Thy will;
4. Revive me, Lord, for Thy great name, And for Thy judgment's sake;



And let Thy lov-ing kindness rise: On Thee my hopes repose.
Redeem me from the raging foe; To Thee, O Lord, I flee.
O lead me in the per-fect way, By Thy good Spirit still.
From all my woes, O Lord, reclaim, My soul from trouble take.



Refrain.
On Thee.....my hopes repose, On Thee.....my hopes repose,
On Thee, on Thee my hopes repose, On Thee, on Thee my hopes repose,



And let Thy lov-ing-kindness rise: On Thee my hopes repose.

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613 THE ROCK THAT IS HIGHER.

E. JOHNSON.

W. G. FISCHER.

1. O sometimes the shadows are deep, And rough seems the path
2. O sometimes how long seems the day, And sometimes how hear-
3. O near to the Rock let me keep, Or blessings or sor-

to the goal; And sorrows, how often they sweep Like tempests
y my feet; But toil-ing in life's dusty way, The Rock's bless-
rows prevail; Or climbing the mountain way steep, Or walking

CHORUS.
down over the soul!
ed shadow, how sweet! O, then to the Rock let me fly, let me fly,
the shad-ow-y vale.

To the Rock that is higher than I; O, then to the
is higher than I;

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Rock let me fly, let me fly, To the Rock that is higher than I.

614 SOMETHING FOR JESUS.

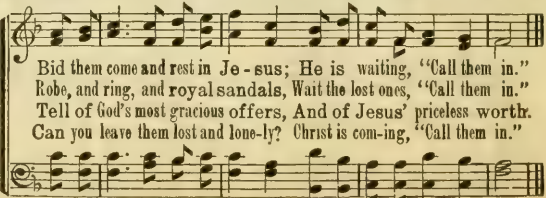
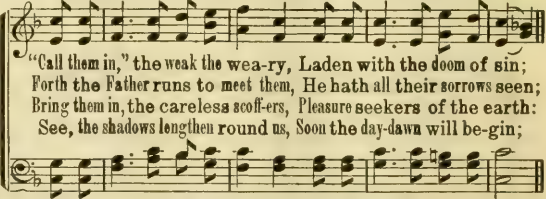
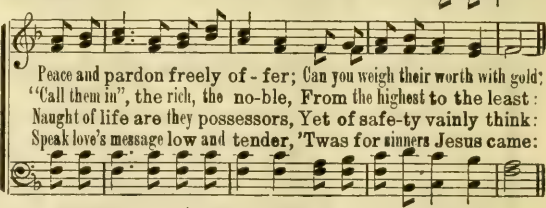
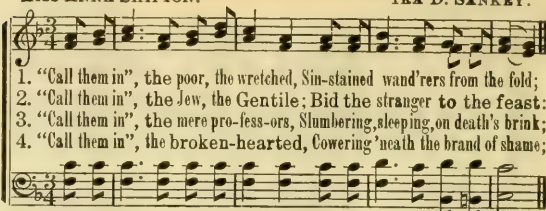
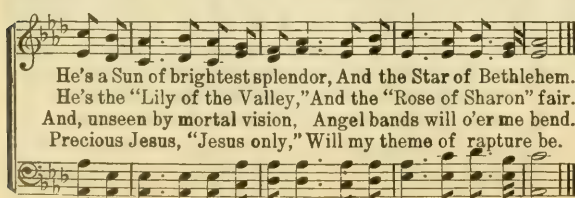
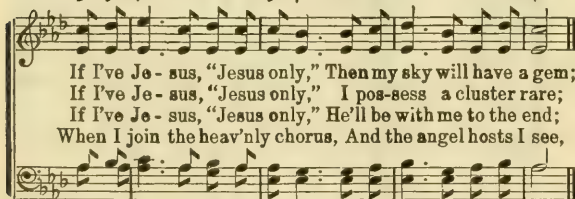
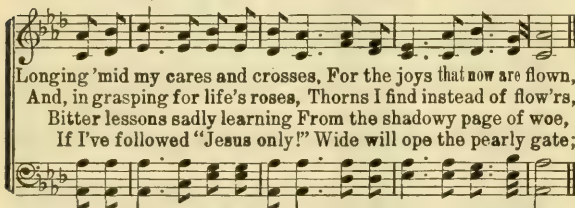
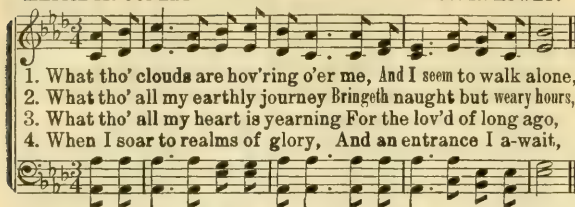
Rev. S. D. PHELPS, D. D. (6s, 4s.) Rev. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Saviour! Thy dying love Thou gavest me, Nor should I aught
2. At the blest mercy-seat, Pleading for me, My feeble faith
3. Give me a faithful heart, Likeness to Thee, That each depart-
4. All that I am and have, Thy gifts so free, In joy, in grief,

withhold, Dear Lord, from Thee; In love my soul would bow, My heart
looks up, Je - sus to Thee; Help me the cross to bear, Thy won-
ing day henceforth may see; Some work of love begun, Some deed
thro' life, Dear Lord, for Thee! And when Thy face I see, My ran-

fulfill its vow, Some offering bring Thee now, Something for Thee.
drous love declare, Some song to raise, or pray'r, Something for Thee.
of kindness done, Some wand'rer sought and won, Something for Thee.
som'd soul shall be, Thro' all e-ter-ni-ty, Something for Thee.

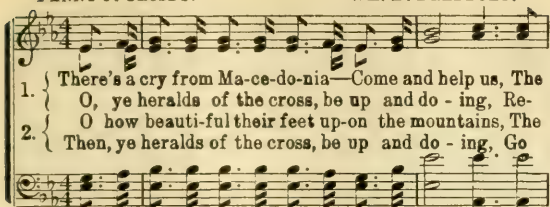
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617 A CRY FROM MACEDONIA.

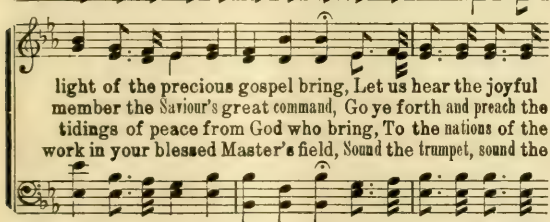
FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. B. BRADEBURY.

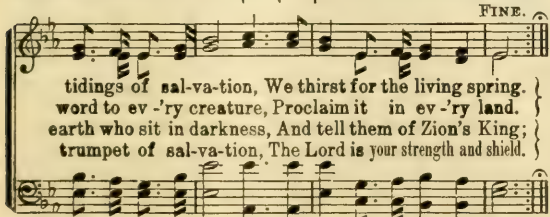


1. { There's a cry from Ma-ce-do-nia—Come and help us, The
O, ye heralds of the cross, be up and do-ing, Re-

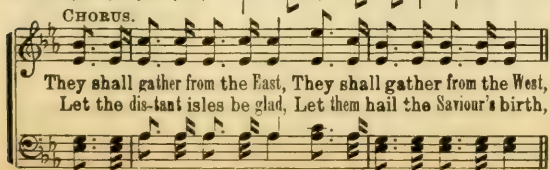
2. { O how beau-ti-ful their feet up-on the mountains, The
Then, ye heralds of the cross, be up and do-ing, Go



light of the precious gospel bring, Let us hear the joyful
member the Saviour's great command, Go ye forth and preach the
tidings of peace from God who bring, To the nations of the
work in your blessed Master's field, Sound the trumpet, sound the



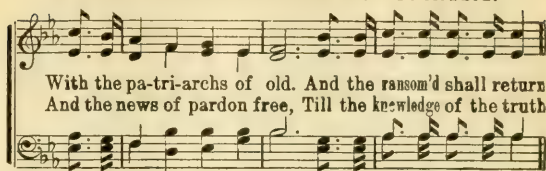
tidings of sal-va-tion, We thirst for the living spring. }
word to ev-'ry creature, Proclaim it in ev-'ry land. }
earth who sit in darkness, And tell them of Zion's King; }
trumpet of sal-va-tion, The Lord is your strength and shield. }



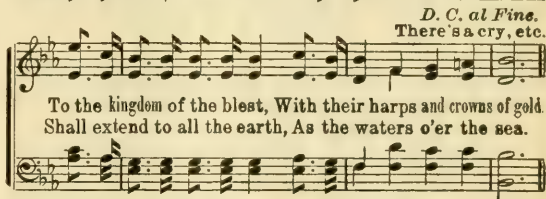
CHORUS.

They shall gather from the East, They shall gather from the West,
Let the dis-tant isles be glad, Let them hail the Saviour's birth,

A CRY FROM MACEDONIA.—Concluded.



With the pa-tri-archs of old. And the ransom'd shall return
And the news of pardon free, Till the knowledge of the truth

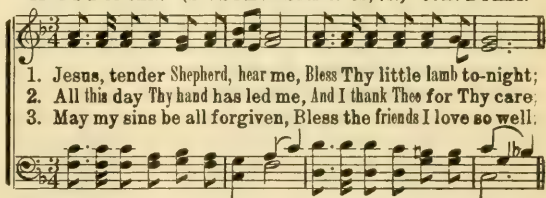


D. C. al Fine.
There's a cry, etc.

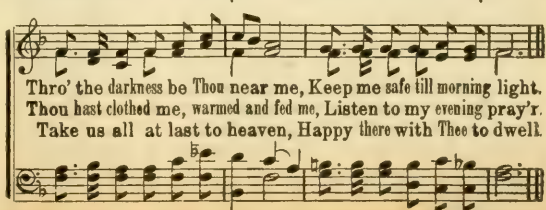
To the kingdom of the blest, With their harps and crowns of gold
Shall extend to all the earth, As the waters o'er the sea.

618 BLESS THY LAMB TO-NIGHT.

MARY DUNCAN. (ST. SYLVESTER. 8s, 7s.) J. B. DYKES.



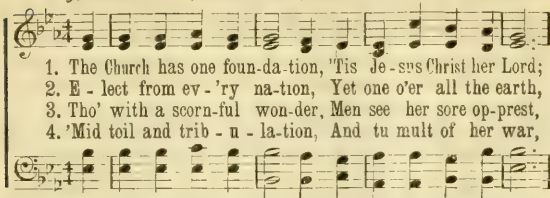
1. Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me, Bless Thy little lamb to-night;
2. All this day Thy hand has led me, And I thank Thee for Thy care.
3. May my sins be all forgiven, Bless the friends I love so well.



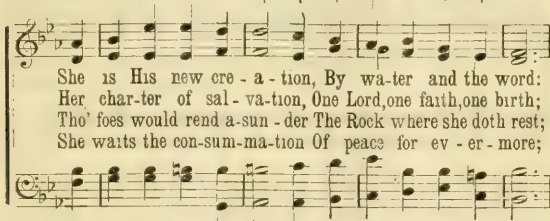
Thro' the darkness be Thou near me, Keep me safe till morning light.
Thou hast clothed me, warmed and fed me, Listen to my evening pray'r.
Take us all at last to heaven, Happy there with Thee to dwell

619 ONE FOUNDATION.

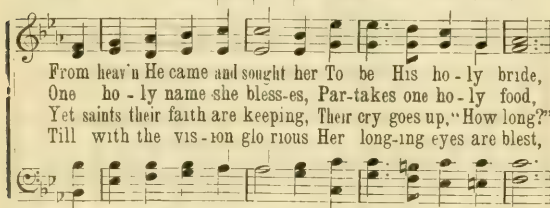
S. J. STONE. (AURELIA. 7s. 6s. D.) S. S. WESLEY.



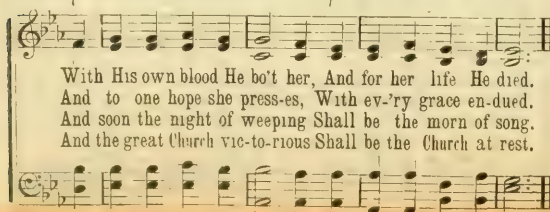
1. The Church has one foun-da-tion, 'Tis Je-sus Christ her Lord;
2. E-lect from ev-'ry na-tion, Yet one o'er all the earth,
3. Tho' with a scorn-ful won-der, Men see her sore op-prest,
4. 'Mid toil and trib-u-la-tion, And tu mult of her war,



She is His new cre-a-tion, By wa-ter and the word:
Her char-ter of sal-va-tion, One Lord, one faith, one birth;
Tho' foes would rend a-sun-der The Rock where she doth rest;
She waits the con-sum-ma-tion Of peace for ev-er-more;



From heav'n He came and sought her To be His ho-ly bride,
One ho-ly name she bless-es, Par-takes one ho-ly food,
Yet saints their faith are keeping, Their cry goes up, "How long?"
Till with the vis-ion glo-ri-ous Her long-ing eyes are blest,

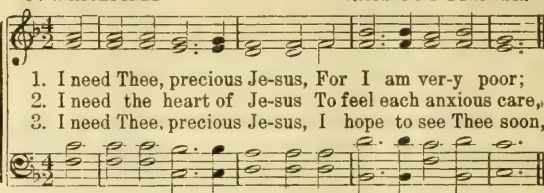


With His own blood He bo't her, And for her life He died.
And to one hope she press-es, With ev-'ry grace en-dued.
And soon the night of weeping Shall be the morn of song.
And the great Church vic-to-ri-ous Shall be the Church at rest.

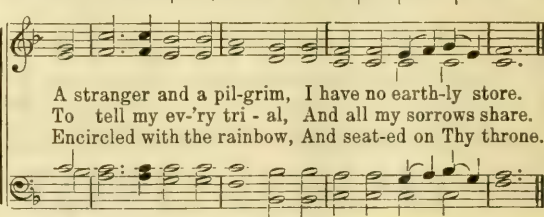
620 I NEED THEE, PRECIOUS JESUS.

(RUTHERFORD. 7s & 6s. D.)

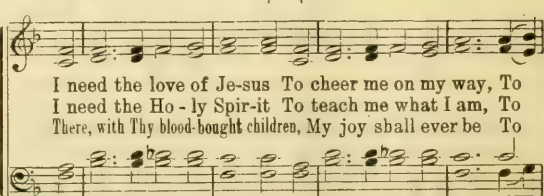
F. WHITEFIELD LAUSANNE PSALTER.



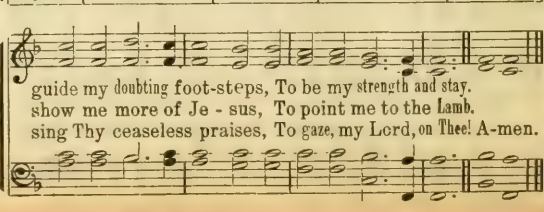
1. I need Thee, precious Je-sus, For I am ver-y poor;
2. I need the heart of Je-sus To feel each anxious care,
3. I need Thee, precious Je-sus, I hope to see Thee soon,



A stranger and a pil-grim, I have no earth-ly store.
To tell my ev-'ry tri-al, And all my sorrows share.
Encircled with the rainbow, And seat-ed on Thy throne.



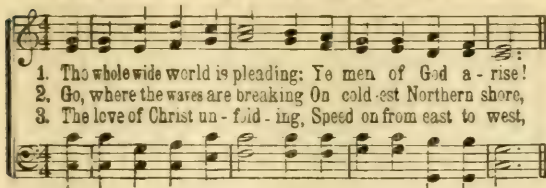
I need the love of Je-sus To cheer me on my way, To
I need the Ho-ly Spir-it To teach me what I am, To
There, with Thy blood-bought children, My joy shall ever be To



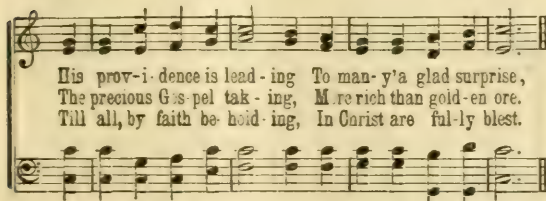
guide my doubt-ing foot-steps, To be my strength and stay.
show me more of Je-sus, To point me to the Lamb.
sing Thy ceaseless praises, To gaze, my Lord, on Thee! A-men.

621 MEN OF GOD, ARISE!

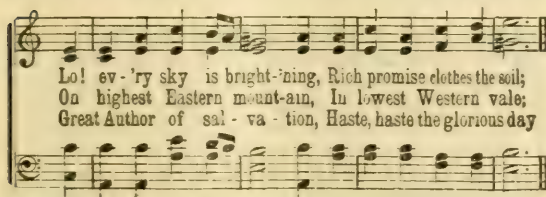
Arr. from M. ANDERSON. (MIRIAM. 7s & 6s D.) J. HOLBROOK.



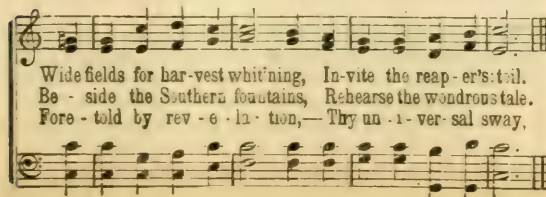
1. The whole wide world is pleading: Ye men of God a - rise!
2. Go, where the waves are breaking On cold - est Northern shore,
3. The love of Christ un - fold - ing, Speed on from east to west,



His prov-i-dence is lead-ing To man-y'a glad surprise,
The precious Gos-pel tak-ing, More rich than gold-en ore.
Till all, by faith be-hold-ing, In Christ are ful-ly blest.



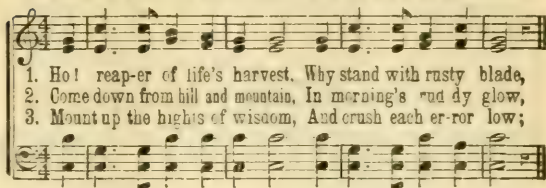
Lo! ev-'ry sky is bright-n'g, Rich promise clothes the soil;
On highest Eastern mount-ain, In lowest Western vale;
Great Author of sal - va - tion, Haste, haste the glorious day



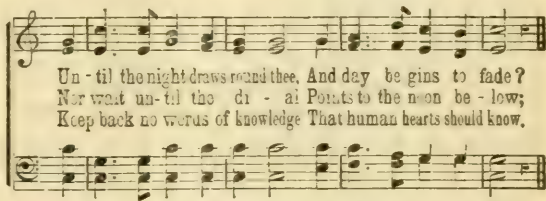
Wide fields for har-vest whitt'ning, In-vite the reap-er's toil.
Be - side the Southern fountains, Rehearse the wondrous tale.
Fore - told by rev - e - la - tion, — Thy un - i - ver - sal sway,

622 WHY STAND WITH RUSTY BLADE?

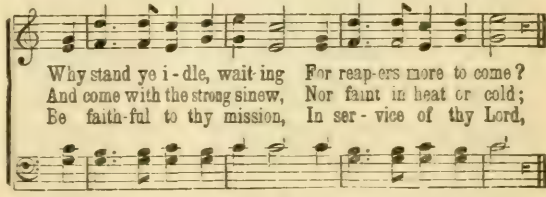
WOODBURY, (LIFE'S HARVEST. 7s & 6s D.) L. B. WOODBURY.



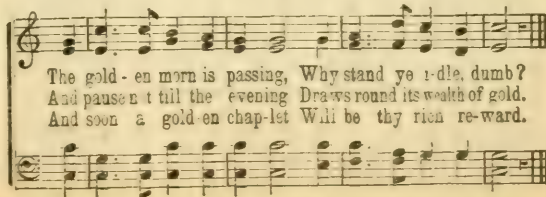
1. Ho! reap-er of life's harvest. Why stand with rusty blade,
2. Come down from hill and mountain, In morning's red dy glow,
3. Mount up the highs of wisdom, And crush each er-ror low;



Un - til the night draws round thee, And day be-gins to fade?
Nor wait un - til the di - al Points to the noon be - low;
Keep back no words of knowledge That human hearts should know,

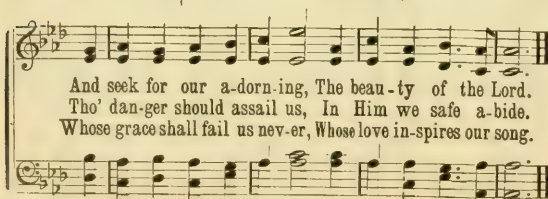
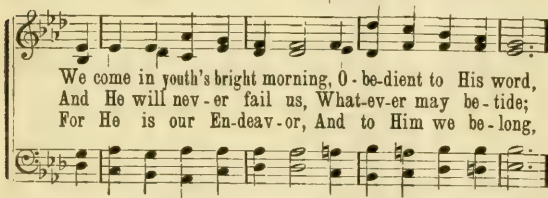
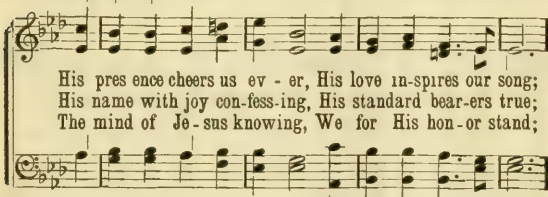
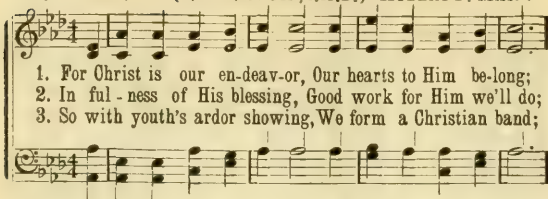


Why stand ye i - dle, wait ing For reap-ers more to come?
And come with the strong sinew, Nor faint in heat or cold;
Be faith-ful to thy mission, In ser - vice of thy Lord,

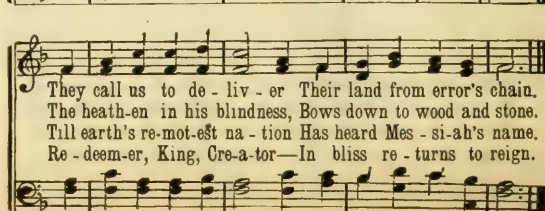
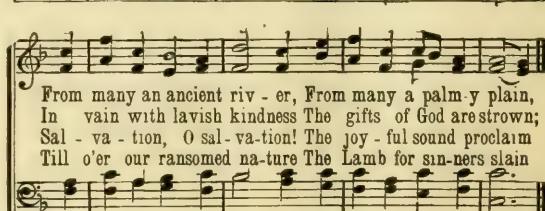
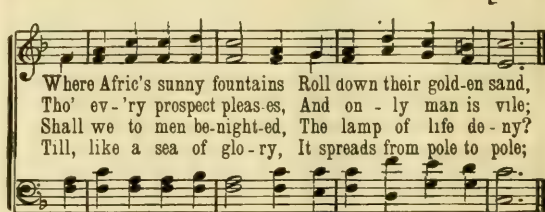
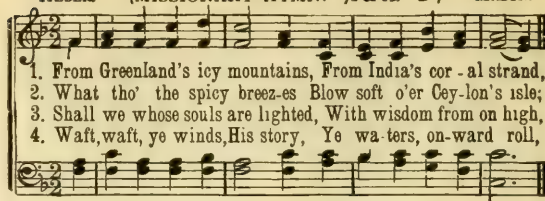


The gold - en morn is passing, Why stand ye i - dle, dumb?
And pause t till the evening Draws round its wealth of gold.
And soon a gold-en chap-let Will be thy rich re - ward.

F. GORDON. (ENDEAVOR 7s, 6s, D.) HUBERT P. MAIN.



HEBER. (MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s & 6s. D) MASON.



625 I COULD NOT DO WITHOUT.

F. R. HAVEGAL. (UNION SQUARE. 7s, 6s. D.) J. B. DYKES.

1. I could not do without Thee, O Sav-iour of the lost,
 2. I could not do without Thee, I can-not stand alone,
 3. I could not do without Thee, For, oh, the way is long,
 4. I could not do without Thee, For years are fleeting fast,

Whose wondrous love redeemed me, At such tremendous cost;
 I have no strength or goodness, No wis-dom of my own;
 And I am oft-en wea-ry, And sigh re-plac-es song;
 And soon in sol-emn si-lence, The river must be passed;

Thy righteousness, Thy pardon, Thy precious blood must be My
 But Thou, be-lov-ed Saviour, Art all in all to me, And
 How could I do without Thee? I do not know the way; Thou
 But Thou wilt never leave me, And tho' the waves roll high, I

on-ly hope and comfort, My glo-ry and my plea.
 weakness will be pow-er If leaning hard on Thee.
 knowest, and Thou leadest, And wilt not let me stray.
 know Thou wilt be near me, And whisper "It is I." Amen.

626

MY SAFETY.

JAMES G. DECK. (CHENIES. 7s, 6s. D.) T. R. MATTHEWS.

1. O Lamb of God! still keep me Near to Thy wounded side;
 2. 'Tis on-ly in Thee hid-ing I know my life se-cure—
 3. Soon shall my eyes behold Thee, With rapture, face to face;

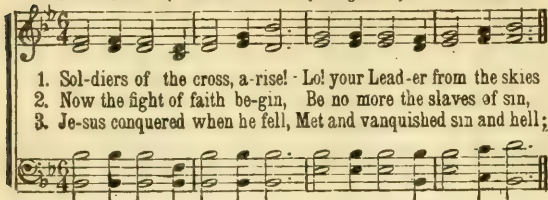
'Tis on-ly there in safe-ty And peace I can a-bide!
 On-ly in Thee a-bid-ing, The con-flict can en-dure:
 One half hath not been told me Of all Thy pow'r and grace.

What foes and snares surround me, What doubts and fears within!
 Thine arm the vic-to-ry gaineth O'er ev-'ry hate-ful foe;
 Thy beau-ty, Lord, and glory, The wonders of Thy love,

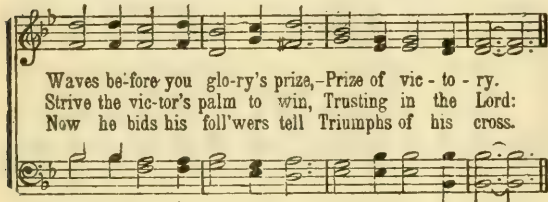
The grace that sought and found me, Alone can keep me clean.
 Thy love my heart sustain-eth In all its care and woe.
 Shall be the endless sto-ry Of all the saints above.

627 SOLDIERS OF THE CROSS.

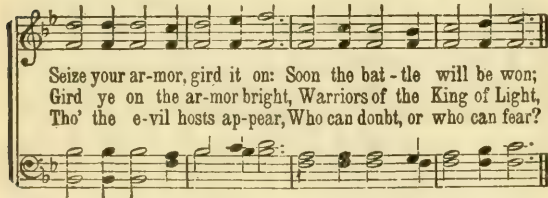
WATERBURY. (CALEDONIA. 7S & 5S. D.) SCOTCH.



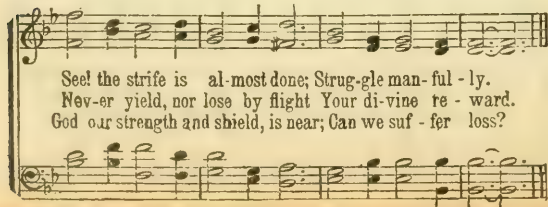
1. Sol-diers of the cross, a-rise! - Lo! your Lead-er from the skies
2. Now the fight of faith be-gin, Be no more the slaves of sin,
3. Je-sus conquered when he fell, Met and vanquished sin and hell;



Waves be-fore you glo-ry's prize, -Prize of vic - to - ry.
Strive the vic-tor's palm to win, Trusting in the Lord:
Now he bids his foll'wers tell Triumphs of his cross.



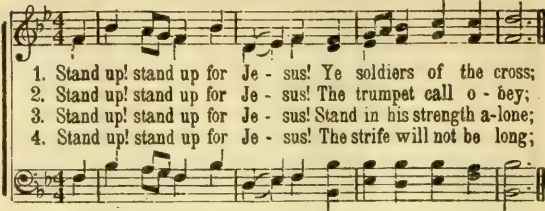
Seize your ar-mor, gird it on: Soon the bat-tle will be won;
Gird ye on the ar-mor bright, Warriors of the King of Light,
Tho' the e-vil hosts ap-pear, Who can doubt, or who can fear?



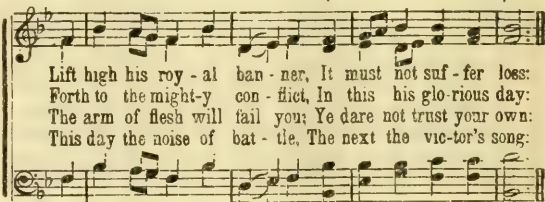
See! the strife is al-most done; Strug-gle man-ful-ly.
Nev-er yield, nor lose by flight Your di-vine re-ward.
God our strength and shield, is near; Can we suf-fer loss?

628 STAND UP FOR JESUS.

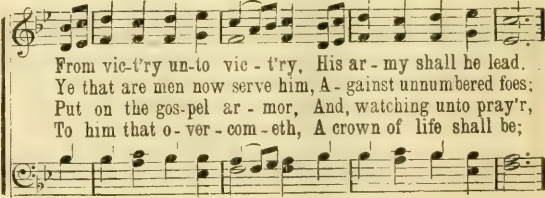
DUFFIELD. (ELLACOMBE. 7S & 6S. D.) ST. GALL'S.



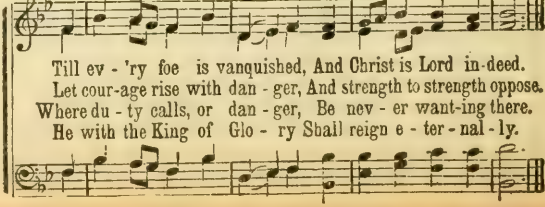
1. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! Ye soldiers of the cross;
2. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! The trumpet call o - bey;
3. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! Stand in his strength a-lone;
4. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! The strife will not be long;



Lift high his roy-al ban-ner, It must not suf-fer loss:
Forth to the might-y con-flict, In this his glo-rious day:
The arm of flesh will fail you; Ye dare not trust your own:
This day the noise of bat-tle, The next the vic-tor's song:

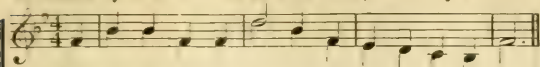


From vic-try un-to vic - try, His ar-my shall he lead.
Ye that are men now serve him, A- gainst unnumbered foes:
Put on the gos-pel ar-mor, And, watching unto pray'r,
To him that o-ver-com-eth, A crown of life shall be;

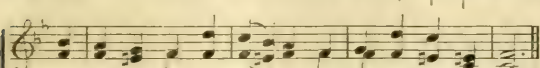


Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquished, And Christ is Lord in-deed.
Let cour-age rise with dan-ger, And strength to strength oppo-
Where du-ty calls, or dan-ger, Be nev-er want-ing there.
He with the King of Glo-ry Shall reign e-ter-nal-ly.

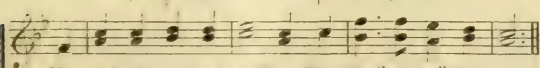
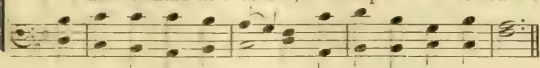
Tr. JANE M. CAMPBELL. (DRESDEN. J. A. P. SCHULZ.
3d stanza by F. E. B. 7s. 6s. with Cho.) Arr. by F. E. B.



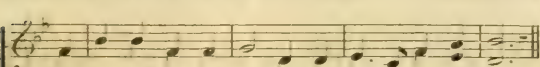
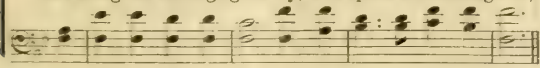
1. We plough the fields and scatter The good seed on the land,
2. We thank Thee, loving Father, For all things bright and good,
3. Shall we not give for oth-ers, As God to us has giv'n,



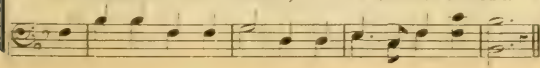
But it is fed and watered By God's almighty hand;
The seed-time and the harvest, Our life, our health, our food.
Own all mankind as brothers, And help them on to heav'n?



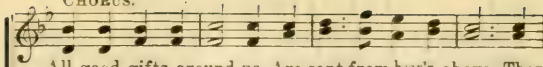
He sends the snow in winter, The warmth to swell the grain,
No wealth have we to of-fer, For all Thy love imparts,
We bring our offerings glad-ly, And speed the message on,



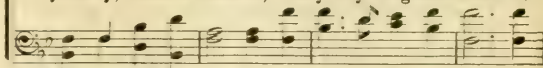
The breezes, and the sunshine, And soft, refreshing rain.
But that which Thou desirest, Our humble, thankful hearts.
Of Christ and His salvation, To all beneath the sun.



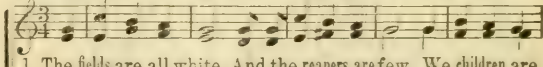
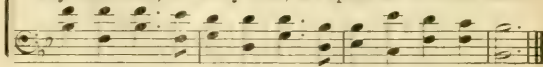
CHORUS.



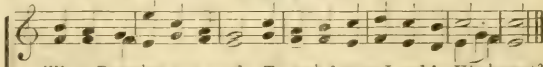
All good gifts around us, Are sent from heav'n above, Then
Best of all Thy blessings, To earth the Saviour came, That
Quick-ly, blessed Mast-er, O may Thy kingdom come! At



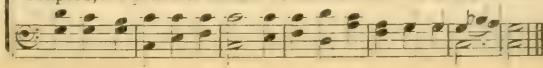
thank the Lord, O thank the Lord, For all His wondrous love.
we may rise and win the prize, Of endless life with Him.
Thy command, in ev'ry land, We speed the "harvest home."



1. The fields are all white, And the reapers are few, We children are
2. Our hands are so small, And our words are so weak, We cannot teach
3. We'll work by our pray'rs, By the offerings we bring, By small self-de-
4. Un-til, by and by, As the years pass at length, We too may be

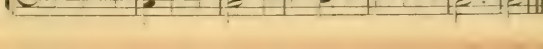
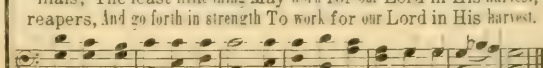
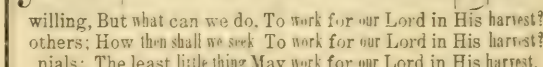
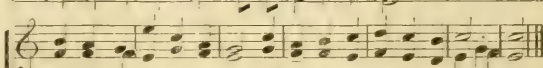
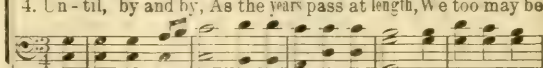
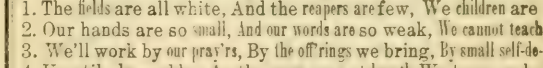
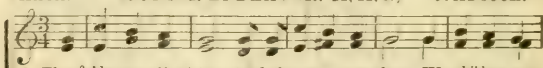


willing, But what can we do, To work for our Lord in His harvest?
others; How then shall we seek To work for our Lord in His harvest?
nials; The least little thing May work for our Lord in His harvest,
reapers, And go forth in strength To work for our Lord in His harvest.



630 THE FIELDS ARE WHITE.

Anon. (JUNIOR ENDEAVOR. 11, 11, 9.) J. ADCOCK.



NEWMAN. (LUX BENIGNA. 10, 4, 10, 4, 10, 10.) DYKES.

1. Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom, Lead thou me on!
 2. I was not ev-er thus, nor prayed that thou Shouldst lead me on;
 3. So long thy power hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me on

The night is dark and I am far from home; Lead thou me on!
 I loved to choose and see my path, but now Lead thou me on!
 O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till The night is gone,

Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
 I loved the gar-ish day, and spite of fears,
 And with the morn those an-gel fac-es smile

The dis-tant scene; one step's e-nough for me.
 Pride ruled my will. Re-mem-ber not past years!
 Which I have loved long since, and lost a-while.

M. M. W.

(GUIDE. 7s D.)

M. M. WELLS.

1. Ho-ly Spir-it, faith-ful Guide, Ev-er near the
 2. Ev-er pres-ent, tru-est friend, Ev-er near thine
 3. When our days of toil shall cease, Waiting still for

D. C.—Whisper soft-ly, "Wand'rer, come! Fol-low me, I'll

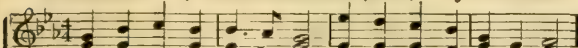
Christian's side; Gent-ly lead us by the hand,
 aid to lend, Leave us not to doubt and fear,
 sweet re-lease, Noth-ing left but heaven and prayer,
 guide thee home."

Pil-grims in a des-ert land; Wea-ry souls for
 Grop-ing on in dark-ness drear; When the storms are
 Wond'ring if our names are there; Wad-ing deep the

D. C.
 e'er re-joice, When they hear that sweet-est voice,
 rag-ing sore, Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
 dis-mal flood, Plead-ing nought but Je-sus' blood,

633 JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

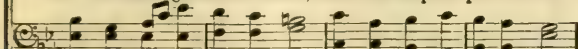
C. WESLEY. ("HOLLINGSIDE," 7s. D.) J. B. DYKES.



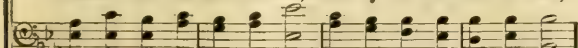
1. Je-sus, lov-er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo-som fly,
2. Oth-er ref-uge have I none; Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want, More than all in Thee I find:
4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov-er all my sin;



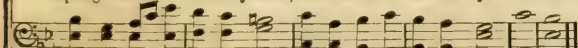
While the bil-lows near me roll, While the tem-pest still is high!
Leave, O leave me not a-lone, Still sup-port and comfort me.
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint, Heal the sick and lead the blind.
Let the healing streams abound; Make and keep me pure within.



Hide me, O my Saviour hide, Till the storm of life be past;
All my trust on Thee is stay'd, All my help from Thee I bring;
Just and ho-ly is Thy name; I am all un-righteousness;
Thou of life the fount-ain art, Free-ly let me take of Thee;



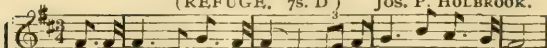
Safe in - to the ha-ven guide; Oh, receive my soul at last!
Cov-er my de-fence-less head With the shadow of Thy wing.
Vile and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
Spring Thou up within my heart, Rise to all e-ter-ni-ty! A-men.



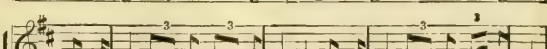
(Or to "Refuge" or "Martyr")

634 JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.


(REFUGE, 7s. D.) JOS. P. HOLBROOK.




1. Je-sus, lov-er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo-som fly,



While the bil-lows near me roll, While the tem-pest still is high;



Hide me, O my Saviour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;

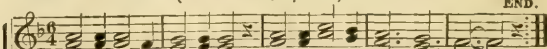
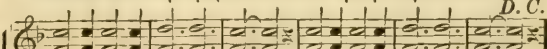


Safe in-to the ha-ven guide, O re-ceive my soul at last!

635

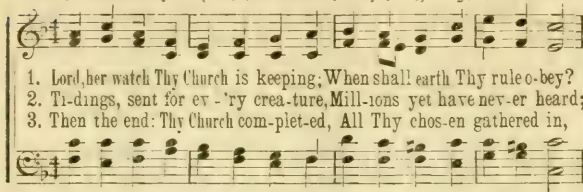
(MARTYN, 7s. D.)

END.

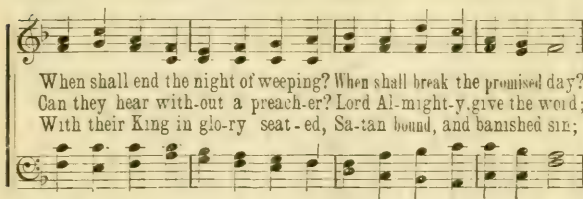



D. C.

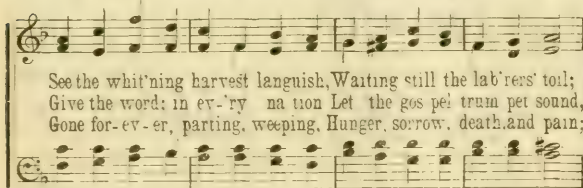
H. DOWNTON. (DEERHURST. 8s. 7s. D.) J. LANGRAN.



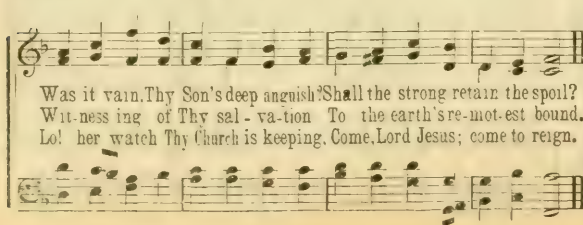
1. Lord, her watch Thy Church is keeping; When shall earth Thy rule o-bey?
 2. Ti-dings, sent for ev-'ry crea-ture, Mill-ions yet have nev-er heard;
 3. Then the end: Thy Church com-plet-ed, All Thy chos-en gathered in,



When shall end the night of weeping? When shall break the promised day?
 Can they hear with-out a preach-er? Lord Al-might-y, give the word;
 With their King in glo-ry seat-ed, Sa-tan bound, and banished sin;



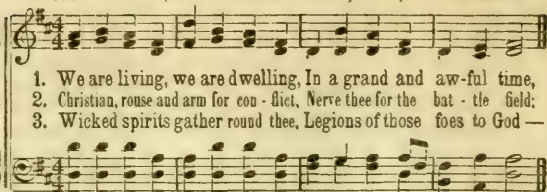
See the whit'ning harvest languish, Waiting still the lab'ers' toil;
 Give the word: in ev-'ry na-tion Let the gos-pel trum-pet sound,
 Gone for-ev-er, parting, weeping, Hunger, sorrow, death, and pain;



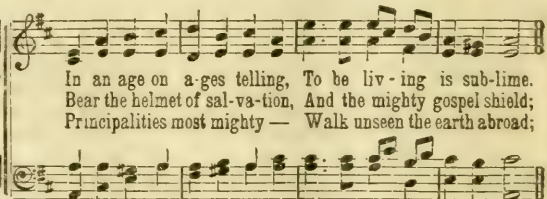
Was it vain, Thy Son's deep anguish! Shall the strong retain the spoil?
 Wit-ness ing of Thy sal-va-tion To the earth's re-mot-est bound.
 Lo! her watch Thy Church is keeping. Come, Lord Jesus; come to reign.

ANON.

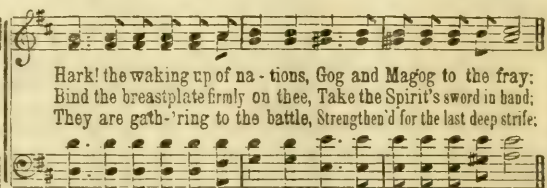
(THE ALARM. 8s & 7s. D.) ARRANGED.



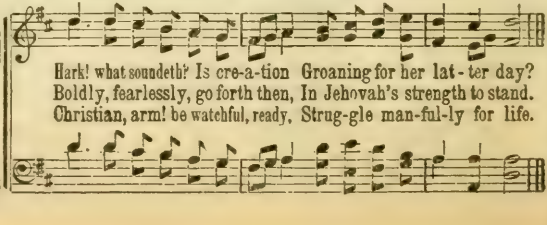
1. We are living, we are dwelling, In a grand and aw-ful time,
 2. Christian, rouse and arm for con-flict, Nerve thee for the bat-tle field;
 3. Wicked spirits gather round thee, Legions of those foes to God —



In an age on a-ges telling, To be liv-ing is sub-lime.
 Bear the helmet of sal-va-tion, And the mighty gospel shield;
 Principalities most mighty — Walk unseen the earth abroad;



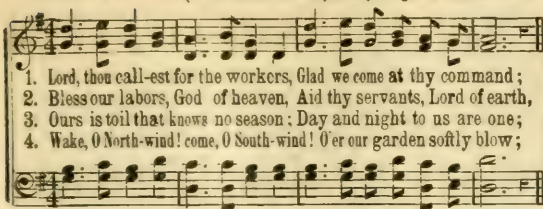
Hark! the waking up of na-tions, Gog and Magog to the fray:
 Bind the breastplate firmly on thee, Take the Spirit's sword in band;
 They are gath-er-ing to the battle, Strengthen'd for the last deep strife;



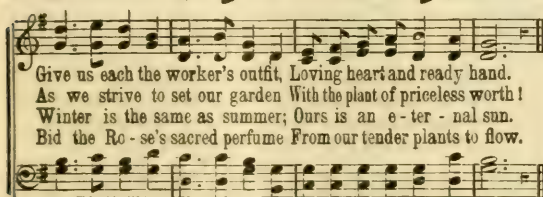
Hark! what soundeth? Is cre-a-tion Groaning for her lat-ter day?
 Boldly, fearlessly, go forth then, In Jehovah's strength to stand.
 Christian, arm! be watchful, ready, Strug-gle man-ful-ly for life.

638 PLANTING SHARON'S ROSE.

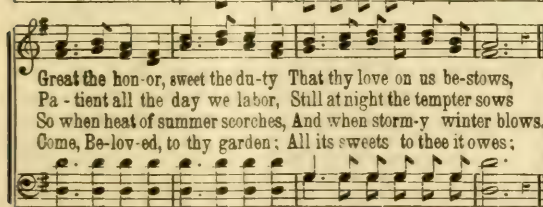
(NORTH. 8s & 7s. D.) JAS. M. NORTH.



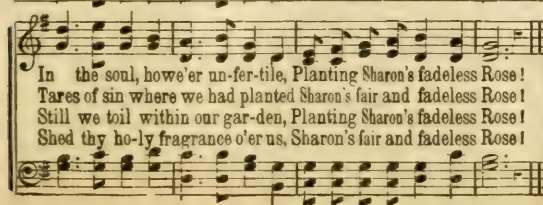
1. Lord, thou call-est for the workers, Glad we come at thy command;
 2. Bless our labors, God of heaven, Aid thy servants, Lord of earth,
 3. Ours is toil that knows no season: Day and night to us are one;
 4. Wake, O North-wind! come, O South-wind! O'er our garden softly blow;



Give us each the worker's outfit, Loving heart and ready hand.
 As we strive to set our garden With the plant of priceless worth!
 Winter is the same as summer; Ours is an e - ter - nal sun.
 Bid the Ro - se's sacred perfume From our tender plants to flow.



Great the hon-or, sweet the du-ty That thy love on us be-stows,
 Pa - tient all the day we labor, Still at night the tempter sows
 So when heat of summer scorches, And when storm-y winter blows.
 Come, Be-lov-ed, to thy garden; All its sweets to thee it owes;



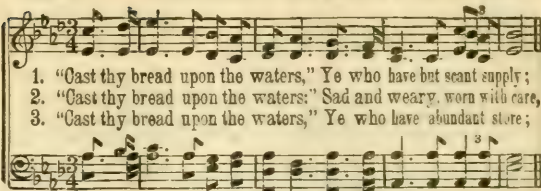
In the soul, how'er un-fer-til, Planting Sharon's fadeless Rose!
 Tares of sin where we had planted Sharon's fair and fadeless Rose!
 Still we toil within our gar-den, Planting Sharon's fadeless Rose!
 Shed thy ho-ly fragrance o'er us, Sharon's fair and fadeless Rose!

639 BREAD ON THE WATERS.

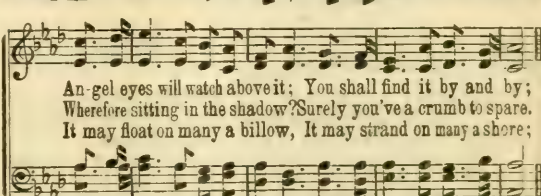
ANON

(CHARITY. 8s & 7s. D.)

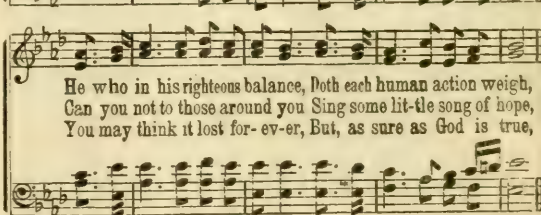
ARRANGED.



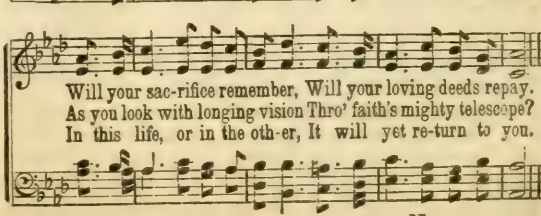
1. "Cast thy bread upon the waters," Ye who have but scant supply;
 2. "Cast thy bread upon the waters;" Sad and weary, worn with care,
 3. "Cast thy bread upon the waters," Ye who have abundant store;



Ang-el eyes will watch above it; You shall find it by and by;
 Wherefore sitting in the shadow? Surely you've a crumb to spare.
 It may float on many a billow, It may strand on many a shore;



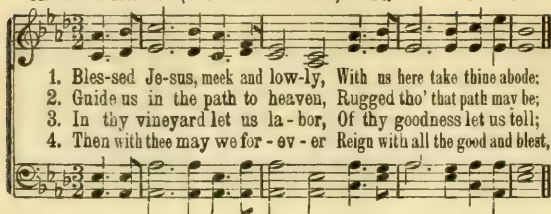
He who in his righteous balance, Doth each human action weigh,
 Can you not to those around you Sing some lit-tle song of hope,
 You may think it lost for-ev-er, But, as sure as God is true,



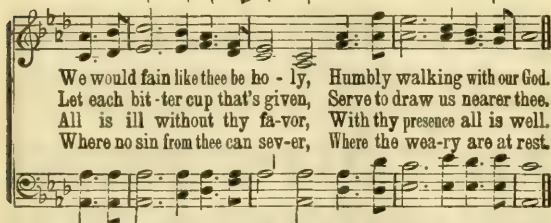
Will your sac-rifice remember, Will your loving deeds repay.
 As you look with longing vision Thro' faith's mighty telescope?
 In this life, or in the oth-er, It will yet re-turn to you.

ANNIE R. SMITH. (AUTUMN. 8s & 7s. D.)

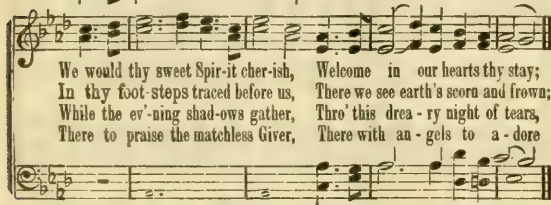
SPANISH.



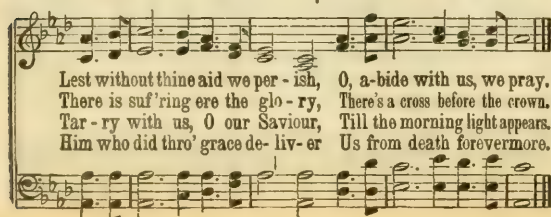
1. Bles-sed Je-sus, meek and low-ly, With us here take thine abode;
 2. Guide us in the path to heaven, Rugged tho' that path may be;
 3. In thy vineyard let us la-bor, Of thy goodness let us tell;
 4. Then with thee may we for - ev - er Reign with all the good and blest,



We would fain like thee be ho - ly, Humbly walking with our God.
 Let each bit - ter cup that's given, Serve to draw us nearer thee.
 All is ill without thy fa-vor, With thy presence all is well.
 Where no sin from thee can sev-er, Where the wea-ry are at rest.

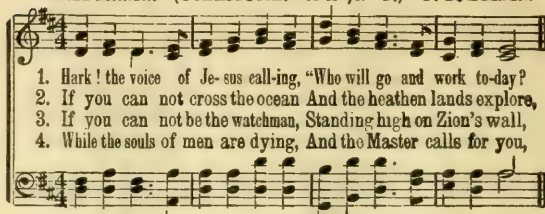


We would thy sweet Spir-it cher-ish, Welcome in our hearts thy stay;
 In thy foot-steps traced before us, There we see earth's scorn and frown;
 While the ev'-ning shad-ows gather, Thro' this dre-a-ry night of tears,
 There to praise the matchless Giver, There with an-gels to a-dore

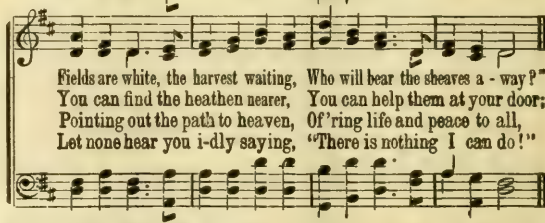


Lest without thine aid we per-ish, O, a-bide with us, we pray.
 There is suf'ring ere the glo-ry, There's a cross before the crown.
 Tar-ry with us, O our Saviour, Till the morning light appears.
 Him who did thro' grace de-liv-er Us from death forevermore.

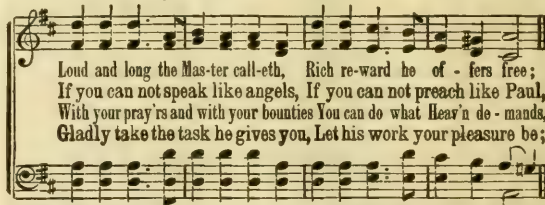
DANIEL MARCH. (FILLMORE. 8s & 7s. D.) F. E. BELDEN.



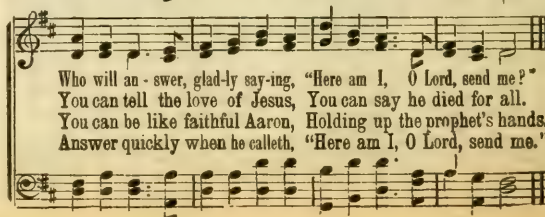
1. Hark! the voice of Je-sus call-ing, "Who will go and work to-day?
 2. If you can not cross the ocean And the heathen lands explora,
 3. If you can not be the watchman, Standing high on Zion's wall,
 4. While the souls of men are dying, And the Master calls for you,



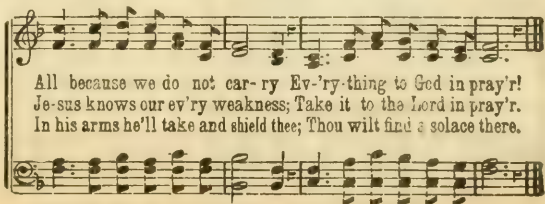
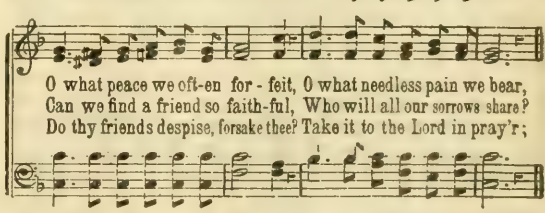
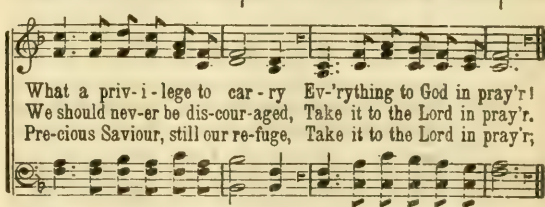
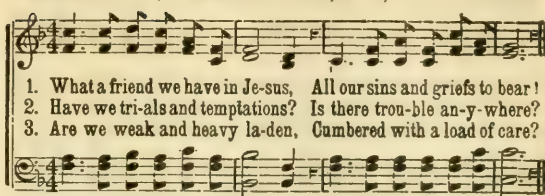
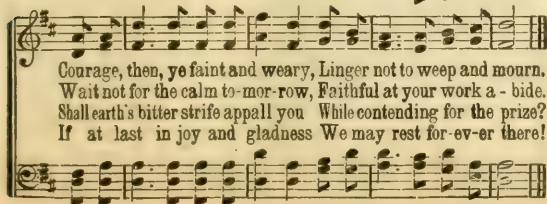
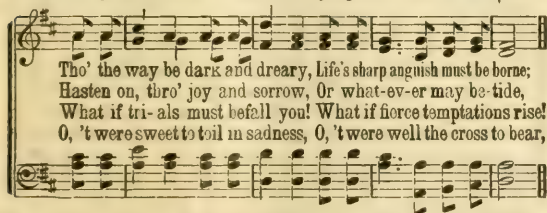
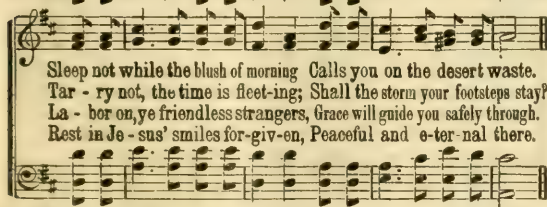
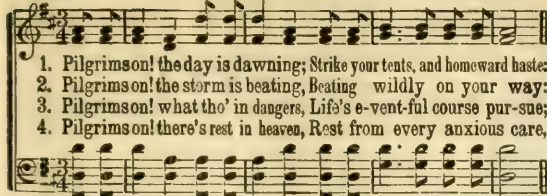
Fields are white, the harvest waiting, Who will bear the sheaves a - way?"
 You can find the heathen nearer, You can help them at your door;
 Pointing out the path to heaven, Of'ring life and peace to all,
 Let none hear you i-dly saying, "There is nothing I can do!"



Loud and long the Mas-ter call-eth, Rich re-ward he of - fers free;
 If you can not speak like angels, If you can not preach like Paul,
 With your prayers and with your bounties You can do what Heav'n de-mands,
 Gladly take the task he gives you, Let his work your pleasure be;

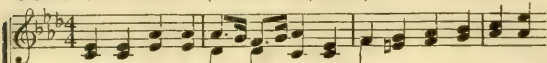


Who will an-swer, glad-ly say-ing, "Here am I, O Lord, send me?"
 You can tell the love of Jesus, You can say he died for all.
 You can be like faithful Aaron, Holding up the prophet's hands.
 Answer quickly when he calleth, "Here am I, O Lord, send me."



644 COURAGE, BROTHER!

NORMAN MACLEOD. (TRUST. 6s, 7s. P.) A. S. SULLIVAN.



1. Courage, brother! do not stumble, Tho' thy path be dark as
2. Per-ish pol-i-cy and cunning, Perish all that fears the
3. Some will hate thee, some will love thee, Some will flatter, some will



night; There's a star to guide the humble: Trust in God, and
light. Whether losing, whether winning, Trust in God, and
slight; Cease from man, and look a-bove thee: Trust in God, and



do the right. Let the road be rough and dreary, And its
do the right. Trust no party, sect, or faction; Trust no
do the right. Take His word for saf-est guiding, In-ward

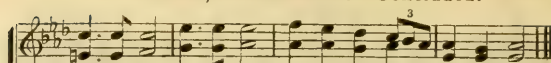


end far out of sight, Foot it bravely; strong or weary,
lead-ers in the fight; But in ev-ry word or ac-tion
peace, and inward might, Star upon our path a - biding—



(Or sing to 641 or 646 by omitting words in first half of last score of this No. 644.)

COURAGE, BROTHER!—Concluded.

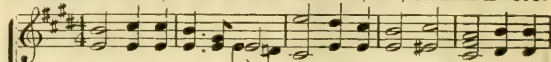


Trust in God, trust in God, Trust in God and do the right.

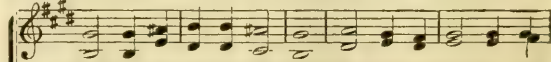


645 GIVE TO US PEACE.

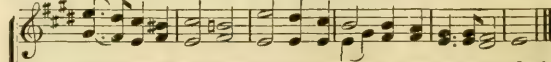
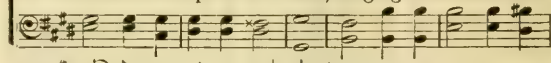
H. F. CHORLEY. (RUSSIAN HYMN. 11s, 10s.) ALEXIS LWOFF.



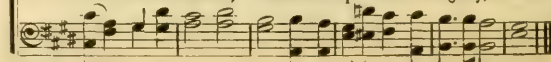
1. God the all-terri-ble! King who ordainest, Great winds Thy
2. God the all-merci-ful! earth hath forsaken Thy precepts
3. God the all-righteous One! man hath defied Thee, Yet to de-
4. So shall we render Thee thankful devotion, For Thy de-



clarions, the lightnings Thy sword; Show forth Thy pit-y on
ho - ly, and slighted Thy word; Bid not Thy wrath in its
ter - ni-ty standeth Thy word; Falselhood and wrong shall not
liv'rance from peril and sword, Singing in cho-rus from



high where Thou reignest, Give to us peace, O most merciful Lord.
ter-rors a-wak-en; Give to us peace, O most merciful Lord.
tar-ry beside Thee; Prosper the right, O most merciful Lord.
o - cean to ocean, 'Thine is the pow'r and the glory, O Lord."

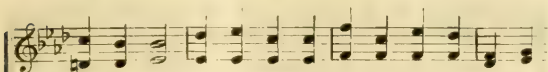


(See No. 603 for easier harmony.)

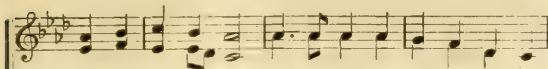
J. EDMESTON. (SALVATOR. 8s. 7s. D.) J. P. JEWSON.



1. Sav-iour, breathe an evening blessing, Ere re-pose our
2. Tho' de-struc-tion walk a-round me, Tho' the ar-row



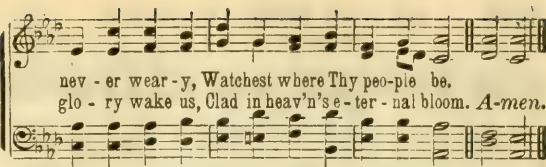
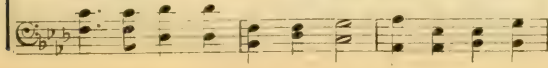
spir-its seal; Sin and want we come con-fess-ing; Thou canst
past us fly, Angel-guards from Thee surround us; We are



save and Thou canst heal. Tho' the night be dark and dreary,
safe, if Thou art nigh. Should swift death this night o'ertake us,



Dark-ness can-not hide from Thee; Thou art He who
And our couch be-come our tomb, May the morn of



nev-er wear-y, Watchest where Thy peo-ple be.
glo-ry wake us, Clad in heav'n's e-ter-nal bloom. A-men.

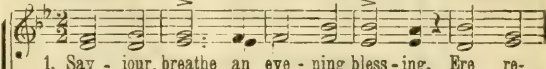
647

EVENING PRAYER.

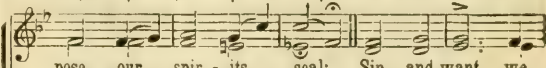
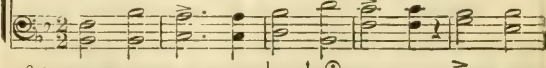
J. EDMESTON.

(8s. 7s.)

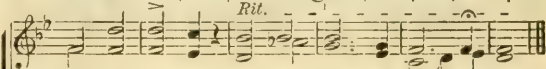
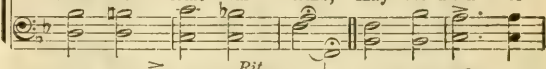
GEO. C. STEBBINS.



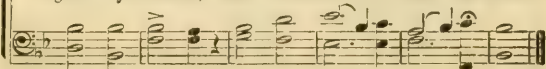
1. Sav-iour, breathe an eve-ning bless-ing, Ere re-
2. Tho' de-struc-tion walk a-round us, Tho' the
3. Tho' the night be dark and drear-y, Dark-ness
4. Should swift death this night o'er-take us, And our



pose our spir-its seal: Sin and want we
ar-rows past us fly; An-gel-guards from
can-not hide from Thee; Thou art He who,
couch be-come our tomb, May the morn of



come con-fess-ing, Thou canst save and Thou canst heal.
Thee sur-round us, We are safe if Thou art nigh.
nev-er wear-y, Watch-est where Thy peo-ple be.
glo-ry wake us, Clad in heav'n's e-ter-nal bloom.

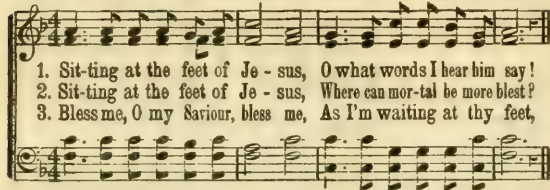


648 AT THE FEET OF JESUS.

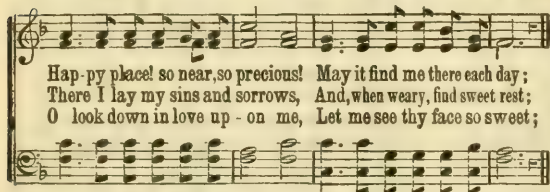
J. H.

(HUMILITY. 8s & 7s D.)

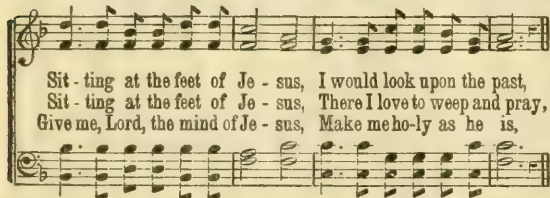
ARR.



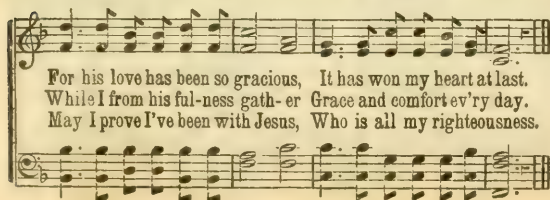
1. Sit-ting at the feet of Je - sus, O what words I hear him say!
 2. Sit-ting at the feet of Je - sus, Where can mor-tal be more blest?
 3. Bless me, O my Saviour, bless me, As I'm waiting at thy feet,



Hap-py place! so near, so precious! May it find me there each day;
 There I lay my sins and sorrows, And, when weary, find sweet rest;
 O look down in love up - on me, Let me see thy face so sweet;



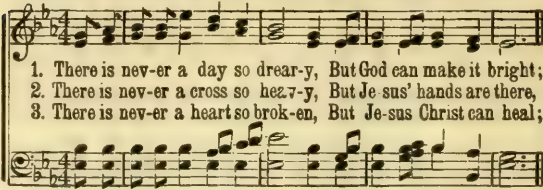
Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus, I would look upon the past,
 Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus, There I love to weep and pray,
 Give me, Lord, the mind of Je - sus, Make me ho - ly as he is,



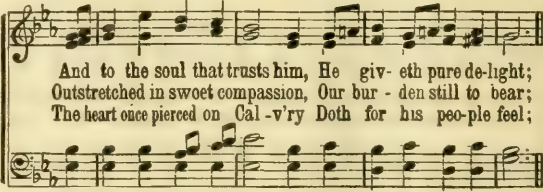
For his love has been so gracious, It has won my heart at last.
 While I from his ful-ness gath-er Grace and comfort ev'ry day.
 May I prove I've been with Jesus, Who is all my righteousness.

649 A PRESENT HELP.

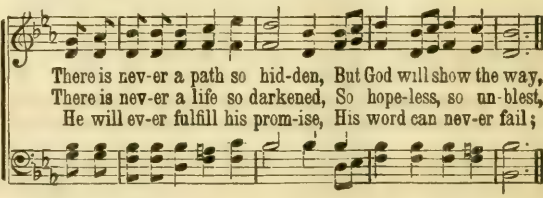
LILLA M. EDWARDS. (BERTHOLD Irreg.) BERTHOLD TOURS.



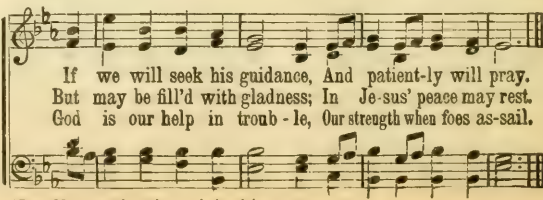
1. There is nev-er a day so drear-y, But God can make it bright;
 2. There is nev-er a cross so hez-y, But Je-sus' hands are there,
 3. There is nev-er a heart so brok-en, But Je-sus Christ can heal;



And to the soul that trusts him, He giv-eth pure de-light;
 Outstretched in sweet compassion, Our bur - den still to bear;
 The heart once pierced on Cal - v'ry Doth for his peo-ple feel;



There is nev-er a path so hid-den, But God will show the way,
 There is nev-er a life so darkened, So hope-less, so un-blest,
 He will ev-er fulfill his prom-ise, His word can nev-er fail;



If we will seek his guidance, And pa-tient-ly will pray.
 But may be fill'd with gladness; In Je-sus' peace may rest.
 God is our help in trou-ble, Our strength when foes as-sail.

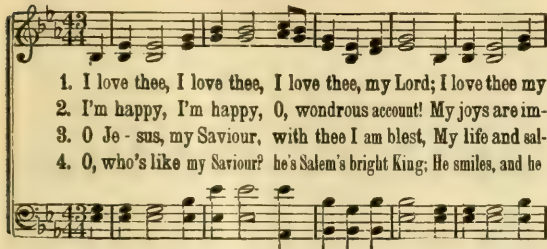
(See No. 325 for the original harmony.)

650 MY ACTIONS WILL SHOW.

ANON.

(I LOVE THEE. 115.)

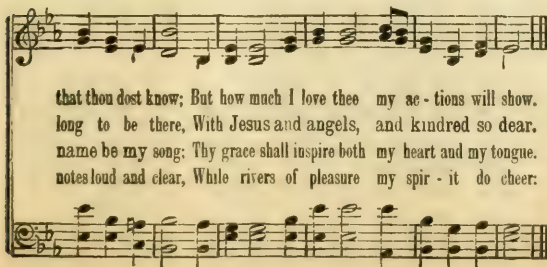
JER. INGALLS.



1. I love thee, I love thee, I love thee, my Lord; I love thee my
2. I'm happy, I'm happy, O, wondrous account! My joys are im-
3. O Je- sus, my Saviour, with thee I am blest, My life and sal-
4. O, who's like my Saviour? he's Salem's bright King; He smiles, and he



Saviour, I love thee, my God. I love thee, I love thee, and
mortal, I stand on the mount! I gaze on my treasure and
va-tion, my joy and my rest. Thy love be my story, thy
loves me, and helps me to sing. I'll praise him, I'll praise him with



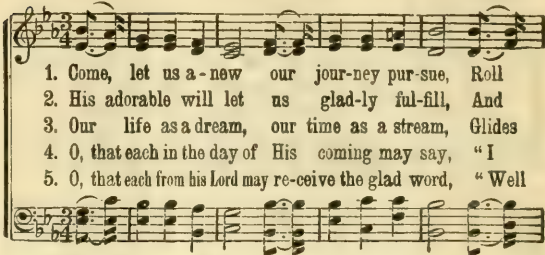
that thou dost know; But how much I love thee my ac-tions will show.
long to be there, With Jesus and angels, and kindred so dear.
name be my song: Thy grace shall inspire both my heart and my tongue.
notes loud and clear, While rivers of pleasure my spir-it do cheer:

651 NEVER STAND STILL.

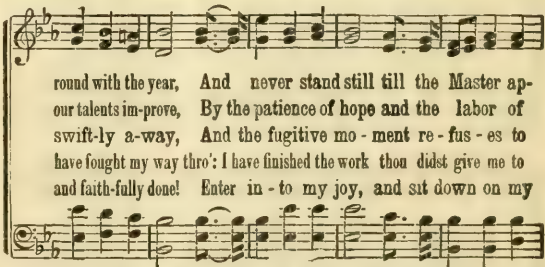
C. WESLEY.

(ANEW. P. M.)

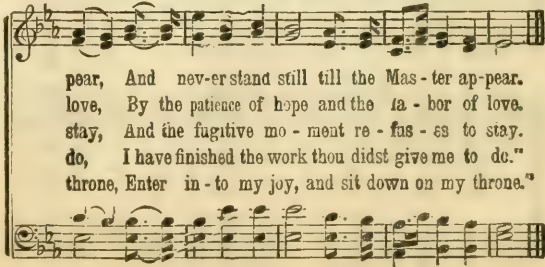
L. MASON.



1. Come, let us a-new our jour-ney pur-sue, Roll
2. His adorable will let us glad-ly ful-fill, And
3. Our life as a dream, our time as a stream, Glides
4. O, that each in the day of His coming may say, "I
5. O, that each from his Lord may re-ceive the glad word, "Well



round with the year, And never stand still till the Master ap-
pear, By the patience of hope and the labor of
love, swift-ly a-way, And the fugitive mo-ment re-fus-es to
stay, And the fugitive mo-ment re-fus-es to stay.
do, I have finished the work thou didst give me to
do, I have finished the work thou didst give me to do.



pear, And nev-er stand still till the Mas-ter ap-pear.
love, By the patience of hope and the la-bor of love.
stay, And the fugitive mo-ment re-fus-es to stay.
do, I have finished the work thou didst give me to do."
throne, Enter in-to my joy, and sit down on my throne."

EDWARD HOPPER. (GOULD. 7s. 6L.) JOHN E. GOULD.

1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem -
 2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst calm the
 3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful

pest - ous sea; Unknown waves be - fore me roll,
 o - cean wild; Boist'rous waves o - bey thy will
 breakers roar 'Tween me and the peace - ful rest,

Hid - ing rock and treach'rous shoal; Chart and
 When thou say'st to them, "Be still!" Wond'rous
 Then, while lean - ing on thy breast, May I

compass came from thee; Je - sus, Saviour, pi - lot me.
 Sov'reign of the sea, Je - sus, Saviour, pi - lot me.
 hear thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee."

E. H. BICKERSTETH. (ELTHAM. 7s 6L.) LOWELL MASON.

1. "Till He come!"—O let the words Lin - ger on the
 2. When the wea - ry ones we love, From the cares of
 3. Clouds and dark - ness round us press; Would we have one

trembling chords; Let the "lit - tle while" be - tween,
 earth re - move, When their words of hope and cheer
 sor - row less? All the sharpness of the cross,

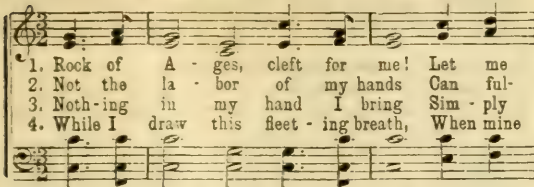
In their gold - en light be seen; Let us think how
 Fall no long - er on our ear, Hush! be ev - 'ry
 All that tells the world is loss,— Death and darkness

heav'n and home Lie be - yond that "Till He come!"
 mur - mur dumb, It is on - ly "Till He come!"
 and the tomb, Pain us on - ly "Till He come!"

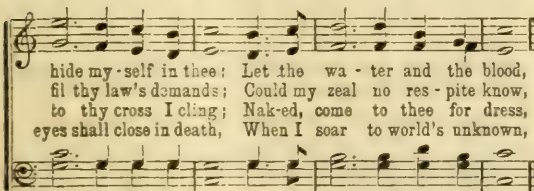
AGGUSTUS M. TOPLADY

(75. 6L.)

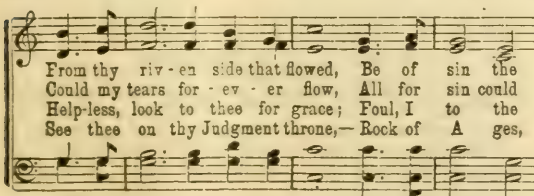
THOMAS HASTINGS.



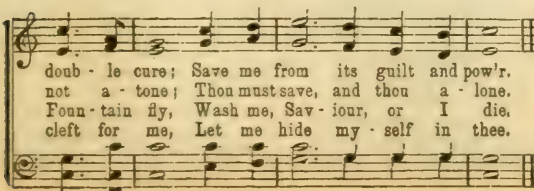
1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me! Let me
2. Not the la - bor of my hands Can ful-
3. Noth - ing in my hand I bring Sim - ply
4. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When mine



hide my - self in thee: Let the wa - ter and the blood,
fil thy law's demands; Could my zeal no res - pite know,
to thy cross I cling; Nak - ed, come to thee for dress,
eyes shall close in death, When I soar to world's unknown,



From thy riv - en side that flowed, Be of sin the
Could my tears for - ev - er flow, All for sin could
Help-less, look to thee for grace; Foul, I to the
See thee on thy Judgment throne, - Rock of A ges,

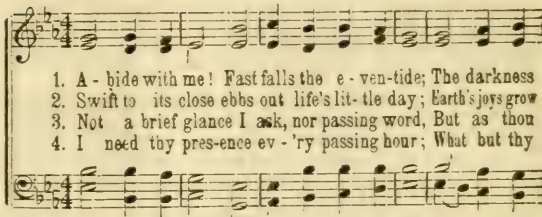


doub - le cure; Save me from its guilt and pow'r.
not a - tone; Thou must save, and thou a - lone.
Foun - tain fly, Wash me, Sav - iour, or I die.
cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee.

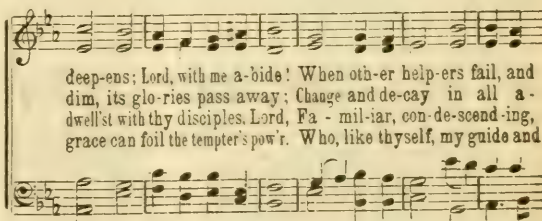
HENRY F. LYTE.

(EVENTIDE. 105.)

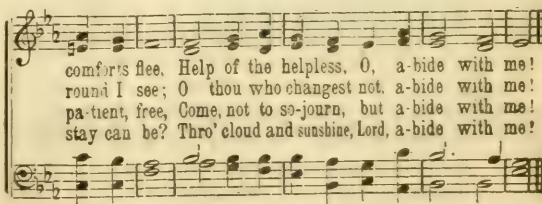
W.M. H. MONK.



1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the e - ven - tide; The darkness
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow
3. Not a brief glance I ask, nor passing word, But as thou
4. I need thy pres - ence ev - 'ry passing hour; What but thy



deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers fail, and
dim, its glo - ries pass away; Change and de - cay in all a -
dwell'st with thy disciples, Lord, Fa - mil - iar, con - de - scend - ing,
grace can foil the tempter's pow'r. Who, like thyself, my guide and



comforts flee, Help of the helpless, O, a - bide with me!
round I see; O thou who changest not, a - bide with me!
pa - tient, free, Come, not to so - journ, but a - bide with me!
stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, Lord, a - bide with me!

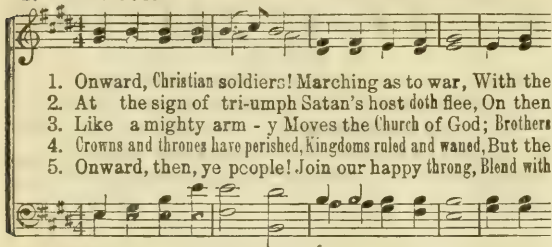
5. I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.

656 ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

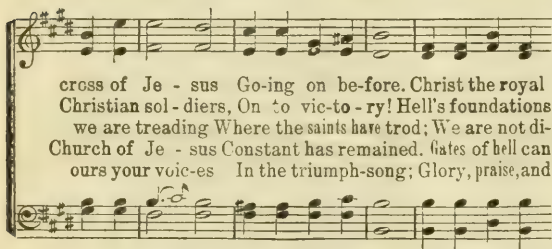
(ST. GERTRUDE. 6s, 5s. D.)

S. BABING-GOULD.

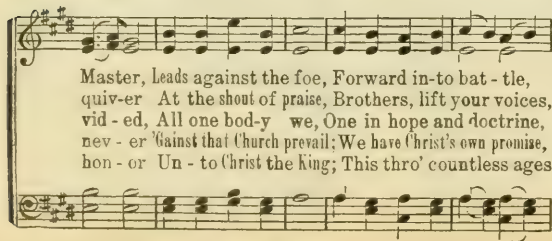
SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



1. Onward, Christian soldiers! Marching as to war, With the
2. At the sign of tri-umph Satan's host doth flee, On then
3. Like a mighty arm - y Moves the Church of God; Brothers
4. Crowns and thrones have perished, Kingdoms ruled and waned, But the
5. Onward, then, ye people! Join our happy throng, Blend with



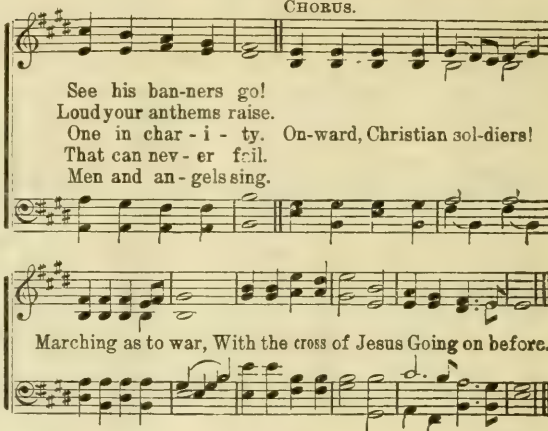
cross of Je - sus Go-ing on be-fore. Christ the royal
Christian sol - diers, On to vic-to - ry! Hell's foundations
we are treading Where the saints have trod; We are not di-
Church of Je - sus Constant has remained. Gates of hell can
ours your voic-es In the triumph-song; Glory, praise, and



Master, Leads against the foe, Forward in-to bat - tle,
quiv-er At the shout of praise, Brothers, lift your voices,
vid - ed, All one bod-y we, One in hope and doctrine,
nev - er 'gainst that Church prevail; We have Christ's own promise,
hon - or Un - to Christ the king; This thro' countless ages

ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.—Concluded.

CHORUS.



See his ban-ners go!
Loud your anthems raise.
One in char - i - ty. On-ward, Christian sol-diers!
That can nev - er fail.
Men and an-gels sing.

Marching as to war, With the cross of Jesus Going on before.

657

OUR BANNER.

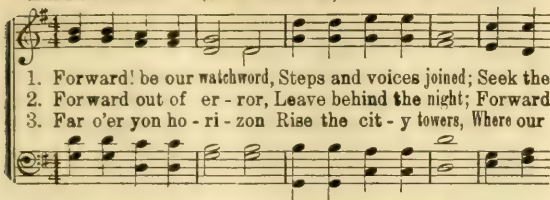
(Singing to "St. GERTRUDE.")

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1 Brightly gleams our banner,
Pointing to the sky,
Waving wand'ers onward,
To their home on high;
Journ'ying o'er the desert,
Gladly thus we pray,
And with hearts united,
Take our heav'nward way. | Here with hearts rejoicing,
See Thy children meet;
Often have we left Thee,
Often gone astray,
Keep us, mighty Saviour,
In the narrow way. |
| 3 All our days direct us
In the way we go,
Lead us on victorious,
Over every foe;
Bid Thine angels shield us,
When the storm-clouds low'r,
Pardon Thou, and save us
In the final hour. | |
| 2 Jesus, Lord and Master;
At Thy sacred feet, | |

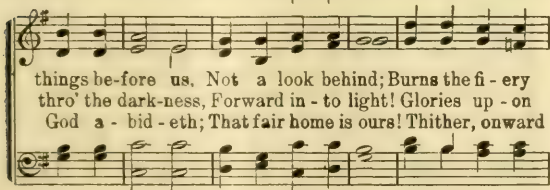
Cho.—Brightly gleams our banner,
Pointing to the sky,
Waving wand'ers onward
To their home on high.

658 FORWARD! OUR WATCHWORD.

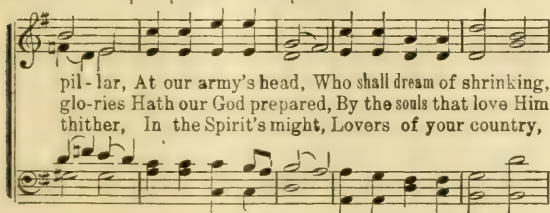
HENRY ALFORD. (ST. ALBAN. 6s, 5s. D.) F. J. HAYDN.



1. Forward! be our watchword, Steps and voices joined; Seek the
2. Forward out of er - ror, Leave behind the night; Forward
3. Far o'er yon ho - ri - zon Rise the cit - y towers, Where our

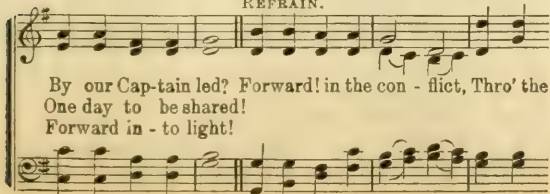


things be - fore us, Not a look behind; Burns the fi - ery
thro' the dark - ness, Forward in - to light! Glories up - on
God a - bid - eth; That fair home is ours! Thither, onward



pil - lar, At our army's head, Who shall dream of shrinking,
glo - ries Hath our God prepared, By the souls that love Him
thither, In the Spirit's might, Lovers of your country,

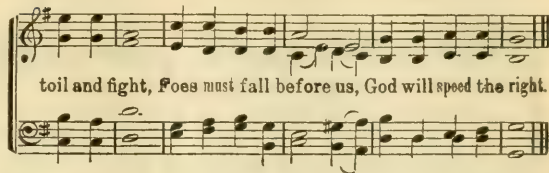
REFRAIN.



By our Cap - tain led? Forward! in the con - flict, Thro' the
One day to be shared!
Forward in - to light!

(Or use music on opposite page.)

FORWARD! OUR WATCHWORD.—Concluded.



toil and fight, Foes must fall before us, God will speed the right.

659 ON OUR WAY REJOICING.

(Or sing to "ST. GERTRUDE.")

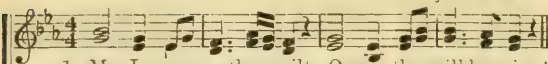
- | | |
|--|--|
| 1 On our way rejoicing,
As we homeward move,
Hearken to our praises,
O Thou God of love!
Is there grief or sadness?
Thine it cannot be!
Is our sky beclouded?
Clouds are not from Thee! | Crown the head with blessings,
Fill the heart with peace.— <i>Ref.</i> |
| 2 If with honest-hearted
Love for God and man,
Day by day Thou find us
Doing what we can;
Thou who giv'st the seed-time
Wilt give large increase, | 3 On our way rejoicing
Gladly let us go;
Conquered hath our leader,
Vanquished is our foe!
Christ without, our safety;
Christ within, our joy;
Who, if we be faithful,
Can our hope destroy?— <i>Ref.</i> |
| 4 Unto God the Father
Joyful songs we sing;
Unto God the Saviour
Thankful hearts we bring.
Unto God the Spirit
Bow we and adore,
On our way rejoicing
Now and evermore!— <i>Ref.</i> | |

B. SCHMOLKE,

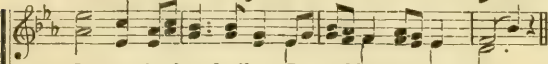
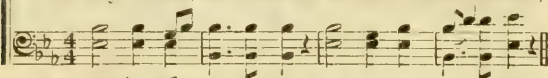
(JEWETT. (S. D.)

C. M. VON WEEFR.

Arr. Ly F. E. B.



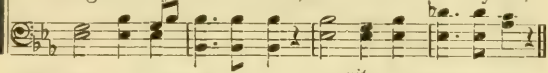
1. My Je- sus, as thou wilt: O may thy will be mine!
2. My Jesus as thou wilt: Tho' seen thro' many a tear,
3. My Je- sus, as thou wilt: All shall be well for me;



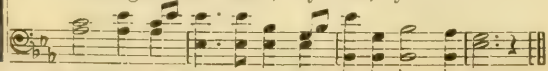
In - to thy hand of love I would, my all re - sign.
 Let not my star of hope Grow dim or dis - ap - pear.
 Each changing future scene I gladly trust with thee.



Thro' sor - row or thro' joy, Conduct me as thine own,
 Since thou on earth hast wept And sorrowed oft a - lone,
 Straight to my home a - bove, I tra - vel calmly on,



And help me still to say, "My Lord, thy will be done."
 If I must weep with thee, "My Lord, thy will be done."
 And sing in life or death, "My Lord, thy will be done."

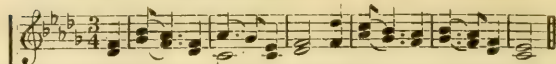


(Or sing to No. 661.)

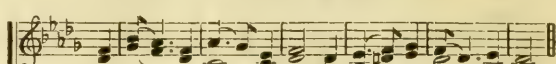
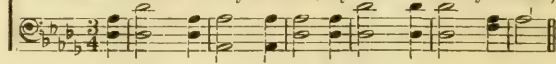
HORATIUS BONAR.

(ROTHMANN. 6S. D.)

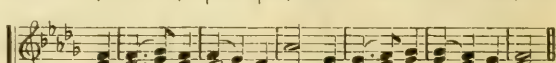
F. E. BELDEN.



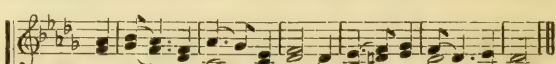
1. Thy way, not mine, O Lord, However dark it be;
2. The kingdom that I seek Is thine; so let the way
3. Choose thou for me my friends, My sickness or my health;



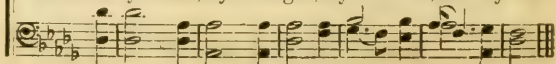
Lead me by thine own hand, And choose the path for me.
 That leads to it be thine, Else I must sure - ly stray.
 Choose thou my cares for me, My pov - er - ty or wealth.



I dare not choose my lot; I would not if I might;
 Hold thou my cup of life; With joy or sor - row fill
 Not mine, not mine the choice, In either great or small;



Choose thou for me, my God, So shall I walk a - right
 As best to thee may seem: Choose thou my good and ill.
 Be thou my Guide, my Strength, My Wisdom, and my All.



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C. S. ROBINSON.

(DOANE. 6s & 4s.)

F. E. BELDEN.

1. Saviour! I fol-low on, Guid-ed by thee,
2. Riv-en the Rock for me, Thirst to re-lieve;
3. Of-ten to Marah's brink Have I been bro't;
4. Saviour! I long to walk Clo-ser with thee;

See-ing not yet the hand That lead-eth me;
Man-na from heaven falls Fresh ev-'ry eve;
Shrinking the cup to drink, Help I have sought;
Led by thy guiding hand, Ev-er to be

Hushed be my heart, and still, Fear I no further ill;
Nev-er a want se-vere Causeth mine eye a tear,
And with the prayer's as-cent, Je-sus the branch hath rent—
Constantly near thy side, Quickened and purified,

On-ly to meet thy will My will shall be.
But thou dost whisper near, "On-ly be-lieve!"
Quickly re-lief hath sent, Sweet'ning the draught.
Liv-ing for him who died Free-ly for me.

Copyright, 1886, by F. E. Belden.

SARAH F. ADAMS.

(BETHANY. 6s & 4s.)

LOWELL MASON.

1. Near-er, my God, to thee, Near-er to thee!
2. Tho' like a wan-der-er, Day-light all gone,
3. There let the way appear, Steps up to heav'n,
4. Then, with my waking tho'ts Bright with thy praise,
5. Or if, on joy-ful wing Cleav-ing the sky,

E'en tho' it be a cross That rais-eth me!
Darkness be o-ver me, My rest a stone;
All that thou send-est me, In mer-cy giv'n;
Out of my ston-y griefs Beth-el I'll raise;
Sun, moon, and stars forgot, Up-ward I fly,

Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to thee,
Yet in my dreams I'd be Near-er, my God, to thee,
An-gels to beckon me Near-er, my God, to thee,
So by my woes to be Near-er, my God, to thee,
Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to thee,

Near-er, my God, to thee, Near-er to thee.

G. KEITH.

(PORTUGUESE HYMN. IIS.) J. READING.

1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
 2. "When thro' the deep waters I call thee to go, The riv-ers of
 3. "When thro' fiery trials thy pathway shall lie, My grace all-suf-
 4. "The soul that on Je-sus doth lean for re-pose, I will not, I

faith in his ex-cel-lent word! What more can he say than to
 sor-rows shall not o-ver-flow; For I will be with thee, thy
 fi-cient shall be thy sup-ply; The flames shall not hurt thee; I
 will not, de-sert to his foes; That soul, tho' all hell should en-

you he hath said Who unto the Sa-viour for ref-uge have
 troubles to bless, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deep-est dis-
 on-ly de-sign Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to re-
 deav-or to shake, I'll nev-er, no nev-er, no nev-er for-

fied, Who un-to the Sa-viour for ref-uge have fled?
 tress, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deep-est dis-tress."
 fine, Thy dross to con-same, and thy gold to re-fine."
 sake, I'll nev-er, no nev-er, no nev-er for-sake."

J. MONTGOMERY.

(GOSHEN. IIS.)

GERMAN.

1. The Lord is my Shep-herd, no want shall I know;
 2. Thro' the val-ley and shad-ow of death tho' I stray;
 3. In the midst of af-flic-tion my ta-ble is spread,
 4. Let good-ness and mer-cy, my boun-ti-fal God,

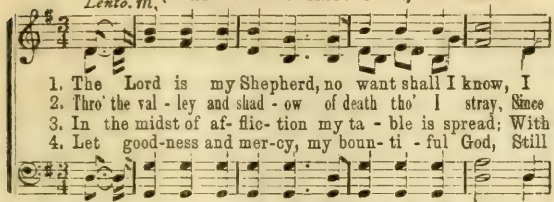
I feed in green pas-tures, safe-fold-ed I rest;
 Since thou art my Guard-ian, no e-vil I fear;
 With bless-ings un-meas-ured my cup run-neth o'er;
 Still fol-low my steps till I meet thee a-bove;

He lead-eth my soul where the still wa-ters flow,
 Thy rod shall de-fend me, thy staff be my stay,
 With per-fume and oil thou an-noint-est my head;
 I seek-by the path which my fore-fa-thers trod,

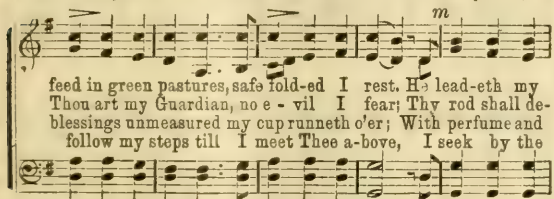
Re-stores me when wand'ring, re-deems when oppressed.
 No harm can be-fall, with my Com-fort-er near.
 O, what shall I ask of thy prov-i-dence more?
 Thro' the land of their so-journ-thy king-dom of love.

666 THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.

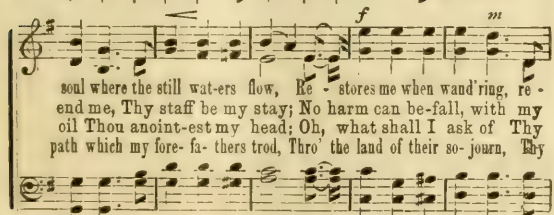
Lento. m. (MIXED VOICES. ALTO SOLO.) T. KOSCHAT.



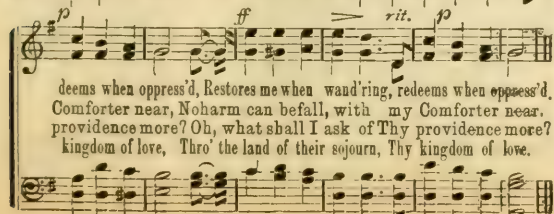
1. The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know, I
2. Thro' the val - ley and shad - ow of death tho' I stray, Since
3. In the midst of af - flic - tion my ta - ble is spread; With
4. Let good - ness and mer - cy, my boun - ti - ful God, Still



feed in green pastures, safe fold - ed I rest. He lead - eth my
Thou art my Guardian, no e - vil I fear; Thy rod shall de -
blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er; With perfume and
follow my steps till I meet Thee a - bove, I seek by the



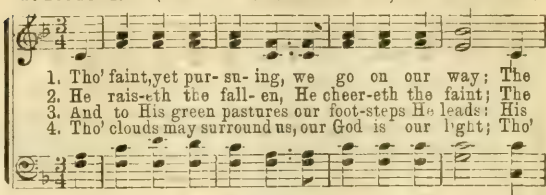
soul where the still wa - ters flow, Re - stores me when wand'ring, re -
end me, Thy staff be my stay; No harm can be - fall, with my
oil Thou anoint - est my head; Oh, what shall I ask of Thy
path which my fore - fa - thers trod, Thro' the land of their so - journ, Thy



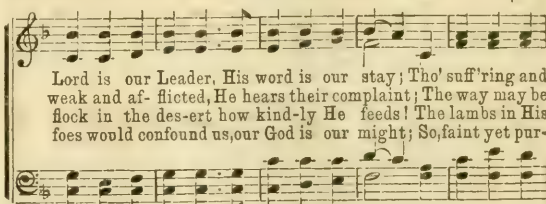
deems when oppress'd, Restores me when wand'ring, redeems when oppress'd,
Comforter near, No harm can befall, with my Comforter near,
providence more? Oh, what shall I ask of Thy providence more?
kingdom of love, Thro' the land of their sojourn, Thy kingdom of love.

667 THE LORD IS OUR LEADER.

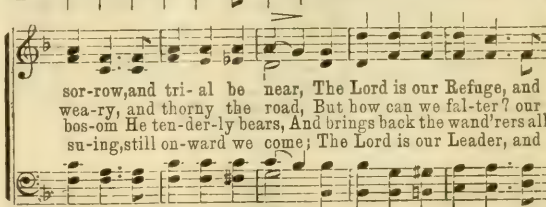
B. BADDOME. (MIXED VOICES. TENOR SOLO.) KOSCHAT. ATT.



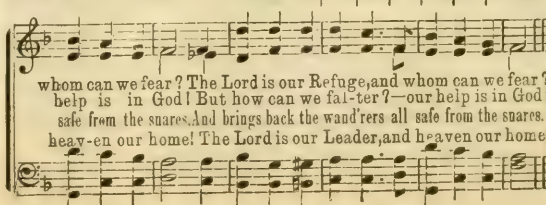
1. Tho' faint, yet pur - su - ing, we go on our way; The
2. He rais - eth the fall - en, He cheer - eth the faint; The
3. And to His green pastures our foot - steps He leads; His
4. Tho' clouds may surround us, our God is our light; Tho'



Lord is our Leader, His word is our stay; Tho' suff'ring and
weak and af - flicted, He hears their complaint; The way may be
flock in the des - ert how kind - ly He feeds! The lambs in His
foes would confound us, our God is our might; So, faint yet pur -



sor - row, and tri - al be near, The Lord is our Refuge, and
wea - ry, and thorny the road, But how can we fal - ter? our
bos - om He ten - der - ly bears, And brings back the wand'ers all
su - ing, still on - ward we come; The Lord is our Leader, and



whom can we fear? The Lord is our Refuge, and whom can we fear?
help is in God! But how can we fal - ter?—our help is in God!
safe from the snares. And brings back the wand'ers all safe from the snares.
heav - en our home! The Lord is our Leader, and heaven our home!

(See No. 208 for Male Voice Arrangement.)

668 STILL, STILL WITH THEE.

Mrs. H. B. STOWE. (BARNES, IIS. 10S.) F. E. BELDEN.

1. Still, still with Thee, when purple morning breaketh, When the bird
2. A - lone with Thee, a - mid the mys-tic shad-ows, The sol-emn
3. As in the dawn-ing, o'er the waveless o-cean, The im-age
4. When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slum-ber, Its clos-ing
5. So shall it be at last, in that bright morning, When the soul

wak-eth, and the shadows flee; Fair-er than morning, lovelier
hush of na-ture new-ly born; A - lone with Thee, in ho-ly
of the morning star doth rest; So in this stillness Thou be-
eye looks up to Thee in pray'r; Sweet the re-pose beneath Thy
waketh, and life's shadows flee; Oh, in that glad hour, fair-er

than the daylight, Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with Thee!
ad - o - ra - tion, In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.
hold - est on - ly Thine im-age mirrored in my peaceful breast.
wings o'er-shading, But sweeter still, to wake and find Thee there.
than day dawning, Shall rise the glorious tho't, I am with Thee!

Music copyright, 1894, 1908, by F. E. Belden.

669 LEAD THOU ME ON.

HARRY ARMSTRONG. (WILLINGHAM, IIS. 10S.) F. ABT.

1. Lead Thou me on, and then my feet tho' wea-ry, Shall nev-er
2. Fill me with love, and then my life shall ev-er Show forth the
3. Give me Thy grace, the grace that more aboundeth Wren all the
4. Give me Thy peace that passeth un-der-stand-ing, And wraps the
5. Lord, well I know, all these, and more are given, With Christ in

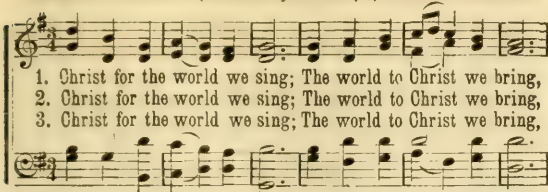
fal-ter in life's rug-ged way; And tho' my pathway lead thro'
light of Thy sweet love di-vine; And tho' this world my heart from
hosts of sin up-on me roll; And tho' life's care my lone-ly
soul in calm and sweet re-pose; And tho' the storms would keep my
whom all heav'nly riches dwell; In Him by faith I grasp the

wilds most dreary, Guid-ed by Thee my feet shall nev - er stray.
Thee would sever, I still re-joice in knowing Thou art mine.
way sur-round-eth, Still I can rest, if Thou my life con-trol.
soul from land-ing, At length I'll anchor, safe from all my foes.
joys of heav-en, And taste the bliss my tongue now fails to tell.

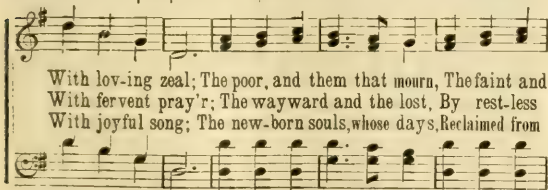
Words copyright, 1894, by F. E. Belden.
May be sung to "Barnes," No. 668.

670 CHRIST FOR THE WORLD.

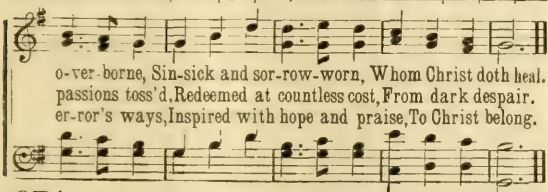
SAMUEL WOLCOTT. (Italian Hymn 6S. 4S.) FELICE GIARDINI



1. Christ for the world we sing; The world to Christ we bring,
2. Christ for the world we sing; The world to Christ we bring,
3. Christ for the world we sing; The world to Christ we bring,



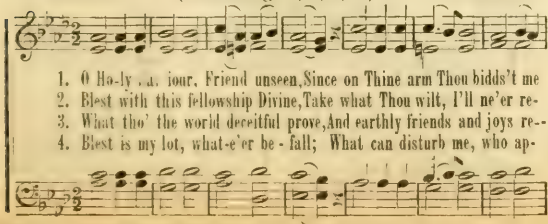
With lov-ing zeal; The poor, and them that mourn, The faint and
With fervent pray'r; The wayward and the lost, By rest-less
With joyful song; The new-born souls, whose days, Reclaimed from



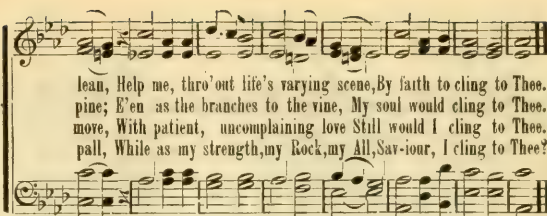
o-ver-borne, Sin-sick and sor-row-worn, Whom Christ doth heal.
passions toss'd, Redeemed at countless cost, From dark despair.
er-ror's ways, Inspired with hope and praise, To Christ belong.

671 FRIEND UNSEEN.

ELLIOTT. (Flemming 8, 8, 8, 6.) F. FLEMMING.



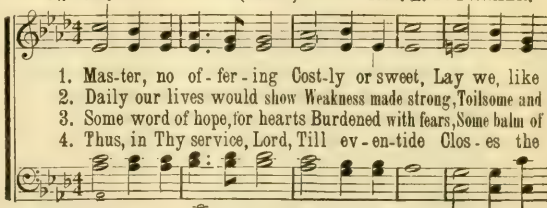
1. O Ho-ly Je-sus, Friend unseen, Since on Thine arm Thou bids't me
2. Blest with this fellowship Divine, Take what Thou wilt, I'll ne'er re-
3. What tho' the world deceitful prove, And earthly friends and joys re-
4. Blest is my lot, what-e'er be-fall; What can disturb me, who ap-



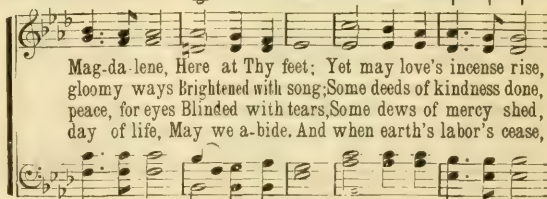
lean, Help me, thro'out life's va-rying scene, By faith to cling to Thee.
pine; E'en as the branches to the vine, My soul would cling to Thee.
more, With patient, uncomplaining love Still would I cling to Thee.
pall, While as my strength, my Rock, my All, Sav-iour, I cling to Thee?

672 LOVE'S INCENSE.

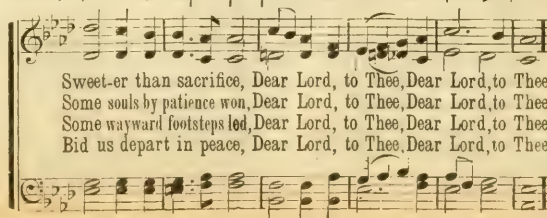
E. P. P. (P. M.) REV. E. P. PARKER.



1. Mas-ter, no of-fer-ing Cost-ly or sweet, Lay we, like
2. Daily our lives would show Weakness made strong, Toilsome and
3. Some word of hope, for hearts Burdened with fears, Some balm of
4. Thus, in Thy service, Lord, Till ev-en-tide Clos-es the



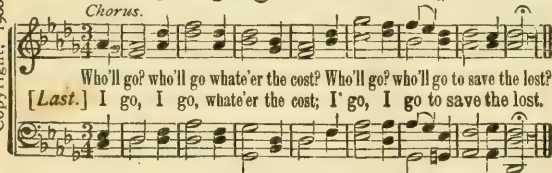
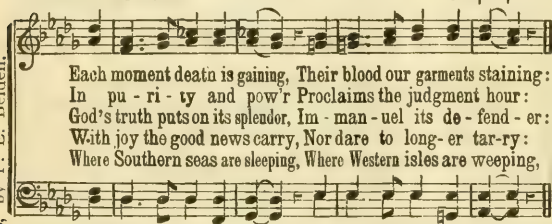
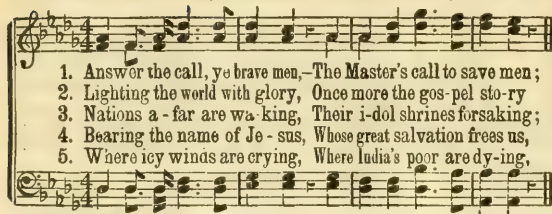
Mag-da-lene, Here at Thy feet: Yet may love's incense rise,
gloomy ways Brightened with song; Some deeds of kindness done,
peace, for eyes Blinded with tears, Some dews of mercy shed,
day of life, May we a-bide. And when earth's labor's cease,



Sweet-er than sacrifice, Dear Lord, to Thee, Dear Lord, to Thee.
Some souls by patience won, Dear Lord, to Thee, Dear Lord, to Thee.
Some wayward footsteps led, Dear Lord, to Thee, Dear Lord, to Thee.
Bid us depart in peace, Dear Lord, to Thee, Dear Lord, to Thee.

F. E. BELDEN.

(FOR MALE VOICES.) Arr. from J. KINKEL.



- 1 When storms of life are sweeping,
 When lonely watch I'm keeping,
 When floods of ill are falling,
 And tempter voices calling,

Cho. Remember me, O Mighty One!
 Remember me, O Mighty One!

- 2 When walking on life's ocean,

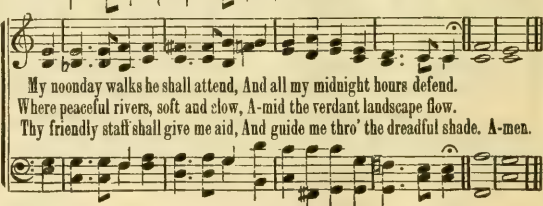
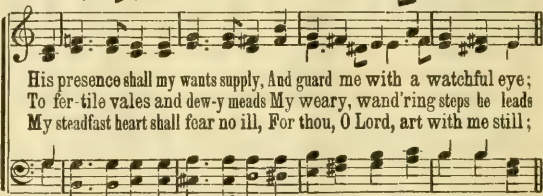
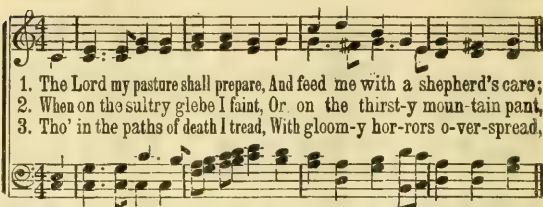
Control its raging motion;
 When from its dangers shrieking,
 When 'neath the billows sinking. *Cho.*

- 3 When weight of care oppresses,
 When thought of sin distresses;
 Through all the life that's mortal,
 And when I pass death's portal. *Cho.*

JOSEPH ADDISON.

(MELITA. L. M. 6L.)

J. B. DYKES.



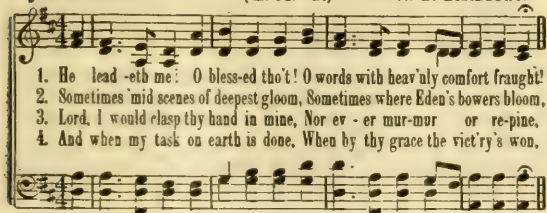
- 1 Eternal Father! strong to save,
 Whose arm doth bind the restless wave,
 Who bidst the mighty ocean deep
 Its own appointed limits keep:
 O hear us when we cry to thee
 For those in peril on the sea!
 2 O Saviour! whose almighty word
 The winds and waves submissive heard,

Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
 And calm amidst its rage didst sleep:
 O hear us when, etc.
 3 O Sacred Spirit! who didst brood
 Upon the chaos dark and rude,
 Who bad'st its angry tumult cease,
 And gavest light and life and peace:
 O hear us when, etc.

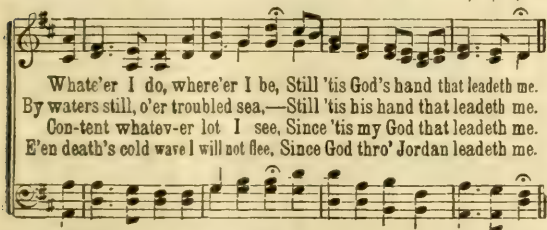
J. H. GILMOUR.

(L. M. D.)

WM. B. BRADBURY.

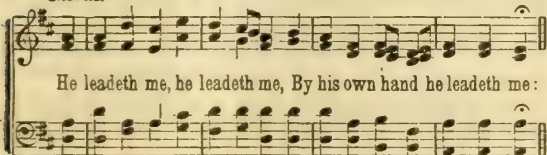


1. He lead-eth me! O bless-ed tho't! O words with heav'nly comfort fraught!
 2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
 3. Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine, Nor ev-er mur-mur or re-pine,
 4. And when my task on earth is done, When by thy grace the vict'ry's won,

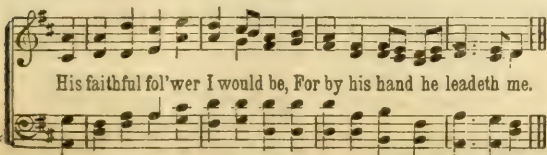


Whate'er I do, where'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.
 By waters still, o'er troubled sea,—Still 'tis his hand that leadeth me.
 Con-tent whatev-er lot I see, Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.
 E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jordan leadeth me.

Chorus.



He leadeth me, he leadeth me, By his own hand he leadeth me:



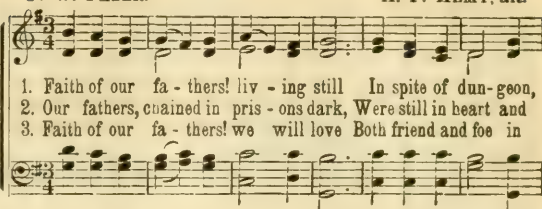
His faithful fol'wer I would be, For by his hand he leadeth me.

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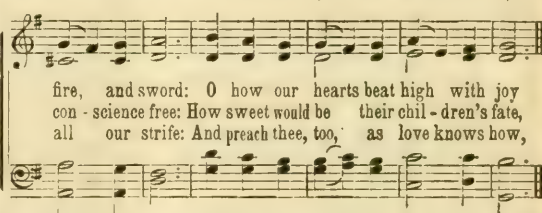
(ST. CATHERINE. L. M. 6 lines.)

F. W. FABER.

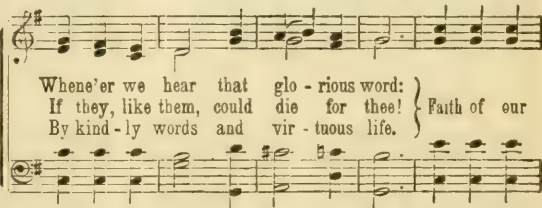
H. F. HEMY, alt.



1. Faith of our fa - thers! liv - ing still In spite of dun-geon,
 2. Our fathers, coained in pris - ons dark, Were still in heart and
 3. Faith of our fa - thers! we will love Both friend and foe in



fire, and sword: O how our hearts beat high with joy
 con - science free: How sweet would be their chil - dren's fate,
 all our strife: And preach thee, too, as love knows how,



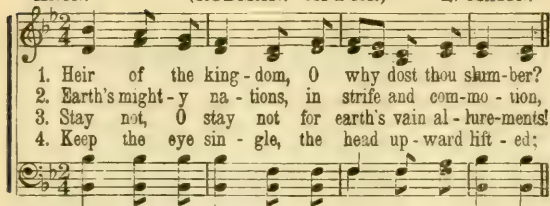
When-e'er we hear that glo - rious word: }
 If they, like them, could die for thee! } Faith of our
 By kind - ly words and vir - tuous life. }



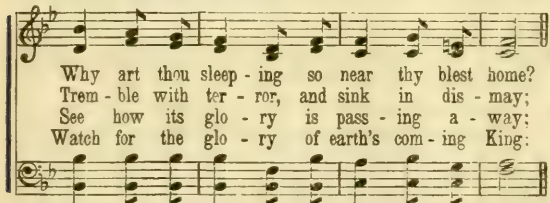
fa - thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death!

679 HEIR OF THE KINGDOM.

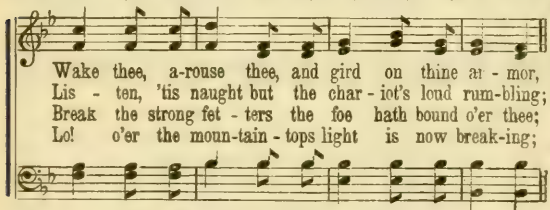
ANON. (RODMAN. IIS & IOS.) L. MASON.



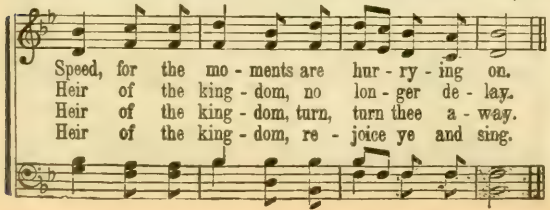
1. Heir of the king-dom, O why dost thou slum-ber?
 2. Earth's might-y na-tions, in strife and com-mo-nion,
 3. Stay not, O stay not for earth's vain al-lure-ments!
 4. Keep the eye sin-gle, the head up-ward lift-ed;



Why art thou sleep-ing so near thy blest home?
 Trem-ble with ter-ror, and sink in dis-may;
 See how its glo-ry is pass-ing a-way;
 Watch for the glo-ry of earth's com-ing King:



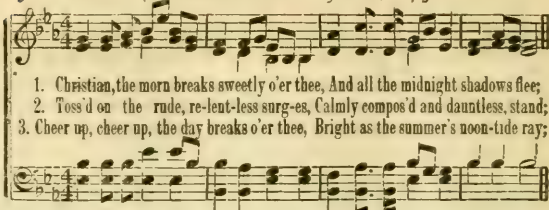
Wake thee, a-rouse thee, and gird on thine ar-mor;
 Lis-ten, 'tis naught but the char-iot's loud rum-bling;
 Break the strong fet-ters the foe hath bound o'er thee;
 Lo! o'er the moun-tain-tops light is now break-ing;



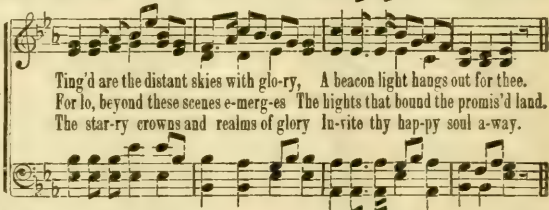
Speed, for the mo-ments are hur-ry-ing on.
 Heir of the king-dom, no lon-ger de-lay.
 Heir of the king-dom, turn, turn thee a-way.
 Heir of the king-dom, re-joice ye and sing.

680 MORN BREAKS O'ER THEE.

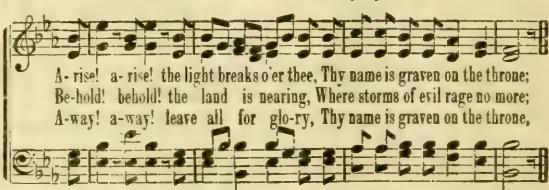
J. F. RUSLING. (MORNING LIGHT. 9S & 8S. D.) J. F. RUSLING.



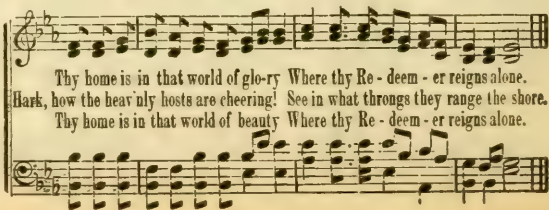
1. Christian, the morn breaks sweetly o'er thee, And all the midnight shadows flee;
 2. Toss'd on the rude, re-lent-less sur-ges, Calmly compos'd and dauntless, stand;
 3. Cheer up, cheer up, the day breaks o'er thee, Bright as the summer's noon-tide ray;



Ting'd are the distant skies with glo-ry, A beacon light hangs out for thee.
 For lo, beyond these scenes e-mer-g-es The hights that bound the promis'd land.
 The star-ry crowns and realms of glory In-vite thy hap-py soul a-way.



A-rise! a-rise! the light breaks o'er thee, Thy name is graven on the throne;
 Be-hold! behold! the land is nearing, Where storms of evil rage no more;
 A-way! a-way! leave all for glo-ry, Thy name is graven on the throne,



Thy home is in that world of glo-ry Where thy Re-deem-er reigns alone.
 Hark, how the heav-uly hosts are cheering! See in what throngs they range the shore.
 Thy home is in that world of beauty Where thy Re-deem-er reigns alone.

LUTHER. (EIN' FESTE BURG. P. M.) MARTIN LUTHER.

1. A might-y fortress is our God, A bulwark never fail - ing;
 2. Did we in our own strength confide, Our striving would be losing;
 3. And tho' this world, with dev-ils filled, Should threaten to un - do us,

Our help-er he, a-mid the flood Of mor-tal ills pre-vail - ing.
 Were not the right Man on our side, The Man of God's own choosing.
 We will not fear, for God hath will'd His truth to triumph thro' us.

For still our ancient foe Doth seek to work his woe; His craft and
 Doth ask who that may be? Christ Jesus, it is he! Lord Sabaoth
 Let goods and kindred go, This mortal life al - so; The bod - y

pow'r are great, And arm'd with cruel hate: On earth is not his e - qual.
 is his name, From age to age the same; And he must win the bat - tle.
 they may kill; God's truth a-bid-eth still, His kingdom is for - ev - er.

(AMSTERDAM. P. M.)

ROBERT SEAGRAVE.

JAMES NARES.

1. Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet-ter por-tion trace;
 2. Riv-ers to the o - cean run, Nor stay in all their course;
 3. Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn, Press on-ward to the prize;

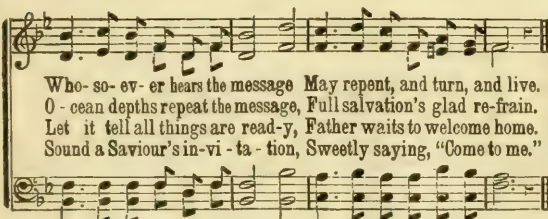
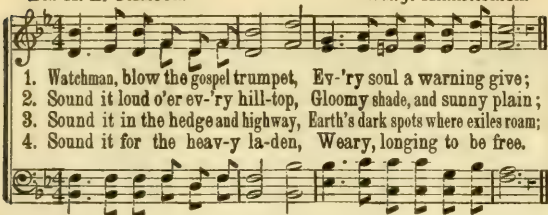
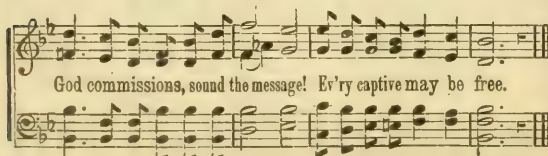
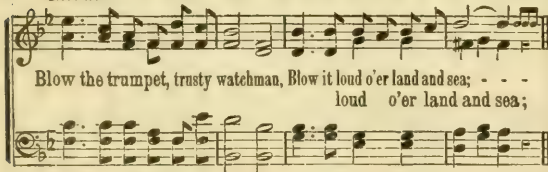
Rise from trans-it - o - ry things Tow'rd's heav'n thy na-tive place.
 Fire as-cend-ing seeks the sun; Both speed them to their source:
 Soon our Sav-iour will re-turn Tri-um-phant in the skies.

Sun and moon and stars de-cay, Time shall soon this earth remove;
 So my soul, derived from G-d, Pants to view His glorious face,
 Yet a sea-son, and you know Hap - py entrance will be giv'n,

Rise, my soul, and haste a - way To joys prepared a-bove.
 For-ward tends to His a-bode. To rest in His em-brace.
 All our sor-rows left be-low, And earth exchanged for heav'n.

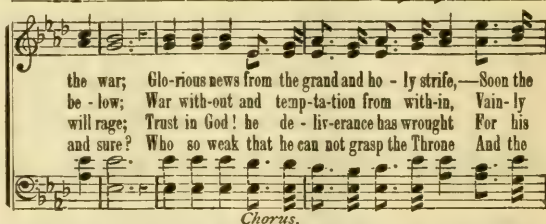
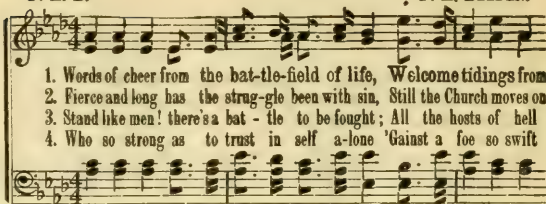
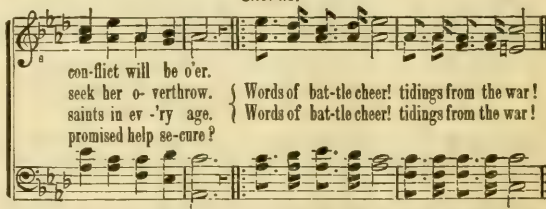
DR. H. L. GILMOUR.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

*Chorus.*

F. E. B.

F. E. BELDEN.

*Chorus.*

WM. B. BRADBURY.

Cast thy burden on the Lord, Cast thy burden on the Lord, Cast thy burden on the Lord,
Cast thy burden on the Lord, - - - - - [Lord.

Cast thy burden on the Lord, And he will sustain thee, and strengthen thee, and

comfort thee, He will sustain thee, and comfort thee, He will sustain thee, and

com - fort thee. He will sustain thee, He will comfort thee:

Repeat pp
Cast thy burden on the Lord, Cast thy burden on the Lord.

ANON.

Arr. from SCHUMANN'S "TRAUMEREI."

1. We lay us calmly down to sleep When friendly night is come, and
2. As sinks the sun in western skies When day is done, and twilight
3. Why vex our souls with wearing care? Why shun the grave, for aching
4. Some other hand the task can take, If so it seem-eth best, — the

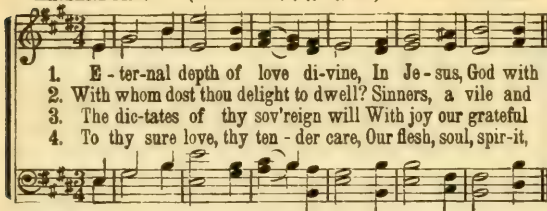
leave To God the rest; Whether we wake to smile or weep, Or
dim Comes si-lent on, So fades the world's most lur-ing prize On
head So cool and low? Have we found life so pass - ing fair, So
task By us be - gun; No work for which we need to wake In

wake no more on time's fair shore, He knoweth best, He knoweth best,
eyes that close in deep re - pose Till wakes the dawn, Till wakes the dawn.
grand to be, so sweet that we Should dread to go? Should dread to go?
joy or grief, for life so brief, Be - neath the sun, Beneath the sun.

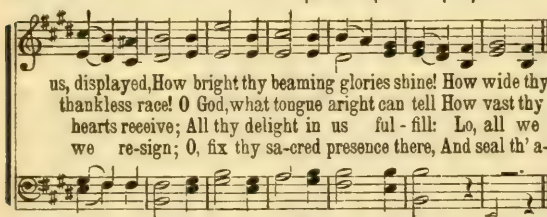
O Fa - ther, us in safe - ty keep! We lay us down to sleep.

687 ETERNAL DEPTH OF LOVE.

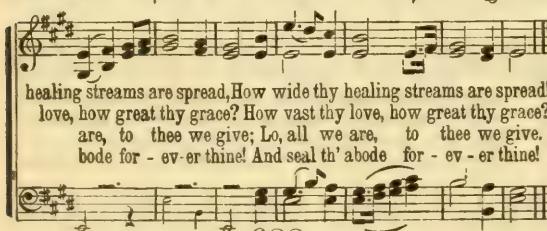
ZINZENDORF. (ROTHWELL. L. M.) W. TANSUR.



1. E - ter-nal depth of love di-vine, In Je - sus, God with
2. With whom dost thou delight to dwell? Sinners, a vile and
3. The dic-tates of thy sov'reign will With joy our grateful
4. To thy sure love, thy ten - der care, Our flesh, soul, spir-it,



us, displayed, How bright thy beaming glories shine! How wide thy
thankless race! O God, what tongue a-ight can tell How vast thy
hearts receive; All thy delight in us ful - fill: Lo, all we
we re-sign; O, fix thy sa-cred presence there, And seal th' a-



healing streams are spread, How wide thy healing streams are spread!
love, how great thy grace? How vast thy love, how great thy grace?
are, to thee we give; Lo, all we are, to thee we give.
bode for - ev - er thine! And seal th' abode for - ev - er thine!

688

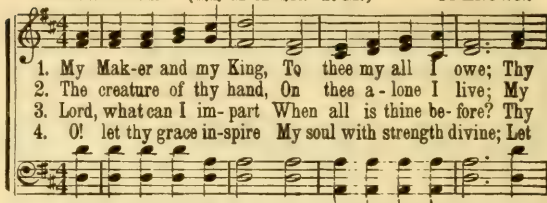
- 1 God is our refuge and defense,
In trouble our unfailing aid;
Secure in his omnipotence,
What foe can make our souls afraid?
- 2 Yea, tho' the earth's foundations rock,
And mountains down the gulf be
hurled,

- His people smile amid the shock;
They look beyond this transient world.
- 3 Built by the word of his command,
Ten thousand worlds on nothing rest;
All living things are in his hand,
And he who trusts his word is blest.

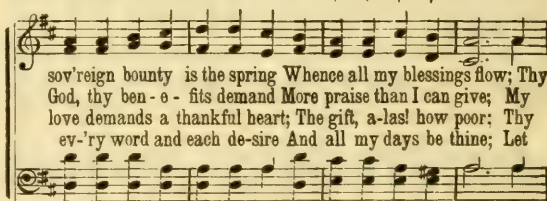
J. MONTGOMERY.

689 MY MAKER AND MY KING.

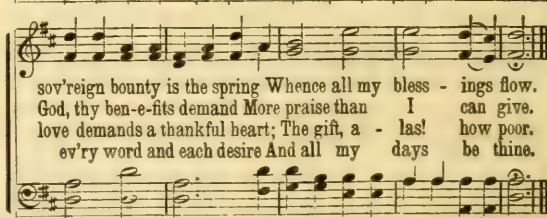
ANNE STEELE. (EL KADER. S. M.) UNKNOWN.



1. My Mak-er and my King, To thee my all I owe; Thy
2. The creature of thy hand, On thee a - lone I live; My
3. Lord, what can I im - part When all is thine be - fore? Thy
4. O! let thy grace in-spire My soul with strength divine; Let



sov'reign bounty is the spring Whence all my blessings flow; Thy
God, thy ben - e - fits demand More praise than I can give; My
love demands a thankful heart; The gift, a - las! how poor; Thy
ev'-ry word and each de-sire And all my days be thine; Let



sov'reign bounty is the spring Whence all my bless - ings flow.
God, thy ben-e-fits demand More praise than I can give.
love demands a thankful heart; The gift, a - las! how poor.
ev'ry word and each desire And all my days be thine.

sov - reign boun - ty is the spring Whence all my blessings flow.

690

- 1 O Lord, our heavenly King,
Thy name is all divine;
Thy glories round the earth are
spread,
And o'er the heavens they shine.
- 2 Lord, what is worthless man,
That thou shouldst love him so?

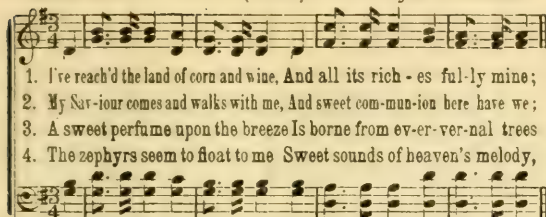
- Next to thine angels he is placed,
And lord of all below.
- 3 How rich thy bounties are,
And wondrous are thy ways!
In us O let thy power frame
A monument of praise!

ISAAC WATTS.

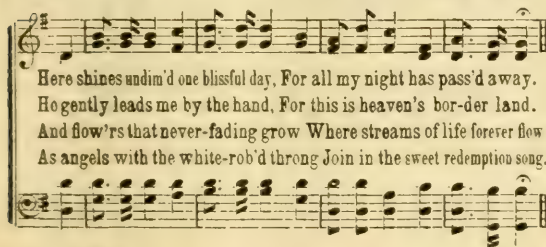
EDGAR PAGE.

(L. M.)

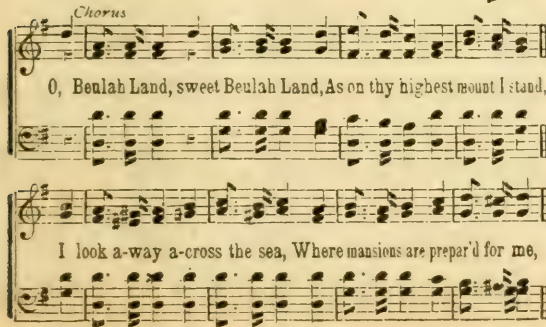
JNO. R. SWENEV.



1. I've reach'd the land of corn and wine, And all its rich - es - ful - ly mine;
2. My Sav-iour comes and walks with me, And sweet com-mun-ion here have we;
3. A sweet perfume upon the breeze Is borne from ev-er-ver-nal trees
4. The zephyrs seem to float to me Sweet sounds of heaven's melody,

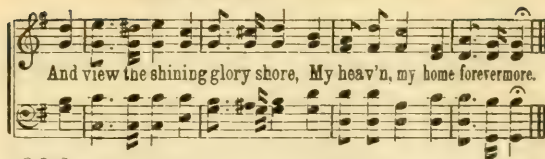


Here shines undim'd one blissful day, For all my night has pass'd away.
Gently leads me by the hand, For this is heaven's bor-der land.
And flow'rs that never-fading grow Where streams of life forever flow
As angels with the white-rob'd throng Join in the sweet redemption song.



Chorus
O, Beulah Land, sweet Beulah Land, As on thy highest mount I stand,
I look a-way a-cross the sea, Where mansions are prepar'd for me,

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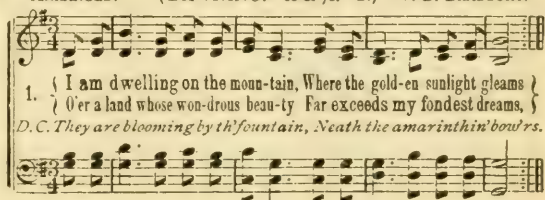
And view the shining glory shore, My heav'n, my home forevermore.

692

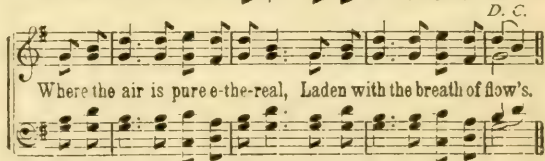
ON THE MOUNTAIN.

ARRANGED,

(DAWNING, 8s & 7s. D.) W. B. BRADBURY.



1. { I am dwelling on the moun-tain, Where the gold-en sunlight gleams }
 { O'er a land whose won-drous beau-ty Far exceeds my fondest dreams, }
D. C. They are blooming by thy fountain, Neath the amarinthin' bow'rs.



D. C.
Where the air is pure e-the-real, Laden with the breath of flow'rs.

2 I can see far down the pathway,
Where I wandered weary years,
Often hindered in my journey
By the ghosts of doubts and fears;
Broken vows and disappointments
Thickly lie along the way;
But the Spirit gently led me
To the land I hold to-day.

3 I am drinking at the fountain,
Where I ever would abide;
For I've tasted life's pure river,
And my soul is satisfied;

There's no thirst for worldly pleasures,
Nor adorning rich and gay.
For I've found a greater treasure,
One that fadeth not away.

4 Is not this the land of Beulah,
Blessed land of love and light,
Where the flowers bloom forever,
And the sun is always bright?
Yes, I've reached the land of Beulah,
Blessed land of love and light,
Here the flowers bloom forever.
And the sun is always bright.

REGINALD HEBER.

[CUTLER. C. M., D.] HENRY S. CUTLER.

1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A kingly crown to gain;
 2. The mar- tyr first, whose eagle eye Could pierce beyond the grave,
 3. A glorious band, the chosen few On whom the Spirit came,
 4. A no- ble ar-my, men and boys, The matron and the maid;

His blood-red banner streams afar; Who follows in His train?
 Whosaw His Master in the sky, And called on Him to save;
 Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew, And mocked the cross and flame:
 Around the Saviour's throne rejoice, In robes of light arrayed:

Who best can drink His cup of woe, Triumphant over pain;
 Like Him, with pardon on His tongue In midst of mortal pain,
 They met the tyrant's brandished steel, The lion's gory mane;
 They climb'd the steep ascent of heav'n Thro' peril, toil, and pain:

Who patient bears His cross be-low, He fol- lows in His train.
 He pray'd for them that did the wrong: Who follows in His train?
 They bowed their necks the death to feel; Who fol- lows in their train?
 O God, to us may grace be giv'n To fol-low in their train.

Used by permission

J. W. HAY. (GABRIEL. C. M. D.) Arr. by Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

1. O Christian, if the need-y poor Have e'er unheeded been,
 2. Then, while thy glance abroad is cast, The Lord is by thy side;
 3. And He shall bless thee all life's day, With His almighty love;

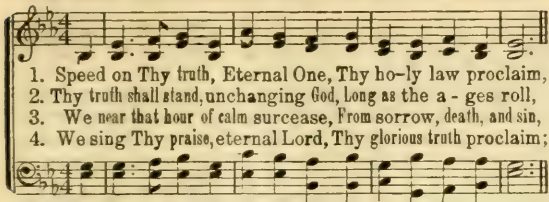
Beware, lest at thy clos-ed door The Saviour stood un-seen!
 For thro' the o-pen door He passed, When they were not denied.
 And crown thee in e-ter-ni-ty That waits the just a-bove,

Let heart and house be o-pen thrown, Thy gifts with others share;
 And ere thy kind-ly heart could guess Who entered by the door,
 Where soon the pearly gates of light His hand shall open throw

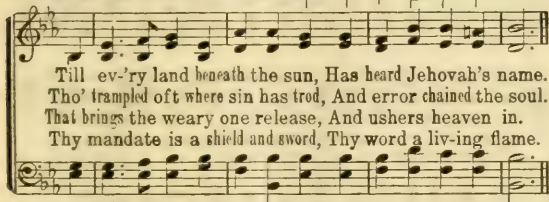
Let ho-ly char-i-ty be shewn To all who need thy care.
 His gracious hands were raised to bless Thy basket and thy store,
 To all who now with Him unite In min-is-try be-low.

695 SPEED ON THY TRUTH.

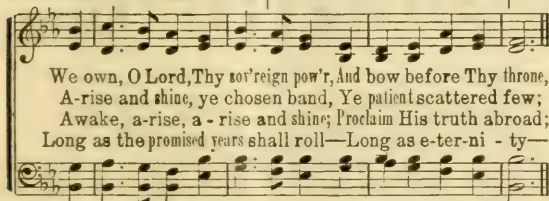
C. M. SNOW. (CONSUMMATION, C. M. D.) H. DEFLUITER.



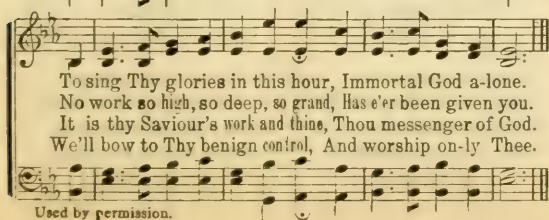
1. Speed on Thy truth, Eternal One, Thy ho-ly law proclaim,
2. Thy truth shall stand, unchanging God, Long as the a - ges roll,
3. We near that hour of calm surcease, From sorrow, death, and sin,
4. We sing Thy praise, eternal Lord, Thy glorious truth proclaim;



Till ev'-ry land beneath the sun, Has heard Jehovah's name.
Tho' trampled oft where sin has trod, And error chained the soul.
That brings the weary one release, And ushers heaven in.
Thy mandate is a shield and sword, Thy word a liv-ing flame.



We own, O Lord, Thy sov'reign pow'r, And bow before Thy throne,
A-rise and shine, ye chosen band, Ye patient scattered few;
Awake, a-rise, a - rise and shine; Proclaim His truth abroad;
Long as the promised years shall roll—Long as e-ter-ni - ty—



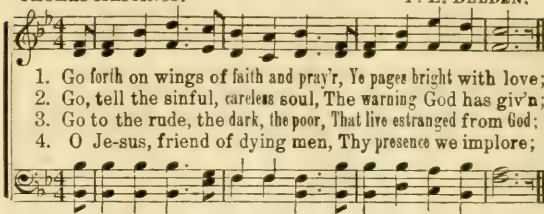
To sing Thy glories in this hour, Immortal God a-lone.
No work so high, so deep, so grand, Has e'er been given you.
It is thy Saviour's work and thine, Thou messenger of God.
We'll bow to Thy benign control, And worship on-ly Thee.

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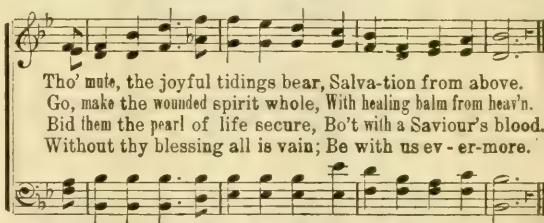
696 SILENT MESSENGERS.

THOMAS HASTINGS.

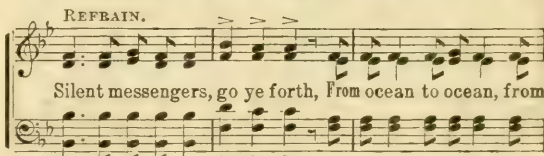
F. E. BELDEN.



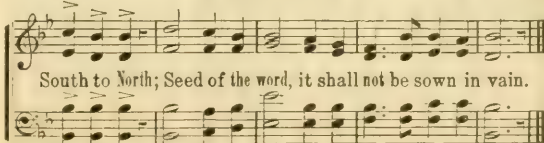
1. Go forth on wings of faith and pray'r, Ye pages bright with love;
2. Go, tell the sinful, careless soul, The warning God has giv'n;
3. Go to the rude, the dark, the poor, That live estranged from God;
4. O Je-sus, friend of dying men, Thy presence we implore;



Tho' mute, the joyful tidings bear, Salva-tion from above.
Go, make the wounded spirit whole, With healing balm from heav'n.
Bid them the pearl of life secure, Bo't with a Saviour's blood.
Without thy blessing all is vain; Be with us ev - er-more.



REFRAIN.
Silent messengers, go ye forth, From ocean to ocean, from



South to North; Seed of the word, it shall not be sown in vain.

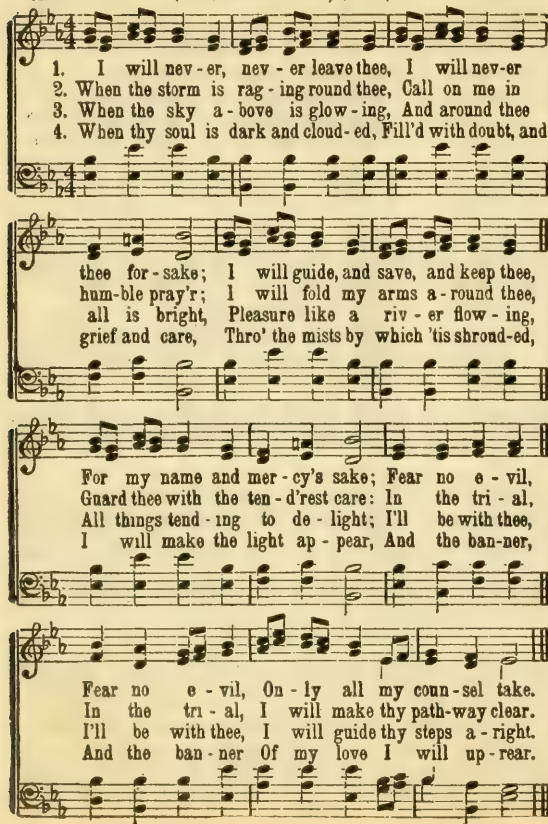
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697 I WILL NEVER LEAVE THEE.

ANON.

(PROMISE. 8s & 7s. 6L.)

UNKNOWN.



1. I will nev - er, nev - er leave thee, I will nev - er
 2. When the storm is rag - ing round thee, Call on me in
 3. When the sky a - bove is glow - ing, And around thee
 4. When thy soul is dark and cloud - ed, Fill'd with doubt, and

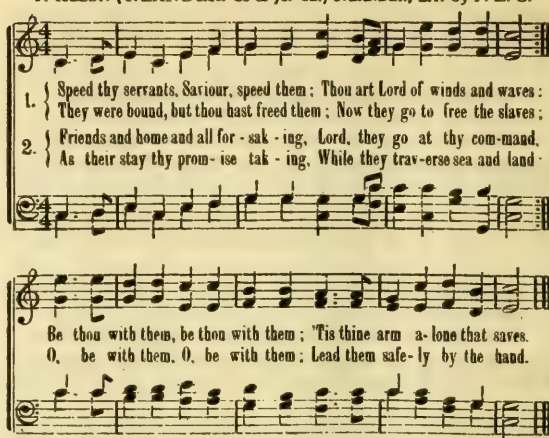
thee for - sake; I will guide, and save, and keep thee,
 hum - ble pray'r; I will fold my arms a - round thee,
 all is bright, Pleasure like a riv - er flow - ing,
 grief and care, Thro' the mists by which 'tis shroud - ed,

For my name and mer - cy's sake; Fear no e - vil,
 Guard thee with the ten - d'rest care: In the tri - al,
 All things tend - ing to de - light; I'll be with thee,
 I will make the light ap - pear, And the ban - ner,

Fear no e - vil, On - ly all my coun - sel take.
 In the tri - al, I will make thy path - way clear.
 I'll be with thee, I will guide thy steps a - right.
 And the ban - ner Of my love I will up - rear.

698 SPEED THY SERVANTS.

T. KELLY. (NEANDER. 8s & 7s. 6L.) NEANDER, arr. by F. E. B.



1. } Speed thy servants, Saviour, speed them: Thou art Lord of winds and waves:
 } They were bound, but thou hast freed them: Now they go to free the slaves:
 2. } Friends and home and all for - sak - ing, Lord, they go at thy com - mand,
 } As their stay thy prom - ise tak - ing, While they trav - erse sea and land -

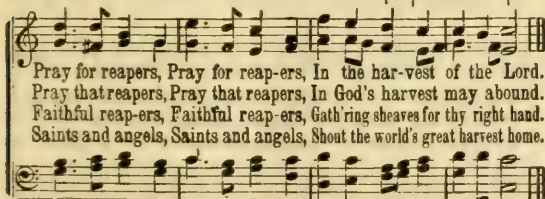
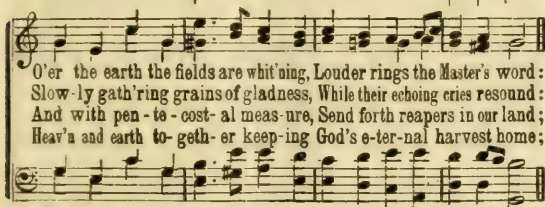
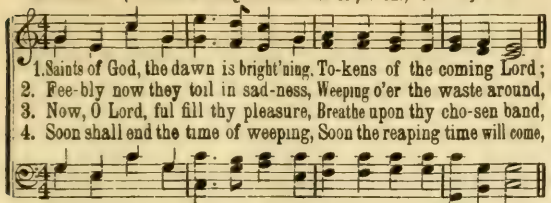
Be thou with them, be thou with them; 'Tis thine arm a - lone that saves.
 O, be with them, O, be with them: Lead them safe - ly by the hand.

699

- 2 Where no fruit appears to cheer them,
 And they seem to toil in vain.
 Then to mercy, Lord, draw near them.
 Then their sinking hopes sustain;
 ||: Thus supported.:||
 Bid their zeal revive again.
- 3 In the midst of opposition
 May they trust, O Lord, in thee:
 When success attends their mission,
 May thy servants humble be:
 ||: Never leave them.:||
 Till thy face in heav'n they see
- 1 In the vineyard of our Father,
 Daily work we find to do;
 Scatter'd gleanings we may gather,
 Though we are but young and few;
 ||: Little clusters.:||
 Help to fill the garner too.
- 2 Toiling early in the morning,
 Catching moments thro' the day,
 Nothing small or lowly scorning
 While we work, and watch, and pray
 ||: Gathering gladly.:||
 Free-will off'rings by the way.

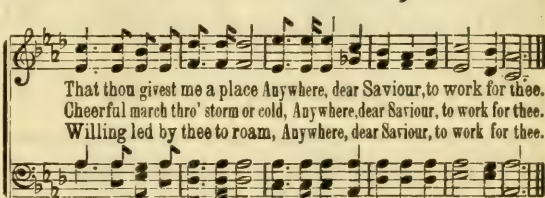
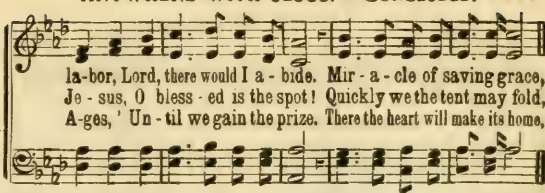
PRAY FOR REAPERS. HENRY SMART,

MAXWELL. (REGENT SQUARE. 8s & 7s. 6L.) Arr. by F. E. B.



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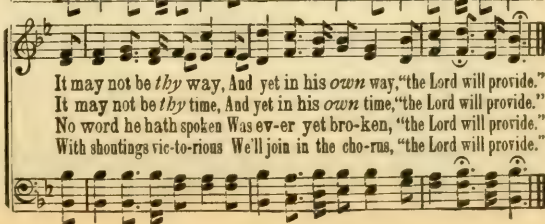
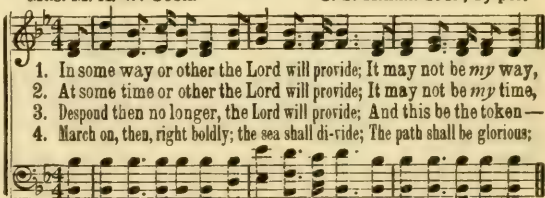
ANYWHERE WITH JESUS.—CONCLUDED.



702 THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.

MRS. M. A. W. COOK.

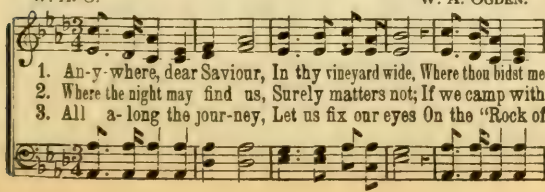
C. S. HARRINGTON, by per.



701 ANYWHERE WITH JESUS.

W. A. O.

W. A. OGDEN.



F. E. BELDEN.

(For Male Voices.)

I. B. WOODBURY, ARR.

1. Speed a-way! speed away, o-ver mountain and sea, To the hearts that are
2. Speed away! speed away from thy home fair and bright, To the homes that are
3. Speed a-way! speed away, with the love of thy Lord, With the glo-ri-ous

waiting with welcome for thee; There are eyes that will gleam with the glad gospel
darken'd by sin's starless night, Tho' the world with its pleasures invite thee to
tidings revealed in his word: Bear the Bethlehem sto-ry with gladness to

light, There are feet that will walk in the pathway of right, There are voices to
stay, Tho' the lov'd ones entreat thee "good-bye" to delay, Look away thro' the
men, Bid the world to prepare for His coming a-gain; Free salvation pro-

sing Praise to Jesus the King: }
tears, To e-ter-ni-ty's years: } Speed away! speed away! Speed a-way!
claim Thro' Immanuel's name: }

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F. E. BELDEN.

(For Ladies' Voices.)

I. B. WOODBURY, ARR.

1. Could you wait, could you wait if a brother were lost In the dark, stormy
2. Could you wait, could you wait if a sister should cry, "I am wall'd in by
3. In the flood, in the flood and the tempest-torn night, There are brothers now

night, and a flood to be cross'd? If you knew how to guide him from danger and
fire! I'm not read-y to die!"? If her cottage or palace were circled with
wand'ring who long for the right; There are sisters as gentle as er-er were

death, Would you sit i-dly singing sweet carols of faith?—O, the faith born a-
flame, And you heard her voice calling you, calling by name, Would you linger to
known, Whom the fires of perdition surround as their own: They are yielding their

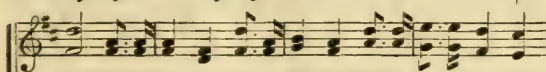
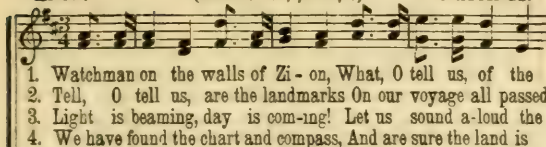
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bore Is the faith full of love!—Could you wait? Could you wait? Could you wait?
read Of some beautiful deed?—Could you wait? Could you wait? Could you wait?
blood To the flame and the flood,—Can you wait? Can you wait? Can you wait?

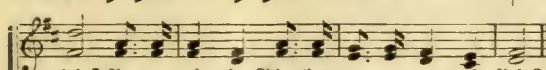
ANON.

(ZION. 8s, 7s & 4s.)

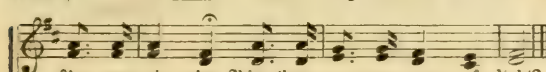
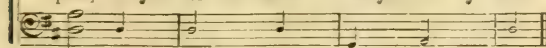
T. HASTINGS.



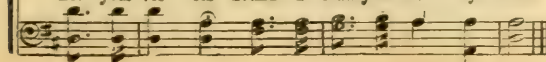
night? Is the day-star now a-rising? Will the morn soon greet our
cry? Are we nearing now the ha-ven? Can we e'en the land de-
cry? We be-hold the day-star ris-ing Pure and bright in yonder
near; Onward, onward we are hasting, Soon the haven will ap-



sight? O'er your vi - sion Shine there now some rays of light?
sory? Do we tru - ly See the heav'nly king-dom nigh?
sky! Saints, be joy - ful; Your re-demp-tion draw-eth nigh.
pear; Let your voi - ces Sound a - loud your ho - ly cheer.



O'er your vi - sion Shine there now some rays of light?
Do we tru - ly See the heav'nly king - dom nigh?
Saints, be joy - ful; Your re-demp-tion draw - eth nigh.
Let your voi - ces Sound a - loud your ho - ly cheer.



- 1 Guide me, O Thou great Jehorah!
Pilgrim through this barren land:
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy pow'ful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

- 2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliv'rer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside:
Bear me through the swelling current,
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

WM. WILLIAMS.

- 1 Zion stands with walls surrounded,
Zion, kept by pow'r divine:
All her foes shall be confounded,
Though the world in arms combine:
Happy Zion,
What a favored lot is thine!
- 2 Ev'ry human tie may perish;
Friend to friend unfaithful prove;
Mothers cease their own to cherish;

Hear'n and earth at last remove:

But no changes
Can attend Jehorah's love.

- 3 In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more
bright;
But can never cease to love thee:
Thou art precious in his sight:
God is with thee,
God, thine everlasting light.

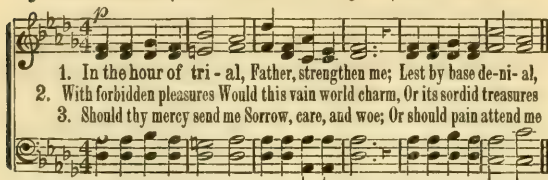
THOMAS KELLY.

- 1 Lo! He comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favor'd sinners slain;
Countless angels, him attending,
Swell the triumph of his train:
Hallelujah!
Jesus comes and comes to reign.
- 2 Ev'ry eye shall now behold him
Robed in dreadful majesty!
Those who set at naught and sold him,
Pierced, and nailed him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.
- 3 Yea, amen! let all adore thee,
High on thy eternal throne!
Saviour, take the power and glory,
Make thy righteous sentence known:
O come quickly,
Claim the kingdom for thine own:

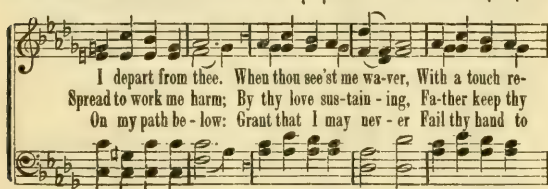
CHARLES WESLEY.

709 IN THE HOUR OF TRIAL.

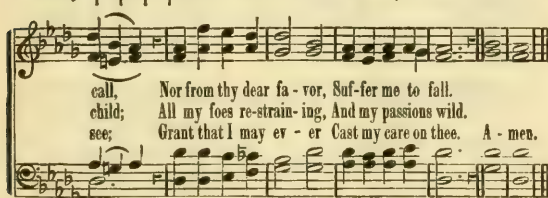
J. MONTGOMERY. (PENITENCE. 6S & 5S. D.) SPENCER LANE.



1. In the hour of tri - al, Father, strengthen me; Lest by base de - ni - al,
2. With forbidden pleasures Would this vain world charm, Or its sordid treasures
3. Should thy mercy send me Sorrow, care, and woe; Or should pain attend me



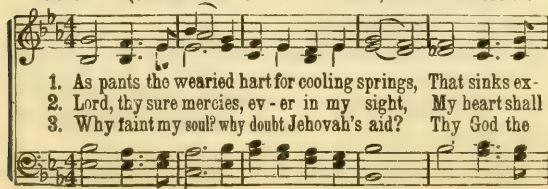
I depart from thee. When thou see'st me wa-ver, With a touch re-
spread to work me harm; By thy love sus-tain - ing, Fa-ther keep thy
On my path be - low: Grant that I may nev - er Fail thy hand to



call, Nor from thy dear fa - vor, Suf-fer me to fall.
child; All my foes re-strain - ing, And my passions wild.
see; Grant that I may ev - er Cast my care on thee. A - men.

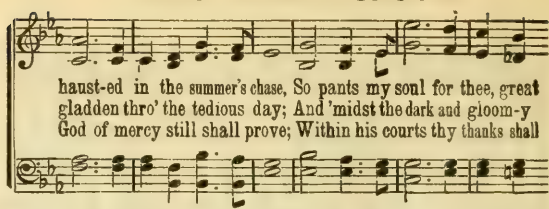
710 AS PANTS THE HART.

ANON. (MENDELSSOHN. 115 & 108.) F. MENDELSSOHN.

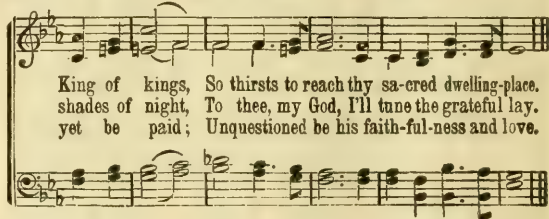


1. As pants the wearied hart for cooling springs, That sinks ex-
2. Lord, thy sure mercies, ev - er in my sight, My heart shall
3. Why faint my soul? why doubt Jehovah's aid? Thy God the

AS PANTS THE HART.—CONCLUDED.



haust-ed in the summer's chase, So pants my soul for thee, great
gladden thro' the tedious day; And 'midst the dark and gloom-y
God of mercy still shall prove; Within his courts thy thanks shall



King of kings, So thirsts to reach thy sa-cred dwelling-place.
shades of night, To thee, my God, I'll tune the grateful lay.
yet be paid; Unquestioned be his faith-ful-ness and love.

711 REVIVE THY WORK.

(S. M. Sing to No. 714.)

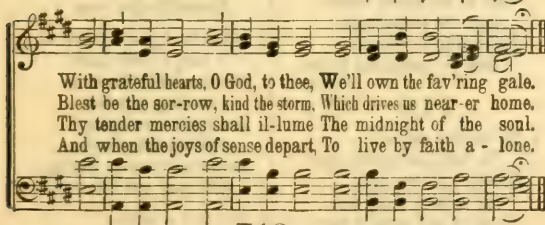
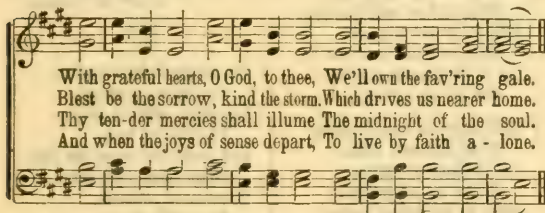
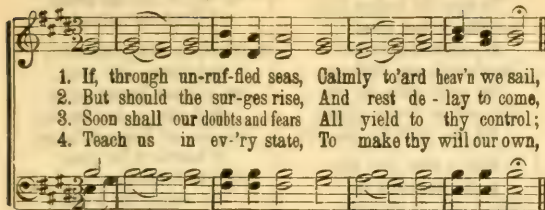
- 1 Revive Thy work, O Lord, Thy mighty arm make bare:
Speak with the voice that wakes the dead, and make Thy people hear.
- 2 Revive Thy work, O Lord, disturb this sleep of death;
Quicken the smould'ring embers now by Thine almighty breath.
- 3 Revive Thy work, O Lord, create soul-thirst for Thee;
And hung'ring for the bread of life, oh, may our spirits be.
- 4 Revive Thy work, O Lord, exalt Thy precious name:
And by the Holy Ghost our love for Thee and Thine inflame.

Albert Medlane.

A. M. TOPLADY.

(SELVIN. S. M.)

GERMAN.



713

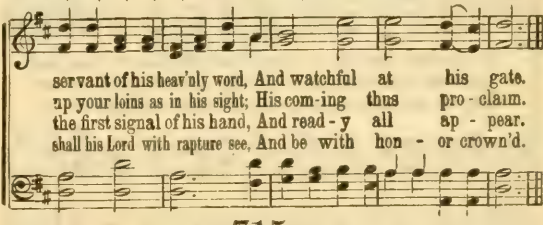
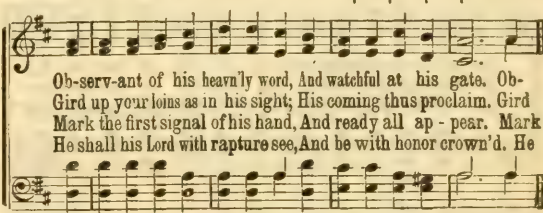
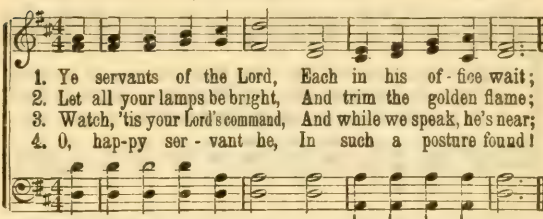
- 1 "My times are in thy hand:"
O God, I wish them there;
My life, my friends, my all I leave
Entirely to thy care.
2 "My times are in thy hand:"
Why should I doubt or fear?

- My Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.
3 "My times are in thy hand:"
I'll always trust in thee,
Till I possess the promised land,
And all thy glory see.

WM. F. LLOYD.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. (EL KADER. S. M.)

UNKNOWN.



715

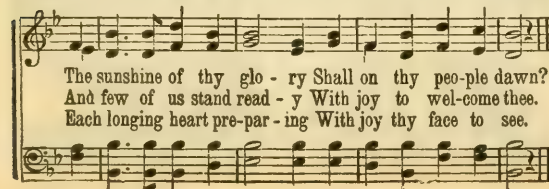
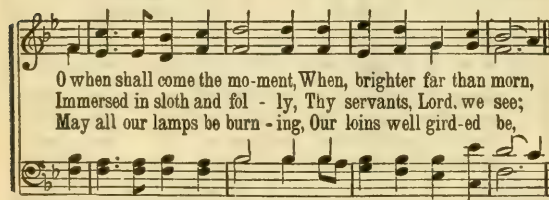
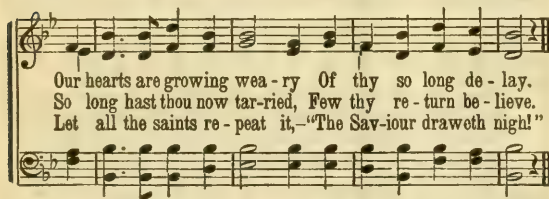
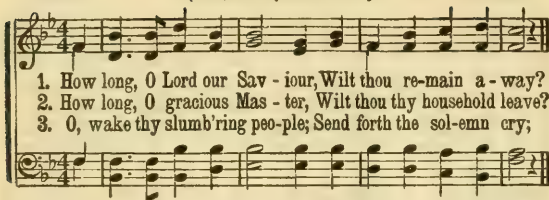
- 1 Sow in the morn thy seed;
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed;
Broadcast it o'er the land.
2 Thou canst not toil in vain:
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
3 Shall foster and mature the grain
For garner in the sky.
3 Then, when the glorious end,
The day of God, shall come,
The angel reapers shall descend,
And hear'n shout "Harvest home!"

JAS. MONTGOMERY.

ANON.

(WEBB. 7s & 6s. D.)

WEBB.



- 1 Speak often to each other,
 To cheer the fainting mind;
 And often be your voices
 In pure devotion joined;
 Though trials may await you,
 The crown before you lies;
 Take courage, brother pilgrim,
 And soon you'll win the prize.
- 2 Ye shall be mine, says Jesus,
 In that auspicious day
 When I make up my jewels,
 Released from cumb'rous clay;
 He'll polish and refine you
 From worthless dross and tin,
 And to his heavenly kingdom
 Will bid you enter in.

- 3 We'll range the wide dominion
 Of our Redeemer round,
 And in dissolving raptures
 Be lost in love profound;
 While all the flaming harpers
 Begin the lasting song,
 With hallelujahs rolling
 From the unnumbered throng.

ANON.

- 1 The world is very evil,
 The times are waxing late;
 Be sober and keep vigil;
 The Judge is at the gate, -
 The Judge who comes in mercy,
 The Judge who comes with might, -
 Who comes to end the evil,
 Who comes to crown the right.
- 2 Arise, arise, O Christian,
 Let right to wrong succeed;
 Let penitential sorrow
 To heavenly gladness lead, -

To light that has no evening,
 That knows no moon nor sun, -
 The light so fair and golden,
 Of Christ, the sinless One.

- 3 Behold, the morn shall waken,
 And shadows shall decay,
 And each true-hearted servant
 Shall shine as does the day;
 And God, our King and Portion,
 In fulness of his grace,
 Shall we behold forever,
 And worship face to face.

JOHN M. NEALE

- 1 The morning light is breaking,
 The darkness disappears,
 The sons of earth are waking
 To penitential tears:
 Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
 Brings tidings from afar,
 Of nations in commotion,
 Prepared for Zion's war.
- 2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us,
 In many a gentle show'r,
 And harvest fields before us
 Are opening ev'ry hour;
 Each cry to heaven going,
 Abundant answer brings,
 And heavenly gales are blowing,
 With peace upon their wings.
- 3 Blest river of salvation,
 Pursue thy onward way;
 Flow thou to ev'ry nation,
 Nor in thy richness stay.
 Stay not till all the lowly
 Triumphant reach their home;
 Stay not till all the holy
 Proclaim, "The Lord is come."

S. F. SMITH.

SYDNEY DYER.

(WORK. 75 & 6S. P.)

LOWELL MASON.

1. Work, for the night is coming, Work thro' the morning
[hours; Work while the dew is sparkling,
D. S.— Work, for the night is coming,

Work 'mid springing flow'rs. Work when the day grows brighter, Work in the glowing
When man's work is done. [sun;

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- 2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work thro' the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor;
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give ev'ry flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

- 3 Work, for the night is coming
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,—
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is dark'ning,
When man's work is o'er.

721 NO WORK TOO HUMBLE.

T. R. MATTHEWS. (CHENIES. 75 & 6S. D.) KATE CAMERON.

1. There is no work too humble For Christian hands to do; There is no path too
2. If we are his disci-ples, Call'd by his holy name, A portion of his
3. That he, the High and Holy, Whose life-work was complete, Should gird himself for

low-ly For our feet to pursue; Our blessed Lord and Master Was
Spir-it We surely ought to claim. And tho' the task be me-nial Which
labor, And washed those humble feet! And yet we shrink from duties Which
servant unto all; None were to poor and needy For him to heed their call.
he for us hath set; His own divine example We never should forget.
seem so far a-bove This deed of Christ-like meekness, This tender proof of love!

722 CARRY THE JOYFUL TIDINGS.

(Tune, WORK, No. 720)

- 1 Carry the joyful tidings
To every land and sea;
Banish the heart dividings,—
Brothers should brothers be;
Christ died for all the nations,
"One flesh and blood," saith he;
There are no tribes or stations;
One in the Lord are we.

God who hath freedom given,
Calls us to make it known;
He is preparing heaven
Not for ourselves alone.

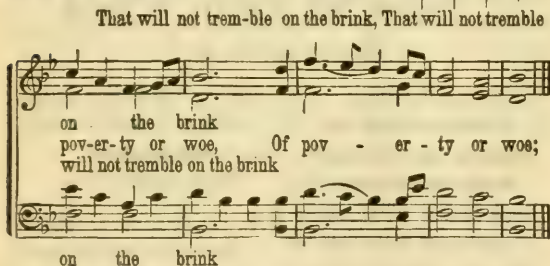
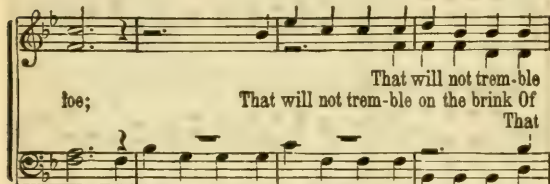
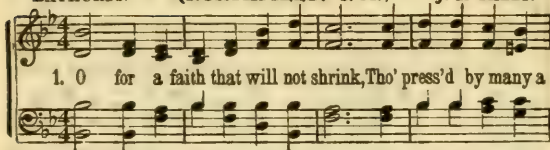
- 3 Souls on the Orient mountains,
Souls in the Northern snows,
Souls by the Southern fountains,
Souls where the sunset glows;
Souls out of Christ the Saviour:
O for a Church of love,
Bearing the priceless favor,
Pointing the lost above!

F. E. BELDEN.

BATHURST.

(NORTHFIELD, C. M.)

J. INGALLS.



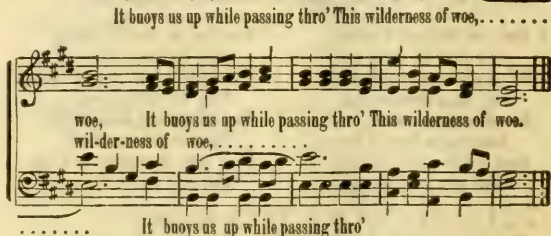
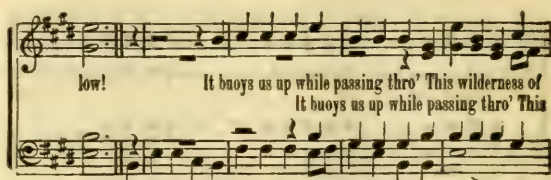
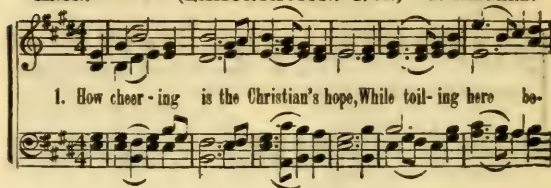
- 2 That will not murmur or complain
Beneath the chast'ning rod,
But in the hour of grief or pain
Can lean upon its God.
- 3 A faith that shines more bright and
clear
When tempests rage without;
Then when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;

- 4 That bears unmoved the world's dread
frown,
Nor heeds its scornful smile;
That sin's wild ocean cannot drown,
Nor its soft arts beguile.
- 5 Lord, give me such a faith as this,
And then, what'er may come,
I'll taste e'en here the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

ANON.

(EXHORTATION, C. M.)

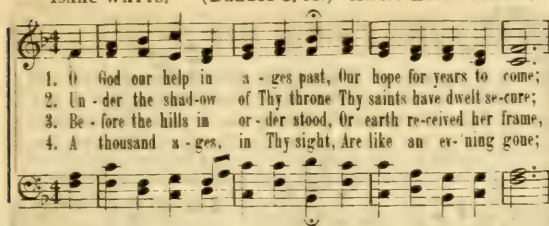
S. HIBBARD.



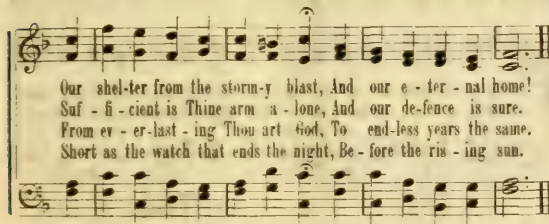
- 2 It points to us a land of rest,
Where saints with Christ will reign,
Where we shall meet the loved of
earth,
And never part again, -
- 3 A land where sin can never come,
Temptations ne'er annoy,
Where happiness will ever dwell,
And that without alloy.
- 4 In that bright world no tears will
flow,
Death ne'er can enter there;
For all who gain that heavenly land
Will be as angels are.
- 5 Fly, ling'ring moments, fly, O fly,
Dear Saviour, quickly come!
We long to see thee as thou art,
And reach that blissful home.

725 OUR HELP IN AGES PAST.

ISAAC WATTS. (Dundee C. M.) Andro Hart's Psalter.



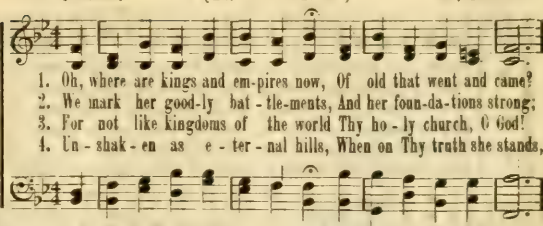
1. O God our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come;
 2. Un - der the shad-ow of Thy throne Thy saints have dwelt se-cure;
 3. Be - fore the hills in or - der stood, Or earth re-ceived her frame,
 4. A thousand a - ges, in Thy sight, Are like an ev - ning gone;



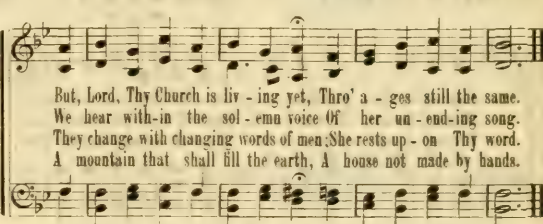
Our shel-ter from the storm-y blast, And our e - ter - nal home!
 Suf - fi - cient is Thine arm a - lone, And our de-fence is sure.
 From ev - er - last - ing Thou art God, To end-less years the same.
 Short as the watch that ends the night, Be - fore the ris - ing sun.

727 THE LIVING CHURCH.

A. C. COXE. (St. Anne. C. M.) W. CROFT.



1. Oh, where are kings and em-pires now, Of old that went and came?
 2. We mark her good-ly bat - tle-ments, And her foun-da-tions strong;
 3. For not like kingdoms of the world Thy ho - ly church, O God!
 4. Un - shak - en as e - ter - nal hills, When on Thy truth she stands,



But, Lord, Thy Church is liv - ing yet, Thro' a - ges still the same.
 We hear with-in the sol - emn voice Of her un - end-ing song.
 They change with changing words of men; She rests up - on Thy word.
 A mountain that shall fill the earth, A house not made by hands.

726 MYSTERIOUS WAY.

WM. COWPER. (C. M.)

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1. God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform:
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm. | Are big with mercy, and will break
In blessings on your head. |
| 2. Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will. | 4. Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face. |
| 3. Ye faithful saints, fresh courage take!
The clouds ye so much dread. | 5. Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain. |

728 WE BLESS THEE FOR THY PEACE.

(C. M.)

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. We bless Thee for Thy peace, O God,
Deep as th' unfathomed sea,
Which falls like sunshine on the road
Of those who trust in Thee. | Deems not the trial-way too long,
But leaves the end with Thee. |
| 2. We ask not, Father, for repose
Which comes from outward rest,
If we may have thro' all life's woes
Thy peace within our breast,— | 4. That peace which flows serene and deep
A river in the soul
Whose banks a living verdure keep,
God's sunshine o'er the whole. |
| 3. That peace which suffers and is strong
Trusts where it cannot see, | 5. O Father, give our hearts this peace,
Whatever the outward be.
Till all life's discipline shall cease,
And we go home to Thee. |

729 SAVIOUR, LIKE A SHEPHERD.

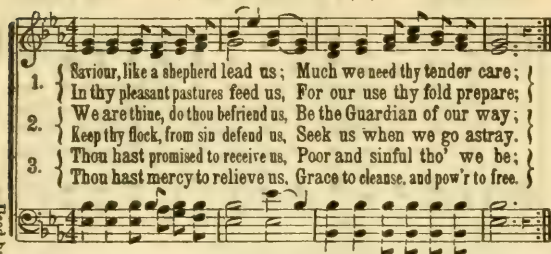
D. A. THRUPP. (SHEPHERD. 8s & 7s.) WM. B. BRADBURY.

731

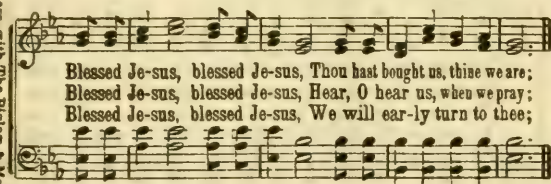
ALWAYS WITH US.

(RIPLEY. 8s & 7s. D.)

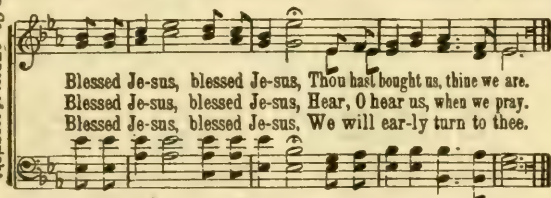
GREGORIAN.
End.



1. Saviour, like a shepherd lead us; Much we need thy tender care;
In thy pleasant pastures feed us, For our use thy fold prepare;
2. We are thine, do thou befriend us, Be the Guardian of our way;
Keep thy flock, from sin defend us, Seek us when we go astray.
3. Thou hast promised to receive us, Poor and sinful tho' we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us, Grace to cleanse, and pow'r to free.



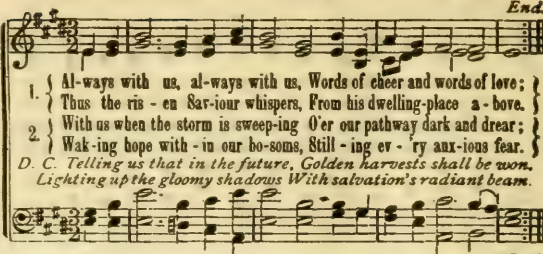
Blessed Je-sus, blessed Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, thine we are;
Blessed Je-sus, blessed Je-sus, Hear, O hear us, when we pray;
Blessed Je-sus, blessed Je-sus, We will ear-ly turn to thee;



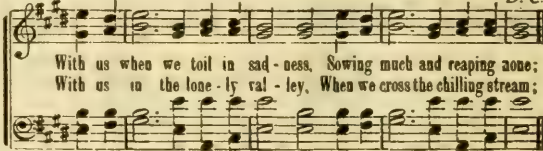
Blessed Je-sus, blessed Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, thine we are.
Blessed Je-sus, blessed Je-sus, Hear, O hear us, when we pray.
Blessed Je-sus, blessed Je-sus, We will ear-ly turn to thee.

730

- 1 God has said, "Forever blessed
Those who seek me in their youth;
They shall find the path of wisdom,
And the narrow way of truth."
|| Guide us, Saviour, ||
In the narrow way of truth.
- 2 Be our strength, for we are weakness;
Be our wisdom and our guide;
May we walk in love and meekness,
Nearer to our Saviour's side:
|| Naught can harm us: ||
While we thus in thee abide.



1. Al-ways with us, al-ways with us, Words of cheer and words of love;
Thus the ris-en Sav-iour whispers, From his dwelling-place a-bove.
2. With us when the storm is sweep-ing O'er our pathway dark and drear;
Wak-ing hope with-in our bo-soms, Still-ing ev-ry anx-i-ous fear.
*D. C. Telling us that in the future, Golden harvests shall be won.
Lighting up the gloomy shadows With salvation's radiant beam.*



D. C.
With us when we toil in sad-ness, Sowing much and reaping none;
With us in the lone-ly val-ley, When we cross the chilling stream;

732

- 1 Meek and lowly, pure and holy,
Chief among the blessed three,
Turning sadness into gladness,
Hear'st thou art thou, charity!
Pity dwelleth in thy bosom,
Kindness reigneth o'er thy heart;
Gentle thoughts alone can sway thee—
Judgment hath in thee no part.

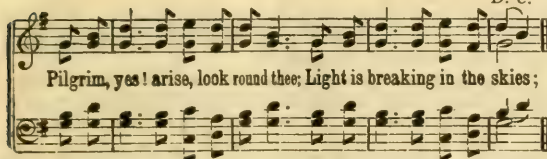
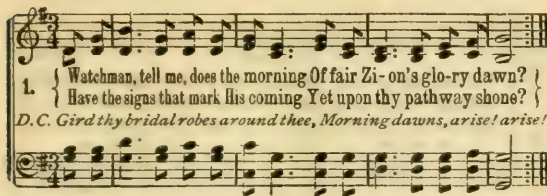
- 2 Hoping ever, failing never,
Though deceived, believing still;
Long abiding, all confiding,
To thy hear'tly Father's will;
Never weary of well-doing,
Never fearful of the end;
Claiming all mankind as brothers,
Thou dost all alike befriend.

733

- 1 Tossed upon life's raging billow,
Sweet it is, O Lord, to know
Thou didst press a sailor's pillow,
Thou canst feel a sailor's woe;
Never slumb'ring, never sleeping,
Tho' the night be dark and drear,
Thou the faithful watch art keeping;
"All is well," thy constant cheer.

- 2 Thus my heart the hope will cherish,
While to thee I lift mine eye,
Thou wilt save me e'er I perish,
Thou wilt hear the sailor's cry;
And tho' mast and sail be riven,
Soon life's voyage will be o'er;
Safely moored in hear't's wide haven,
Storm and tempest vex no more.

S. S. BREWER. (DAWNING. 8s & 7s. D.) W. B. BRADBURY.



2 Watchman, see, the light is beaming
 Brighter still upon thy way.
 Signs thro' all the earth are gleaming,
 Omens of the coming day
 When the Jubal trumpet, sounding,
 Shall awake from land and sea
 All the saints of God, now sleeping,
 Clad in immortality.

3 Watchman, hail the light ascending
 Of the grand Sabbatic year;
 All with voices loud proclaiming
 That the kingdom now is near:
 Pilgrim, yes, I see just yonder,
 Canaan's glorious heights arise;
 Salem, too, appears in grandeur,
 Towering neath its sunlit skies.

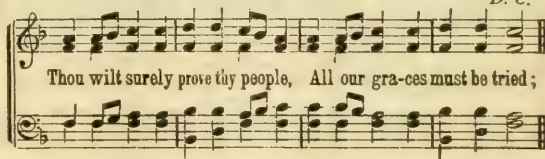
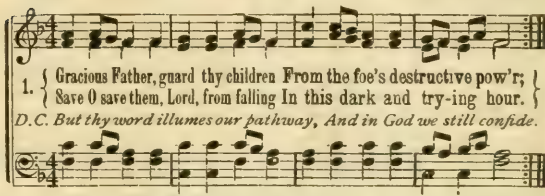
4 Watchman, in the golden city,
 Seated on his jasper throne,
 Zion's King, arrayed in beauty,
 Reigns in peace from zone to zone:
 There on sunlit hills and mountains,
 Golden beams serenely glow;
 Purling streams and crystal fountains,
 On whose banks sweet flow refts blow.

5 Watchman, see, the land is nearing,
 With its vernal fruits and flow'rs;
 On, just yonder,—O how cheering!
 Bloom forever Eden's bow'rs.
 Hark! the choral strains are ringing,
 Wafted on the balmy air;
 See the millions, hear them singing,
 Soon the pilgrim will be there.

ANON.

(GREENVILLE. 8s & 7s. D.)

ROUSSEAU.



2 We are in the time of waiting;
 Soon we shall behold our Lord,
 Wafted far away from sorrow,
 To receive our rich reward.
 Keep us, Lord, till thine appearing,
 Pure, unspotted from the world;
 Let thy Holy Spirit cheer us
 Till thy banner is unfurled.

736

1 Long upon the mountains, weary,
 Have the scattered flock been torn;
 Dark the desert paths, and dreary;
 Grievous trials have they borne.
 Now the gath'ring call is sounding,
 Solemn in its warning voice;
 Union, faith, and love, abounding,
 Bid the little flock rejoice.

2 Now the light of truth they're seeking,
 In its onward track pursue;
 All the ten commandments keeping,
 They are holy, just, and true.
 On the words of life they're feeding,
 Precious to their taste, so sweet;
 All their Master's precepts heeding,
 Bowing humbly at his feet.

3 Soon He comes, with clouds descending,
 All his saints, entombed, arise;
 The redeemed, in anthems blending,
 Shout their vict'ry thro' the skies.
 O, we long for thine appearing!
 Come, O Saviour, quickly come!
 Blessed hope! our spirits cheering,
 Take thy ransomed children home.

ANNIE R. SMITH.

737 HOME, SWEET HOME.

DAVID DENHAM

(T.S.)

HENRY R. BISHOP.

1. Mid scenes of con-fu-sion and crea-ture complaints, How sweet to my soul is com-
2. Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace, And thrice precious Jesus, whose
3. While here in this val-ley of con-flict I stay, O give me submission, and

mun-ion of saints; To find at the banquet of mer-cy there's room,
love can not cease! Tho' oft from thy presence in sad-ness I roam,
strength as my day; In all my af-flic-tions to thee would I come,

Ref.

D. S.

And feel in the presence of Je-sus at home.
By faith I behold thee in glo-ry at home. Home, home, sweet.
Re-joice-ing in hope of my glo-ri-ous home. sweet home;
D. S. Prepare me, dear Saviour, for heaven my home.

738

1. Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam.
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.

Refrain.—Home, home, sweet, sweet home;
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.

2. An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain,
O give me my lowly thatched cottage again;
The birds singing gaily, that came at my call.
And with them, God's peace, which is dearer than all.

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

739 KIND WORDS NEVER DIE.

Arr. by F. E. B.

ABBIE HUTCHINSON, arr.

1. Kind words can nev-er die, Cherish'd and blest; God knows how deep they lie,
2. Sweet tho'ts can nev-er die, Tho' like the flow'rs Their brightest hues may fly
3. True love can nev-er die, Tho' in the tomb We all may si-lent lie,

Stored in the breast. Like childhood's simple rhyme, Said o'er a thousand times,
In wintry hours; But when the gen-tle dew Gives them their charms anew,
Wrapp'd in its gloom; Tho' mor-tal flesh de-cay, There comes a glo-ri-ous day,

Refrain.

Yes, in all years and climes, Distant or near. Kind words can never die,
With many an ad-ded hue They bloom a-gain. Sweet tho'ts can never die,
When dust shall soar a-way To Christ a-bove. True love can nev-er die,

Nev-er die, nev-er die; Kind words can nev-er die, No, nev-er die.
Nev-er die, nev-er die; Sweet tho'ts can nev-er die, No, nev-er die.
Nev-er die, nev-er die; True love can nev-er die, No, nev-er die.

W. F. WARREN.

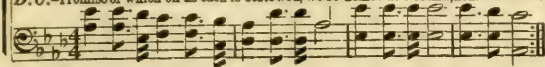
(10S & 7S. P.)

J. W. DADMUN.

End.



1. Out on an ocean all boundless we ride, We're homeward bound, homeward bound;
Tossed on the waves of a rough, restless tide, We're homeward bound, etc.
D. C.—Promise of which on us each is bestowed, We're homeward bound, homeward etc.

*D. C.*

- Far from the safe, quiet harbor we've rode, Seeking our Father's celestial abode,
2 Wildly the storm sweeps us on as it roars,
We're homeward bound, etc.
Look! yonder lie the bright heavenly shores,
We're homeward bound, etc.
Steady, O pilot! stand firm at the wheel;
Steady, we soon shall outweather the gale;
O, how we fly 'neath the loud-creaking sail!
We're homeward bound, etc.

- 3 Into the harbor of heaven now we glide,
We're home at last, home at last;
Softly we drift on its bright silver tide,
We're home at last, home at last.
Glory to God! all our dangers are o'er,
We stand secure on the glorified shore;
Glory to God! we shall shout ever more;
We're home at last, home at last.

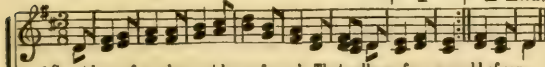
741 SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.

W. W. WALFORD.

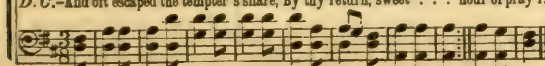
(L. M. D.)

W. B. BRADBURY.

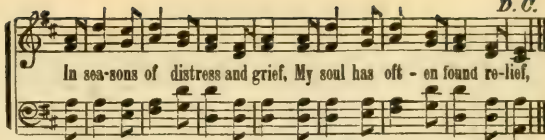
1 2 End.



1. { Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r, That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me, at my Father's throne Make all my wants and wishes known!
D. C.—And oft escaped the tempter's snare, By thy return, sweet . . . hour of pray'r.



Used by arr. with The Biglow & Main Co., owners of copyright.

D. C.

In sea-sons of distress and grief, My soul has oft - en found re-lief,

- 2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
3 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!

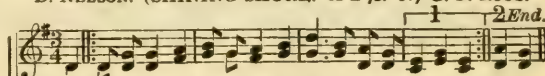
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless.
And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word, and trust his grace,
I'll cast on him my ev'ry care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

May I thy consolation share
Till from Mount Pisgah's lofty height
I view my home, and take my flight.
In my immortal flesh I'll rise
To seize the everlasting prize,
And shout while passing thro' the air,
"Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer!"

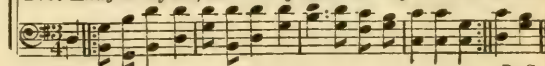
742

GLIDING SWIFTLY BY.

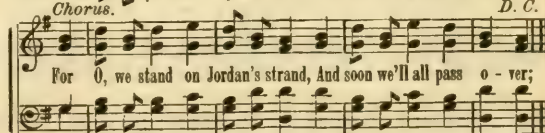
D. NELSON. (SHINING SHORE. 8S & 7S. P.) G. F. ROOT.



1. { My days are gliding swiftly by, And I, a pilgrim stranger, would
not detain them as they fly—These hours of toil and (*Omit.*) danger;
D. C.—And just before, the shining shore We may almost discover.



Chorus.

D. C.

For O, we stand on Jordan's strand, And soon we'll all pass o - ver;

- 2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our distant home discerning;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let ev'ry lamp be burning.
3 Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing;
4 Let sorrow's rudest tempests blow,
Each cord on earth to sever,
Our King says, Come, and there's our
Forever, O, forever! [home,

743

BLESSED HOPE.

ANON.

(DENNIS. S. M.)

J. G. NAGELL.

1. There is a bless-ed hope, More pre-cious and more bright
 2. There is a love-ly star That lights the dark-est gloom,
 3. There is a cheer-ing voice That lifts the soul a-bove,
 4. That voice from Calv'ry's height Proclaims the soul for-giv'n;

Than all the joy-less mock-er-y The world esteems de-light.
 And sheds a peaceful radiance o'er The prospects of the tomb.
 Dis-pels the painful, anxious doubt, And whispers, "God is love."
 That star is rev-e-la-tion's light, That hope, the hope of heav'n.

744

THUS FAR.

I. WATTS.

(HEBRON. L. M.)

L. MASON.

1. Thus far the Lord has led me on; Thus far his pow'r prolongs my days;
 2. Much of my time has run to waste, And I, per-haps, am near my home;
 3. I lay my bod-y down to sleep; Peace is the pil-low for my head;

And ev'-ry evening shall make known Some fresh memorial of his grace.
 But he forgives my fol-lies past, And gives me strength for days to come.
 While well-ap-point-ed an-gels keep Their watchful stations round my bed.

745

ON THY CARE.

H. F. LYTE.

(DAY. S. M.)

H. ABBOTT.

1. My spir-it on thy care, Blest Sav-iour, I re-cline;
 2. In thee I place my trust, On thee I calm-ly rest;
 3. Whate'er e-vents be-tide, Thy will they all per-form:
 4. Let good or ill be-fall, It must be good for me,

Thou wilt not leave me to despair, For thou art love di-vine.
 I know thee good, I know thee just, And count thy choice the best.
 Safe in thy breast my head I hide, Nor fear the coming storm.
 Se-cure of hav-ing thee in all, Of hav-ing all in thee.

746

NOT LESS TO BEAR.

ANNIE R. SMITH. (HERBERT. C. M.)

L. MASON.

1. I ask not, Lord, for less to bear Here in the nar-row way, But that I
 2. With thee to lead, I will not fear In scenes with danger rife, While still thy
 3. Then help me to improve with care, These precious moments giv'n; For they a

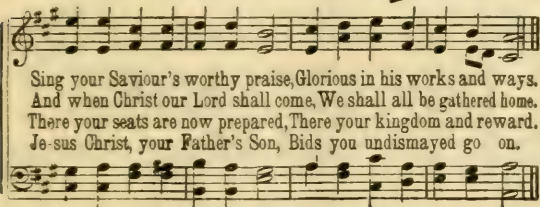
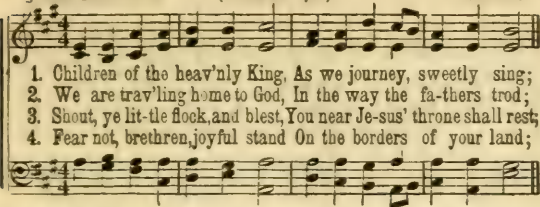
may thy blessing share In all I do or say, In all I do or say.
 cheering voice I hear, "I am the Way, the Life, I am the Way, the Life."
 faith-ful rec-ord bear, Of good or ill, to Heav'n, Of good or ill, to Heav'n.

747 CHILDREN OF THE KING.

JOHN CENNICK.

(HART. 7s.)

HART.

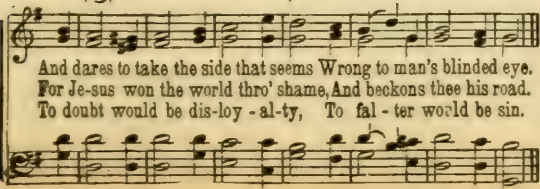
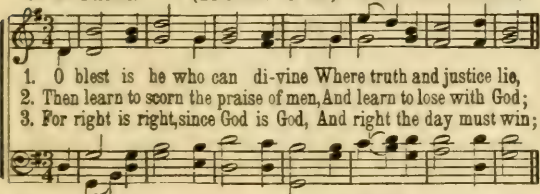


748 SCORN PRAISE OF MEN.

F. W. FABER.

(SPOHR. C. M.)

ARR. FROM SPOHR.



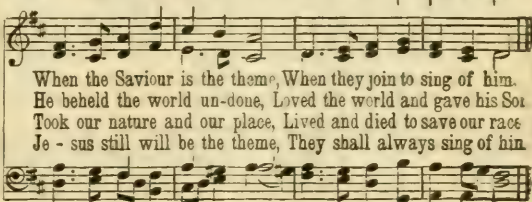
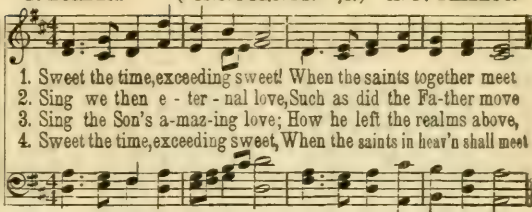
749

SWEET THE TIME.

G. BURDER.

("INNOCENTS." 7s.)

A. F. THIBAUT.

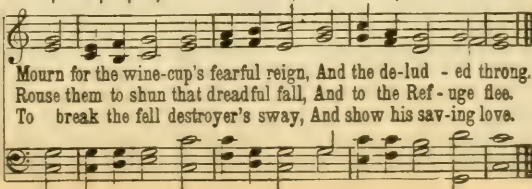
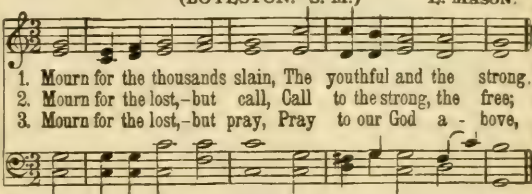


750

MOURN FOR THE SLAIN.

(BOYLSTON. S. M.)

I. MASON.



751 YE CHRISTIAN HERALDS!

ANON.

(OAKLAND. L. M.)

F. E. BELDEN.

1. Ye Christian heralds! go, proclaim Salvation thro' Immanuel's name;
2. He'll shield you with a wall of fire, With flaming zeal your breast inspire,
3. And when our labors all are o'er, Then we shall meet to part no more,

To distant climes the tidings bear, And plant the Rose of Sharon there.
Bid raging winds their fury cease, And hush the tempest in - to peace.
There with the blood-bought throng to fall And crown our Jesus Lord of all.

752 SOLDIERS OF CHRIST, ARISE!

C WESLEY.

(SILVER STREET. S. M.)

I. SMITH.

1. Sol-diers of Christ, a - rise, And put your ar - mor on;
2. We fight not a - gainst flesh, We wres-tle not with blood;
3. With wicked spir-its, too, That in high pla - ces stand,

Fight, for the bat-tle will be ours; We fight to win a crown.
But prin-ci - pal - i - ties and pow'rs, And for the truth of God;
Per-vert-ing oft the word of God, And say 'tis by com-mand.

753 HELP IN GOD FOR THEE.

J. MONTGOMERY.

(ZEPHYR. L. M.)

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. The tempter to my soul hath said, "There is no help in God for thee;"
2. Thus to the Lord I raised my cry; He heard me from his ho - ly hill;
3. I will not fear, tho' arm-ed thro'ngs Compass my steps in all their wrath;

Lord, lift thou up thy servant's head; My glory, shield, and sol-a - ce be.
At his command the waves rolled by; He beckoned, and the winds were still.
Sal - ra - tion to the Lord be - longs; His presence guards his people's path.

754 IMPOSTURE SHRINKS.

ANON.

(ST. THOMAS. S. M.)

G. F. HANDEL.

1. Im-post-ure shrinks from light, And dreads the cu - rious eye;
2. O may we still main-tain A meek, in - quir-ing mind,
3. With un-der-stand-ing blest, Cre - a - ted to be free,

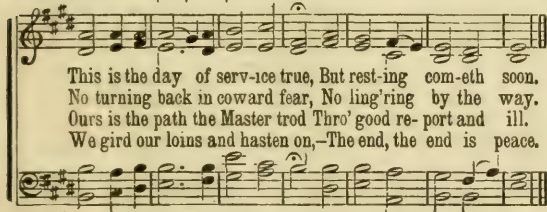
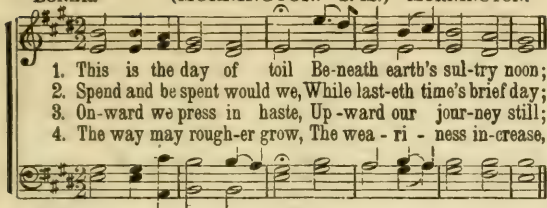
But sa - cred truths the test in - vite, They bid us search and try.
Assured we shall not search in vain, But hid-den treasures find.
Our faith on man we dare not rest, We trust a - lone in Thee

755

THE DAY OF TOIL.

BONAR.

(MORNINGTON. S. M.) MORNINGTON.

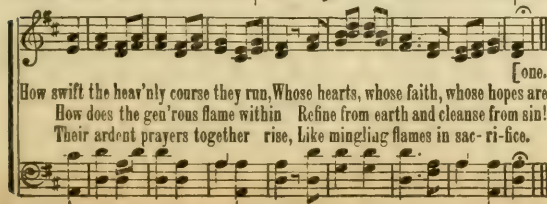
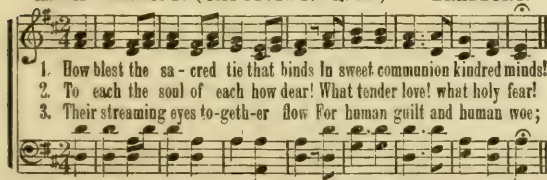


756

KINDRED MINDS.

ANNA BARBAULD. (CAPTIVITY. L. M.)

BRADBURY.



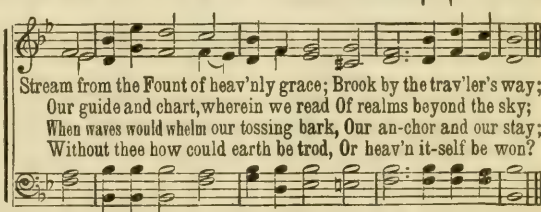
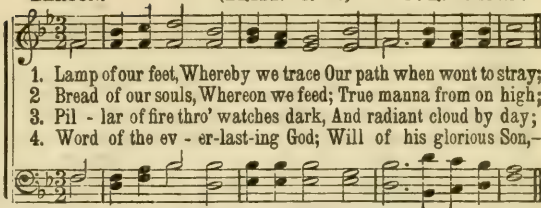
757

LAMP OF OUR FEET.

BARTON.

(BLISS. C. M.)

F. E. BELDEN.

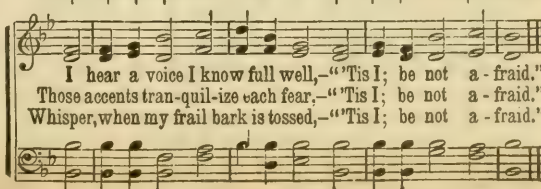
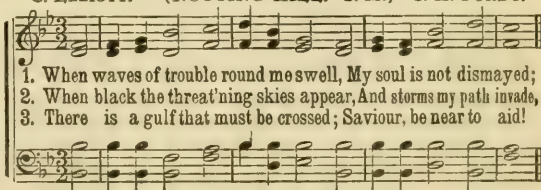


758

'TIS I; BE NOT AFRAID.

C. ELLIOTT.

(NOTTING HILL. C. M.) C. H. PURDY.



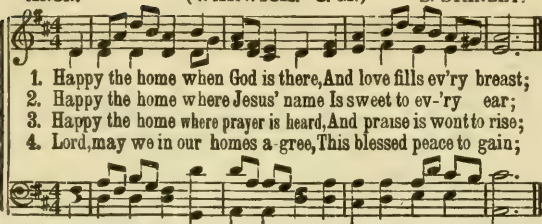
759

HAPPY THE HOME.

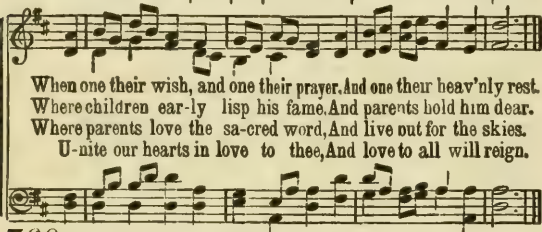
ANON.

(WARWICK. C. M.)

S. STANLEY.



1. Happy the home when God is there, And love fills ev'ry breast;
2. Happy the home where Jesus' name Is sweet to ev'ry ear;
3. Happy the home where prayer is heard, And praise is wont to rise;
4. Lord, may we in our homes agree, This blessed peace to gain;



When one their wish, and one their prayer, And one their heav'nly rest.
Where children ear-ly lisp his fame, And parents hold him dear.
Where parents love the sa-cred word, And live out for the skies.
U-nite our hearts in love to thee, And love to all will reign.

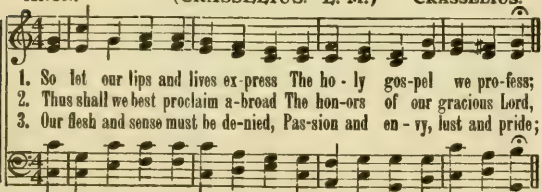
760

THE GOSPEL LIVED OUT.

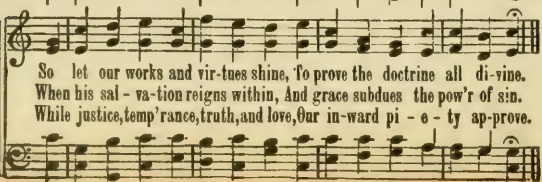
ANON.

(CRASSELIOUS. L. M.)

CRASSELIOUS.



1. So let our lips and lives ex-press The ho-ly gos-pel we pro-fess;
2. Thus shall we best proclaim a-broad The hon-ors of our gracious Lord,
3. Our flesh and sense must be de-nied, Pas-sion and en-ry, lust and pride;

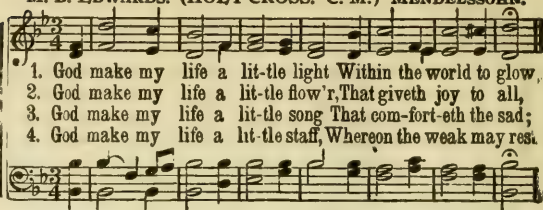


So let our works and vir-tues shine, To prove the doctrine all di-vine.
When his sal-va-tion reigns within, And grace subdues the pow'r of sin.
While justice, temp'rance, truth, and love, Our in-ward pi-e-ty ap-prove.

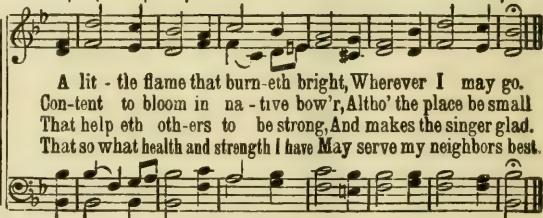
761

A LITTLE LIGHT.

M. B. EDWARDS. (HOLY CROSS. C. M.) MENDELSSOHN.



1. God make my life a lit-tle light Within the world to glow,
2. God make my life a lit-tle flow'r, That giveth joy to all,
3. God make my life a lit-tle song That com-fort-eth the sad;
4. God make my life a lit-tle staff, Whereon the weak may rest.



A lit-tle flame that burn-eth bright, Wherever I may go.
Con-tent to bloom in na-tive bow'r, Altho' the place be small
That help eth oth-ers to be strong, And makes the singer glad.
That so what health and strength I have May serve my neighbors best.

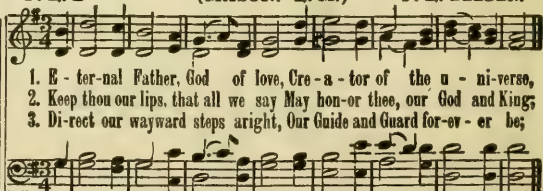
762

KEEP THOU OUR LIPS.

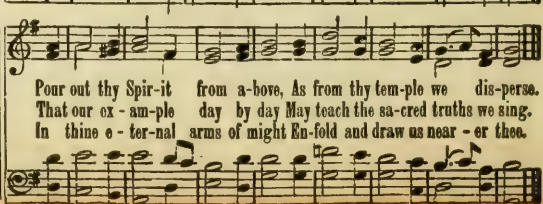
F. E. B

(MASON. L. M.)

F. E. BELDEN.



1. E-ter-nal Father, God of love, Cre-a-tor of the u-ni-verse,
2. Keep thou our lips, that all we say May hon-or thee, our God and King;
3. Di-rect our wayward steps aright, Our Guide and Guard for-ev-er be;



Pour out thy Spir-it from a-bove, As from thy tem-ple we dis-pense.
That our ex-am-ple day by day May teach the sa-cred truths we sing.
In thine e-ter-nal arms of might En-fold and draw us near-er thee.

763

HEAVENLY DOVE.

I. WATTS.

(ST. MARTIN'S. C. M.) WM. TANSUR.

1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, hear'nly Dove, With all thy quick'n'ing pow'rs;
2. O raise our thoughts from things be-low, From van - i - ties and toys!
3. a - wake our souls to joy - ful songs; Let pure de-ro-tions rise;

Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours.
Then shall we with fresh cour-age go To reach e-ter - nal joys.
Till praise employs our thankful tongues, And doubt for-ev - er dies.

764

THE SACRED BOOK.

T. KELLY.

(HAMBURG. L. M.)

GREGORIAN.

1. I love the sa - cred book of God, No oth - er can its place sup - ply;
2. Sweet book! in thee my eyes dis - cern The image of my ab - sent Lord;
3. But while I'm here, thou shalt sup - ply His place, and tell me of his love;

It points me to the saints' a-bode, And bids me from de - struc - tion fly.
From thy instructive page I learn The joys his presence will af - ford.
I'll read with faith's discerning eye, And thus partake of joys a - bove.

765

AMAZING GRACE.

J. NEWTON.

(BELMONT. C. M.)

S. WEBER.

1. Amazing grace! how sweet the sound That saved a wretch like me!
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re - lieved;
3. Thro' man-y dangers, toils, and snares, I have al-read - y come;

I once was lost, but now am found; Was blind, but now I see.
How pre-cious did that grace appear, The hour I first be-lieved!
'Tis grace hath brought me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.

766

HOW PRECIOUS!

J. FAWCETT.

(LAUREL HILL. C. M.)

UNKNOWN.

1. How precious is the book divine, By in - spi-ra-tion giv'n!
2. It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts In this dark vale of tears,
3. This lamp, thro' all the tedious night Of life, shall guide our way,

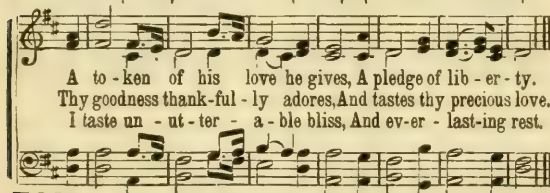
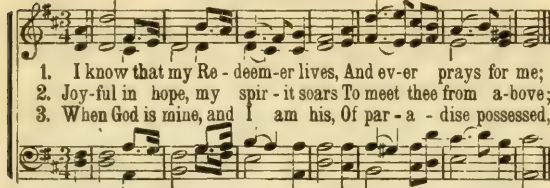
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine, To guide our souls to heav'n.
And life and light and joy impart, To banish all our fears.
Till we be-hold the clearer light Of an e - ter - nal day.

767

MY REDEEMER LIVES.

C. WESLEY.

(BRADFORD. C. M.) G. F. HANDEL.



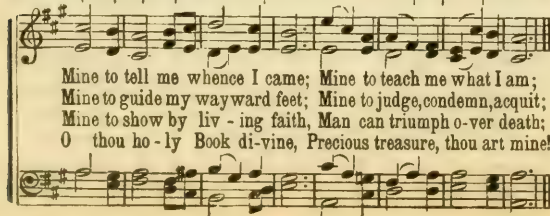
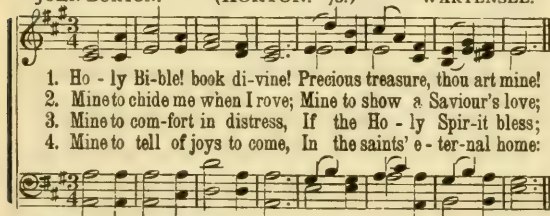
768

BOOK DIVINE.

JOHN BURTON.

(HORTON. 7s.)

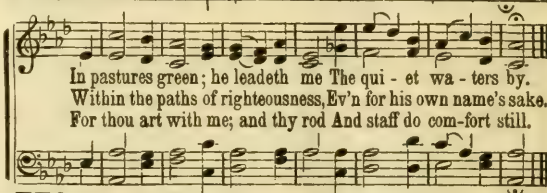
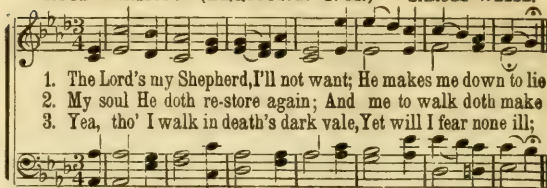
WARTENSEE.



769

MY SHEPHERD.

"ROUS' VERSION," (BELMONT. C. M.) SAMUEL WESBE.



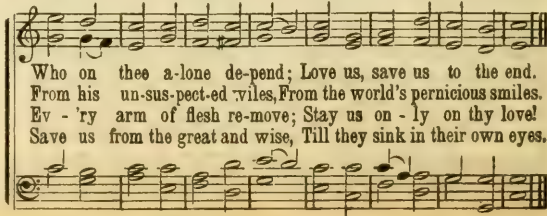
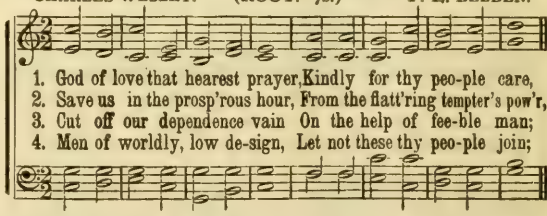
770

GOD, OUR KEEPER.

CHARLES WESLEY.

(ROOT. 7s.)

F. E. BELDEN.



771

ZION, AWAKE!

C. WESLEY.

(HEBER. L. M.)

EDWIN BARNES.

1. Zi-on, awake! thy slumber break; No longer in thy sins lie down;
2. Shake off the dust that blinds thy sight, And hides the promise from thine eyes;
3. Ves-sels of mer-cy, sons of grace, Be purged from ev'ry sin-ful stain;

His garment of sal-va-tion take, His beauty and His strength put on.
A-rise, and struggle in- to light; Thy great Deliv'rer calls, A - rise!
Be like your Lord, his word embrace, Nor bear his hallow'd name in vain.

772

LOVE'S GOLDEN CHAIN.

JOSEPH SWAIN.

(GOLDEN. C. M.)

UNKNOWN.

1. How sweet, how heav'nly is the sight, When those who love the Lord
2. When, free from envy, scorn, and pride, Our wishes all a - bove,
3. Love is the gold-en chain that binds The trusting soul a - bove;

In one an-oth-er's peace de - light, And thus ful-fill his word!
Each can his brother's failings hide, And show a brother's love!
And he's an heir of heav'n who finds His bosom glow with love.

773

PREACH MY GOSPEL.

ISAAC WATTS.

(TRURO. L. M.)

CHARLES BURNBY.

1. "Go, preach my gospel," saith the Lord; "Bid the whole world my grace receive;
2. "I'll make your great commission known, And ye shall prove my gospel true
3. "Teach all the nations my commands; I'm with you till the world shall end;

He shall be saved who trusts my word, And they condemned who disbelieve.
By all the works that I have done, By all the won-ders ye shall do.
All pow'r is vested in my hands; I can de-destroy, and I de-fend."

774

THE DAY IS PAST.

JOHN LELAND.

(VESPER. S. M.)

A. CHAPIN.

1. The day is past and gone, The evening shades appear; 0,
2. Lord, keep us safe this night, Se-cure from all our fears; May
3. When all our days are past, And we from time remove, 0,

may we all re-mem-ber well The night of death draws near.
an-gels guard us while we sleep, Till morning light ap-pears.
may we in thy bos-om rest-The bos-om of thy love.

775 SUN OF MY SOUL.

JOHN KEBLE. (HURSLEY. L. M.) PETER RITTER.

1. Sun of my soul, 0 Sav-our dear! It is not night if thou be near:
 2. When soft the dews of kind-ly sleep My wea-ry eye-lids gen-tly steep,
 3. A-bide with me from morn till eve, For without thee I can-not live;
 4. Be near and bless me when I wake, Ere thro' the world my way I take;

O may no earth-born cloud a-rise To hide thee from thy ser-vant's eyes.
 Be my last thought—how sweet to rest For-er-er on my Saviour's breast!
 Abide with me when night is nigh, For without thee I dare not die.
 Till in the o-cean of thy love I lose my-self in heav'n a-bove.

776 IN THE MORNING.

WATTS. (MEAR. C. M.) AARON WILLIAMS.

1. Lord, in the morn-ing thou shalt hear My voice as-cend-ing high;
 2. O may thy Spir-it guide my feet In ways of right-eous-ness!
 3. The men that love and fear thy name Shall see their hopes ful-filled;

To thee will I di-rect my prayer, To thee lift up mine eye,—
 Make ev-ry path of du-ty straight And plain be-fore my face.
 The might-y God will com-pass them With fa-vor as a shield.

777

THE LIVING LAW.

WATTS. (ROCKINGHAM. L. M.) L. MASON.

1. My blest Re-deem-er and my Lord, I read my du-ty in thy word;
 2. What truth and love thy bos-om fill! What zeal to do thy Father's will!
 3. Cold mountains and the midnight air Witnessed the fer-vor of thy prayer;
 4. Be thou my pattern; make me bear More of thy gra-cious im-age here;

But in thy life the law appears, Drawn out in liv-ing char-ac-ters.
 Such zeal, and truth, and love divine I would transcribe, and make them mine.
 The des-ert thy temptations knew, Thy conflict, and thy vic-t'ry too.
 Then God, the Judge, shall own my name Among the fol-l'wers of the Lamb.

778

SABBATH EVE.

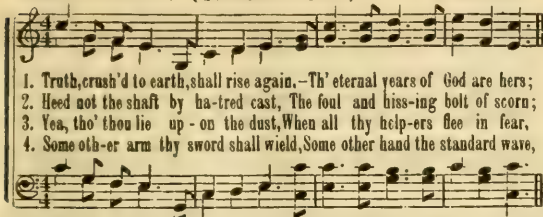
J. EDMESTON. (MALVERN. L. M.) L. MASON.

1. How sweet the light of Sabbath eve! How soft the sunbeams ling'ring there!
 2. Sea-son of rest! the tranquil soul Feels the sweet calm, and melts in love;
 3. Nor will our days of toil be long; Our pilgrimage will soon be trod;

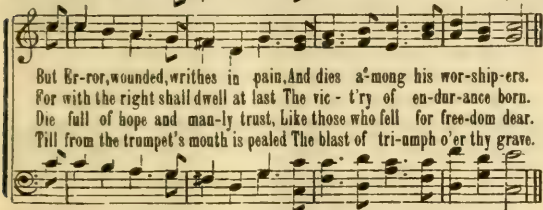
For these blest hours the world I leave, Wafted on wings of faith and pray'r.
 And while these sacred moments roll, Faith sees a smiling heav'n a-bove.
 And we shall join the ceaseless song, The endless Sabbath of our God.

779 TRUTH CRUSHED TO EARTH.

WM. C. BRYANT. (LORENZ. L. M.) F. E. BELDEN.



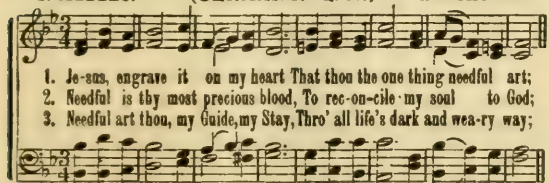
1. Truth, crush'd to earth, shall rise again. - Th' eternal years of God are hers;
2. Heed not the shaft by ha-tred cast, The foul and hiss-ing bolt of scorn;
3. Yea, tho' thou lie up - on the dust, When all thy help-ers flee in fear,
4. Some oth-er arm thy sword shall wield, Some other hand the standard wave,



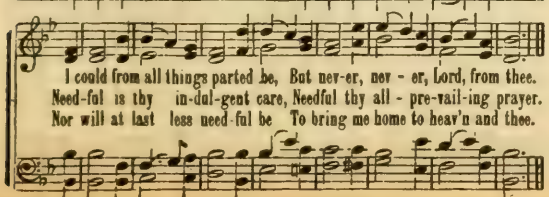
But Er-ror, wounded, writhes in pain, And dies a-mong his wor-ship-ers.
For with the right shall dwell at last The vic - t'ry of en-dur-ance born.
Die full of hope and man-ly trust, Like those who fell for free-dom dear.
Till from the trumpet's mouth is pealed The blast of tri-umph o'er thy grave.

780 THE ONE THING NEEDFUL.

S. MEDLEY. (GERMANY. L. M.) BEETHOVEN.



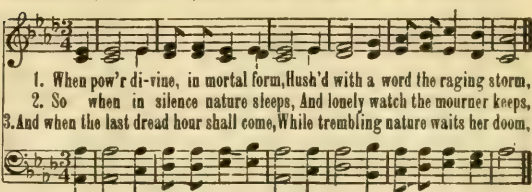
1. Je-sus, engrave it on my heart That thou the one thing needful art;
2. Needful is thy most precious blood, To rec-on-cile my soul to God;
3. Needful art thou, my Guide, my Stay, Thro' all life's dark and wea-ry way;



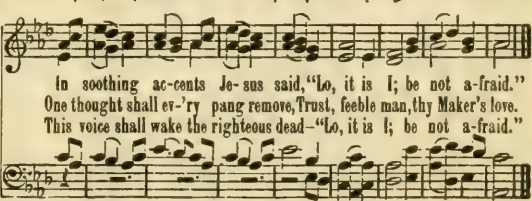
I could from all things parted be, But nev-er, nev - er, Lord, from thee.
Need-ful is thy in-dul-gent care, Needful thy all - pre-vail-ing prayer.
Nor will at last less need-ful be To bring me home to heav'n and thee.

781 BE NOT AFRAID.

SIR F. E. SMITH. (MELITA. L. M.) I. B. WOODBURY.



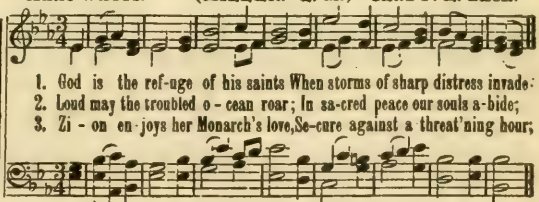
1. When pow'r di-vine, in mortal form, Hush'd with a word the raging storm,
2. So when in silence nature sleeps, And lonely watch the mourner keeps,
3. And when the last dread hour shall come, While trembling nature waits her doom,



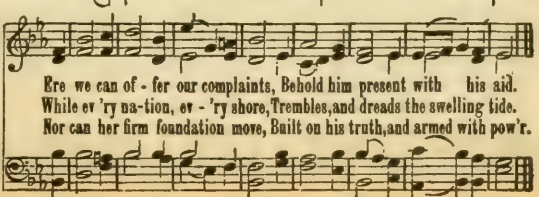
In soothing ac-cents Je-sus said, "Lo, it is I; be not a-fraid."
One thought shall ev-ry pang remove, Trust, feeble man, thy Maker's love.
This voice shall wake the righteous dead - "Lo, it is I; be not a-fraid."

782 GOD, OUR REFUGE.

ISAAC WATTS. (MILLER. L. M.) CARL P. E. BACH.



1. God is the ref-uge of his saints When storms of sharp distress invade:
2. Loud may the troubled o - cean roar; In sa-cred peace our souls a-bide;
3. Zi - on en-joys her Monarch's love, Se-cure against a threat'ning hour;



Ere we can of - fer our complaints, Behold him present with his aid.
While ev'ry na-tion, ev - 'ry shore, Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.
Nor can her firm foundation move, Built on his truth, and armed with pow'r.

783 LEAVE THE REST TO GOD.

(SHIRLEY. 8s & 7s.) EDWIN BARNES.

1. He who seeks the truth, and trembles At the dan-gers he must brave,
 2. Be thou like the no - ble an-cients: Scorn the threat that bids thee fear;
 3. Be thou like the first a - pos-tles, - Be thou like he - ro - ic Paul;
 4. Fear-less - ly face thine ac - cus-ers! Scorn the pris-on, rack, or rod!

Mer - its not the name of Freeman; He at best is but a slave.
 Speak! no mat-ter what be - tide thee; Let them strike, but let them hear.
 If a free thought seeks expression, Speak it bold - ly! speak it all!
 If thou hast a truth to ut - ter, Speak, and leave the rest to God.

784 BE NEAR US.

THOS. KELLY.

(WILMOT. 8s & 7s.) C. M. VON WEBER.

Used by permission.

1. God of our sal - va - tion, hear us; Bless, O bless us, ere we go;
 2. May we live in view of hear - en, Where we hope to see thy face;
 3. As our steps are draw-ing near - er To the place we call our home,

When we join the world, be near us, Lest we cold and care - less grow.
 Let thy Spir-it's light be guid - en, All our hid - den paths to trace.
 May our view of heav'n grow clearer, Hope more bright of joys to come.

785 CONTROL MY WILL.

ANON.

(FLOWER. 7s.) J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Prince of Peace, control my will, Bid this struggling heart be still;
 2. Thou hast bought me with thy blood, Open'd wide the gate to God;
 3. May thy will, not mine, be done, May thy will and mine be one;

Bid my fears and doubtings cease, Hush my spirit in - to peace.
 Peace, I ask, but peace must be, Lord, in be - ing one with thee.
 Chase these doubtings from my heart, Now thy per-fect peace impart.

786 THE PURE IN HEART.

F. E. BELDEN. (SILVERTON. S. M.) EDWIN BARNES.

Used by permission.

1. Blest are the pure in heart, For they our God shall see,
 2. I will be their de-light Who here de - light in me,
 3. No more in thought they err, They're free from ev - 'ry stain;

And from his presence ne'er de-part Thro' all e - ter - ni-ty.
 And they shall walk with me in white Who seek for pu - ri - ty.
 They've wash'd their robes of char-ac-ter, And spot-less they re-main.

787

THINE OWN.

BP. WM. W. HOW. (SHIRLAND. S. M.)

S. STANLEY.

1. We give Thee but thine own, What-e'er the gift may be:
2. To com-fort and to bless, To find a balm for woe,
3. The cap-tive to re-lease, To God the lost to bring,

All that we have is thine a-lone, A trust, O Lord, from thee.
To tend the lone and fath-er-less, Is an-gels' work be-low.
To teach the way of life and peace, It is a Christ-like thing.

788

BE ON THY GUARD.

GEORGE HEATH. (LABAN. S. M.) LOWELL MASON.

1. My soul, be on thy guard! Ten thousand foes a-rise;
2. O watch, and fight, and pray! The bat-tle ne'er give o'er;
3. Ne'er think the vic-try won, Nor lay thine ar-mor down;

The hosts of sin are press-ing hard To draw thee from the skies.
Re-new it bold-ly ev-'ry day And help di-vine implore.
Thy arduous task will not be done Till thou obtain the crown.

789

FIRM AS A ROCK.

ISAAC WATTS.

(DUNDEE. C. M.)

G. FRANC.

1. Un-shak-en as the sa-cred hills, And fix'd as mountains stand;
2. Not walls nor hills could guard so well Fair Sa-lem's hap-py ground,
3. Do good, O Lord, do good to those Who cleave to thee in heart,

Firm as a rock the soul shall rest That trusts th'Al-might-y hand.
As these e-ter-nal arms of love That ex-ry saint sur-round.
Who on thy truth a-lone re-pose, Nor from thy law de-part.

790

ONE LIVING FAITH,

(OLD HUNDRED. L. M.)

G. FRANC.

1. God's law de-mands one liv-ing faith, And not a crowd of life-less creeds;
2. O Lord, for-give—thy ho-ly law Grows tarnish'd in our earth-ly clasp;
3. For-give the sac-ri-lege, and take From ev-'ry soul th'un-ho-ly stain,

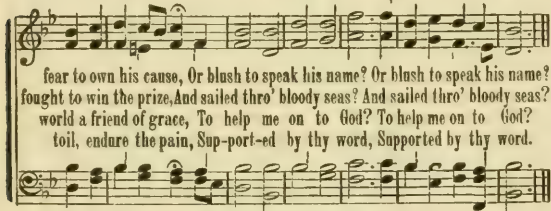
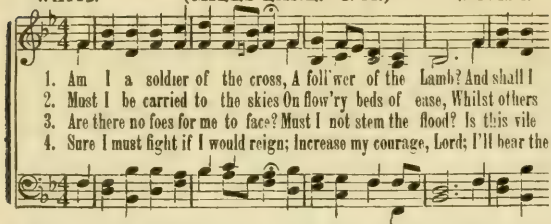
Its war-rant is a firm "God saith;" Its claim not words, but liv-ing deeds.
Pure in it-self, with-out a flaw It dims in our too world-ly grasp.
And help us for thy Son's dear sake, To keep thy per-fect law a-gain.

791 A SOLDIER OF THE CROSS.

WATTS.

(MILES LANE. C. M.)

ENGLISH.

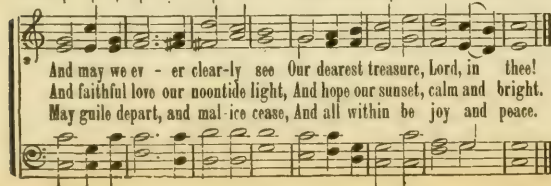
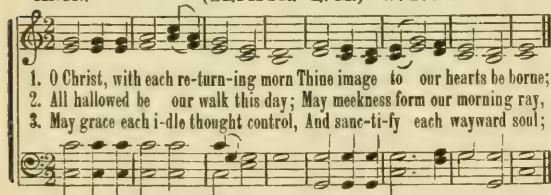


792 EACH RETURNING MORN.

ANON.

(ZEPHYR. L. M.)

W. B. BRADBURY.

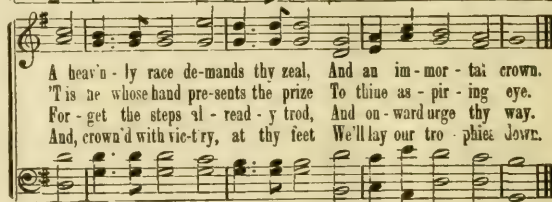
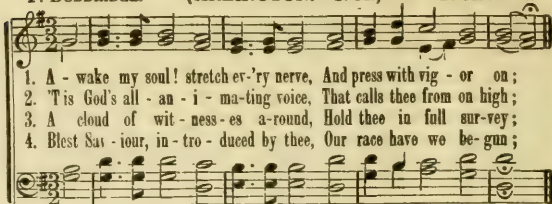


793 STRETCH EVERY NERVE.

P. DODDRIDGE.

(ARLINGTON. C. M.)

THOS. ARNE.

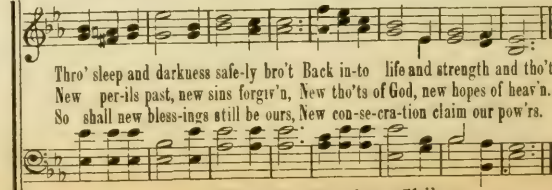
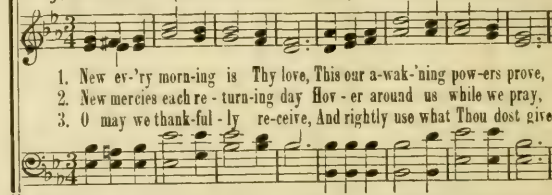


794 NEW EVERY MORNING.

J. KEEBLE.

(STEPHENS L. M.)

INA S. CHILSON.



795 SPEND AND BE SPENT.

H. BONAR. (ALL SAINTS. L. M.) WILLIAM KNAPP.

1. Go, la - bor on; spend and be spent, Thy joy to do the Fa - ther's will;
 2. Go, la - bor on; 'tis not for naught; Thine earthly loss is heav'nly gain;
 3. Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice; For toil comes rest: for ex - ile, home;

It is the way the Master went: Should not the serv - ant tread it still?
 Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not: The Master praises, - what are men?
 Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice, The midnight peal: "Behold, I come!"

796 GENTLY THINK AND SPEAK.

JOHN MONSELL. (NUREMBERG. 7s.) J. R. AHLE.

1. Gently think, and gently speak, Art thou strong? respect the weak;
 2. He who knew the thoughts of men, Gentle was; O let us then
 3. Rain and dews, and sunshine fall, With unbounded love, on all;
 4. Then be gen - tle, O my soul, Thoughts and words a - like control;

Art thou weak? from what thou art, Gently touch an - oth - er's heart.
 Care - ful be in thought and tone, We, who scarce can read our own.
 Shall my narrow heart re - fuse Its poor sun, and rain, and dews?
 If thou must in aught de - cide, Err up - on the gen - tle side.

797 IN LOWLY PATHS.

REV. W. GLADDEN. (BERA. L. M.) JOHN E. GOULD.

1. O Master, let me walk with thee In lowly paths of ser - vice free;
 2. Help me the slow of heart to move By some clear winning word of love;
 3. Teach me thy patience; still with thee In closer, dear - er com - pa - ny,
 4. In hope that sends a shin - ing ray Far down the future's broad'ning way;

Tell me thy se - cret, help me bear The strain of toil, the fret o' care.
 Teach me the wayward feet to stay, And guide them in the homeward way.
 In work that keeps faith sweet and strong, In trust that triumphs o'er wrong;
 In peace that wealth can never give, With thee, O Master, let me live.

798 THOUGH NATURE WEEPS

ANON. (PATMOS. C. M.) GREGORIAN.

1. Love - ly this child, a - sleep in death: - How beautiful and fair!
 2. And if thus fair and love - ly here, Beneath death's i - cy hand,
 3. Tho' nature weeps when holy ties So strongly bound are riv'n,

Yes, e - ven now, tho' void of breath, God's impress still is there.
 O will it not be beauteous there, 'Mid the im - mor - tal band?
 Yet faith the Saviour's word applies, "Of such the realms of heav'n."

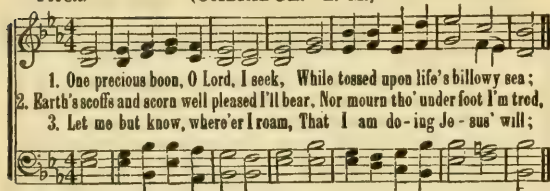
799

THINE APPROBATION

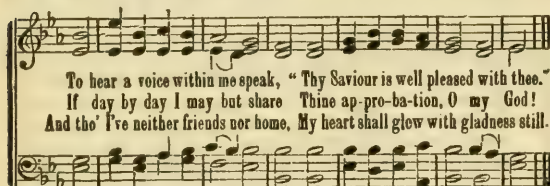
FITCH.

(UXBRIDGE. L. M.)

L. MASON.



1. One precious boon, O Lord, I seek, While tossed upon life's billowy sea;
2. Earth's scoffs and scorn well pleased I'll bear, Nor mourn tho' under foot I'm tread,
3. Let me but know, where'er I roam, That I am do-ing Je-sus' will;



To hear a voice within me speak, "Thy Saviour is well pleased with thee."
If day by day I may but share Thine ap-pro-ba-tion, O my God!
And tho' I've neither friends nor home, My heart shall glow with gladness still.

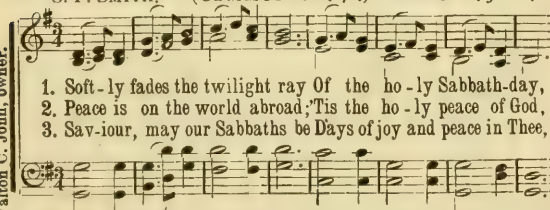
800

SABBATH TWILIGHT.

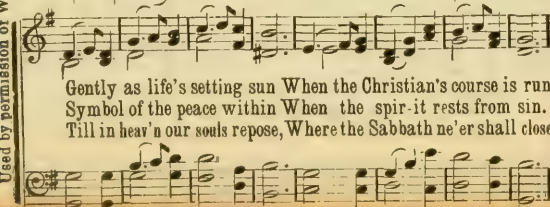
S. F. SMITH.

(COMMUNION. 7s.)

WALTON C. JOHN.



1. Soft-ly fades the twilight ray Of the ho-ly Sabbath-day,
2. Peace is on the world abroad; 'Tis the ho-ly peace of God,
3. Sav-iour, may our Sabbaths be Days of joy and peace in Thee,



Gently as life's setting sun When the Christian's course is run.
Symbol of the peace within When the spir-it rests from sin.
Till in heav'n our souls repose, Where the Sabbath ne'er shall close.

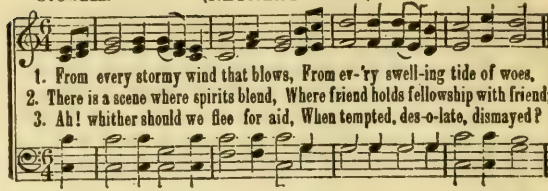
801

THE MERCY SEAT.

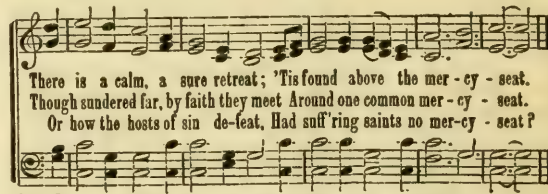
STOWELL.

(RETREAT. L. M.)

HASTINGS.



1. From every stormy wind that blows, From ev-'ry swell-ing tide of woes,
2. There is a scene where spirits blend, Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
3. Ah! whither should we flee for aid, When tempted, des-o-late, dismayed?



There is a calm, a sure retreat; 'Tis found above the mer-cy-seat.
Though sundered far, by faith they meet Around one common mer-cy-seat.
Or how the hosts of sin de-feat, Had suff'ring saints no mer-cy-seat?

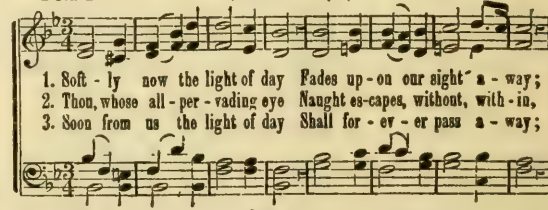
802

COMMUNING WITH THEE.

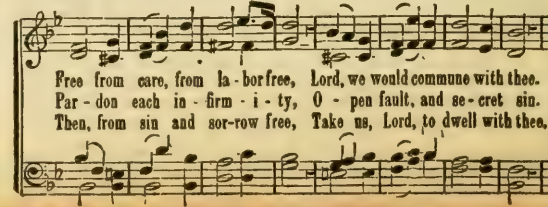
DOANE.

(MERCY. 7s.)

GOTTSCHALK.



1. Soft-ly now the light of day Fades up-on our night-a-way;
2. Thon, whose all-per-vading eye Naught es-ca-apes, without, with-in,
3. Soon from us the light of day Shall for-ev-er pass a-way;



Free from care, from la-bor free, Lord, we would commune with thee.
Par-don each in-firm-i-ty, O-pen fault, and se-cret sin.
Then, from sin and sor-row free, Take us, Lord, to dwell with thee.

803

BLESSED BIBLE.

ANON.

(GRANNIS. 8s & 7s.) W. O. PERKINS.

1. Bless-ed Bi-ble, how I love it! How it doth my bos-om cheer!
 2. 'Tis a fount-ain er-er bursting, Whence the wea-ry may ob-tain
 3. 'Tis a chart that nev-er fail-eth, One which God to man has giv'n;
 4. 'Tis a pearl of price ex-ceed-ing All the gems in o-cean found;

What hath earth like this to cov-er? O, what stores of wealth are here!
 Wa-ter for the soul that's thirsting, That it may not thirst a-gain.
 And tho' oft the storm as-sail-eth, It will guide us safe to hear'n.
 All its sa-cred precepts heed-ing, So shall we in grace a-bound.

804 THOU HAST LEFT US.

S. F. SMITH.

(MT. VERNON. 8s & 7s.)

L. MASON.

1. Sis-ter, thou wast mild and love-ly, Gen-tle as the sum-mer breeze;
 2. Dear-est sis-ter, thou hast left us! Here thy loss we deep-ly feel;
 3. Yet a-gain we hope to meet thee. When this mor-tal life is fled;

Pleas-ant as the air of evening When it floats a-mong the trees.
 But 'tis God that hath be-reft us, He can all our sor-rows heal.
 Then, in heav'n, with joy to greet thee. Where no fare-well tear is shed.

805

GUIDE AND GUARD US.

F. E. B.

(PALMER. 8s. 7s.)

F. E. BELDEN.

1. Guide and guard us, O our Fa-ther, Till an-oth-er Sab-bath-day;
 2. Now we thank Thee for Thy blessing On this sa-cred day of rest,
 3. Ev-'ry day and ev-'ry mo-ment We are safe if Thou art near;
 4. We will trust Thy constant watch-care, For Thou knowest what is best;

Shield us with Thy ho-ly presence, Lead us in the righteous way.
 And for truths which Thou hast shown us In Thy word divinely blest.
 From all danger Thou canst rescue, In our sorrows Thou canst cheer.
 O, for-ev-er guide and guard us, Till we reach our fi-nal rest!

806

THY WILL BE DONE.

T. HASTINGS.

(FERN DELL. 8s. 7s.)

J. B. WOODBURY.

1. Je-sus, while our hearts are bleeding, O'er the spoils that death has won,
 2. Tho' cast down, we're not forsaken; Tho' af-flict-ed, not a-lone;
 3. By Thy hands the boon was given, Thou hast taken but Thine own;

We would at this solemn meeting, Calmly say, "Thy will be done."
 Thou didst give, and Thou hast taken: Blessed Lord, Thy will be done.
 Lord of earth, and God of heaven, Ev-er-more Thy will be done.

807 DAY BY DAY.

JOSIAH CONDER. (SEYMOUR. 7s.) C. M. VON WEBER.

1. Day by day the man-na fell; O to learn this les-son well!
 2. "Day by day," the promise reads, Daily strength for daily needs;
 3. Lord, our times are in thy hand; All our sanguine hopes have plann'd
 4. Thou our dai-ly task shalt give; Day by day to thee we live;

Still by constant mer-cy fed, Give us, Lord, our dai-ly bread.
 Cast fore-bod-ing fears a-way, Take the man-na of to-day.
 To thy wisdom we re-sign, And would mold our wills to thine.
 So shall added years ful-fill Not our own, our Father's will.

808 THY JUDGMENTS ABROAD.

W. BULLOCK. (DOWNS. C. M.) LOWELL MASON.

1. In grief and fear, to thee, O Lord, We now for suc-cor fly;
 2. O look with pit-y on the scene Of sadness and of dread;
 3. With contrite hearts, to thee, our King, We turn who oft have strayed;

Thine awful judgments are a-broad, O shield us, lest we die.
 And let thine an-gel stand between The liv-ing and the dead.
 Ac-cept the sac-ri-fice we bring, And let the plague be stayed.

809 WHAT IS THE CHAFF?

I. WATTS. (WINCHESTER. C. M.) ESTE'S PSALTER.

1. What is the chaff, the word of man, When set against the wheat?
 2. Thy word, O God, with heav'nly bread Thy children doth supply;
 3. 'Tis like a field where hidden lies The pearl of price unknown,

Can it a dy-ing soul sus-tain Like that im-mor-tal meat?
 And those who by thy word are fed, Their souls shall never die.
 And he in-deed is tru-ly wise Who makes this pearl his own.

810 AWAY FROM CARE.

PHOEBE H. BROWN. (BROWN. C. M.) W. B. BRADBURY.

1. I love to steal a-while a-way From ev-ry cumb'ring care,
 2. I love in sol-i-tude to shed The pen-i-ten-tial tear;
 3. I love to think on mer-cies past, And fu-ture good im-plore;
 4. I love by faith to take a view Of brighter scenes to come;

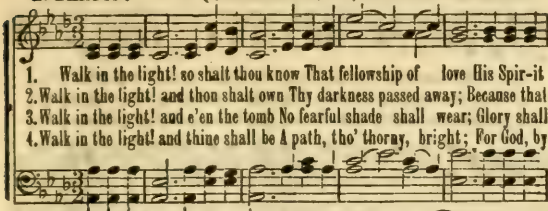
And spend the hours of set-ting day In hum-ble, grateful prayer.
 And all His prom-is-es to plead, Where none but God can hear.
 And all my cares and sorrows cast On Him whom I a-dore.
 The prospect doth my strength renew While here away from home.

811

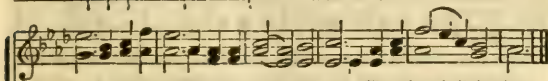
WALK IN THE LIGHT.

B. BARTON.

(CHOPIN. C. M.) I. B. WOODBURY.

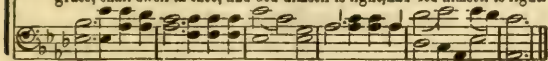


1. Walk in the light! so shalt thou know That fellowship of love His Spir-it
2. Walk in the light! and thou shalt own Thy darkness passed away; Because that
3. Walk in the light! and e'en the tomb No fearful shade shall wear; Glory shall
4. Walk in the light! and shine shall be A path, tho' thorny, bright; For God, by



on-ly can bestow Who reigns in light above, Who reigns in light above.
 light on thee hath shone In which is perfect day, In which is perfect day.
 chase away its gloom, For Christ hath conquered there, For Christ hath conquered there.

grace, shall dwell in thee, And God himself is light, And God himself is light.



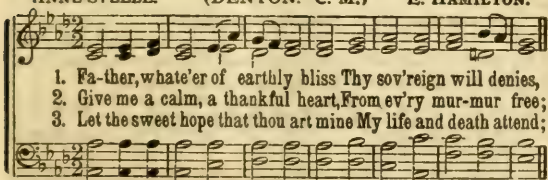
812

A THANKFUL HEART.

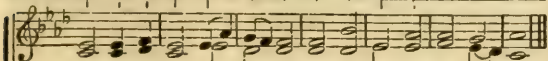
ANNE STEELE.

(DENTON. C. M.)

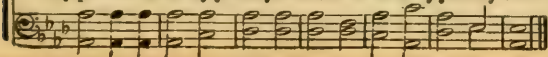
E. HAMILTON.



1. Fa-ther, whate'er of earthly bliss Thy sov'reign will denies,
2. Give me a calm, a thankful heart, From ev'ry mur-mur free;
3. Let the sweet hope that thou art mine My life and death attend;



Ac-cept-ed at thy throne of grace, Let this pe-ti-tion rise:-
 The blessings of thy grace impart, And make me live to thee.
 Thy presence thro' my journey shine, And crown my journey's end.



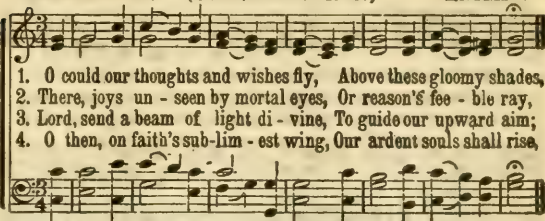
813

ABOVE THESE SHADES.

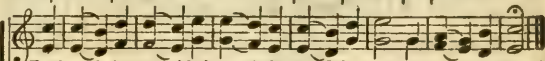
ANNE STEELE.

(COVENTRY. C. M.)

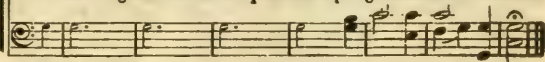
ENGLISH.



1. O could our thoughts and wishes fly, Above these gloomy shades,
2. There, joys un - seen by mortal eyes, Or reason's fee - ble ray,
3. Lord, send a beam of light di - vine, To guide our upward aim;
4. O then, on faith's sub-lim - est wing, Our ardent souls shall rise,



To those bright worlds beyond the sky, Where sorrow ne'er invades!
 In ev - er-bloom-ing pros-pect rise, Exposed to no de-cay.
 With one re - viv - ing look of thine, Our languid hearts inflame.
 To those bright scenes where pleasures spring Immortal in the skies.



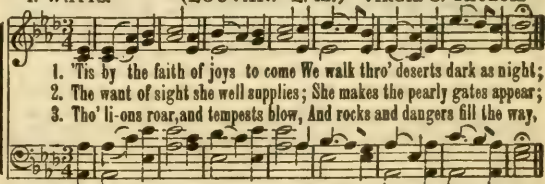
814

WE WALK BY FAITH.

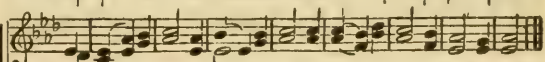
I. WATTS.

(LOUVAN. L. M.)

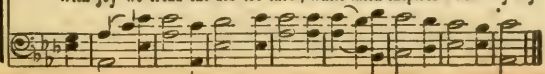
VIRGIL C. TAYLOR.



1. 'Tis by the faith of joys to come We walk thro' deserts dark as night;
2. The want of sight she well supplies; She makes the pearly gates appear;
3. Tho' li-ons roar, and tempests blow, And rocks and dangers fill the way,



Till we arrive at heav'n, our home, Truth is our guide, and faith our light.
 Far in - to distant worlds she pries, And brings e-ter-nal glories near.
 With joy we tread the des-ert thro', While faith inspires a heav'nly ray.

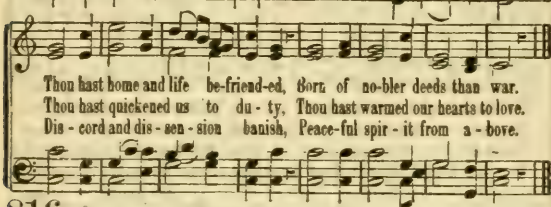
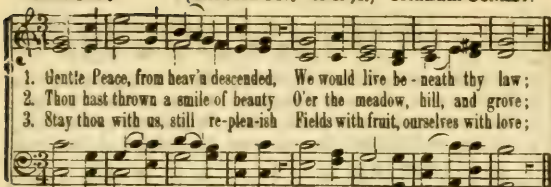


815

GENTLE PEACE.

UNKNOWN.

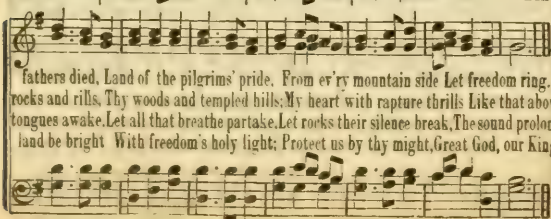
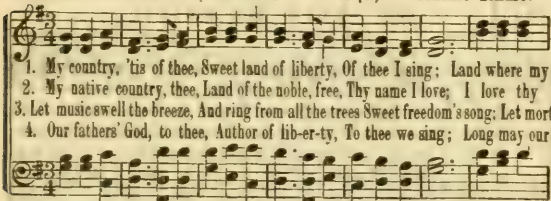
(RATHBUN. 8s & 7s.) ITHAMAR CONKEY.



816

PROTECT US.

REV. SAMUEL SMITH. (AMERICA. 6s & 4s.) HENRY CAREY.

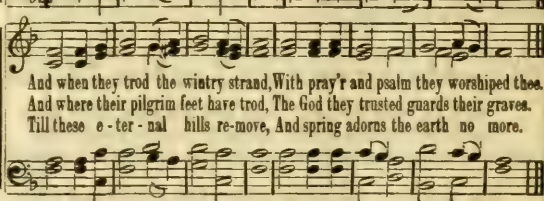
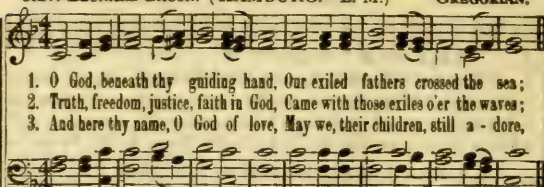


817

OUR EXILED FATHERS.

REV. LEONARD BACON. (HAMBURG. L. M.)

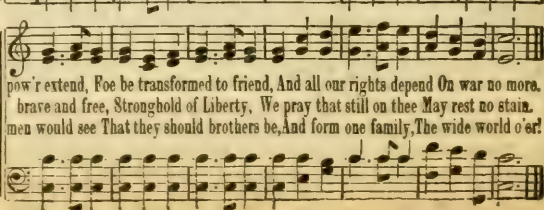
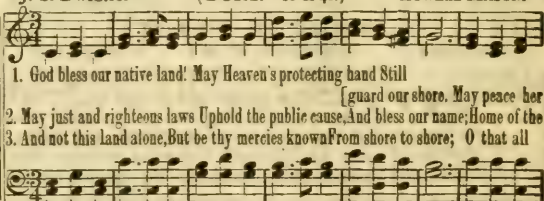
GREGORIAN.



818

BROTHERHOOD OF MEN.

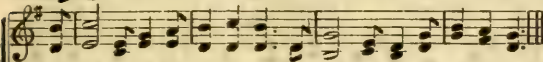
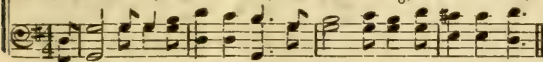
J. S. DWIGHT. (DORT. 6s & 4s.) LOWELL MASON.



819 F. E. B. LET US WORK TOO. F. E. BULDEN.



1. The Lord worketh, let us work too; In his vine-yard there's much to do,
2. The world mor-eth, let us more too, The Sun's glo-ry that we may view.
3. The wrong speaketh, let us speak too; The worst er-ror is bright with dew;
4. The Christ liv-eth, let us live too, From death waking, his work to do.

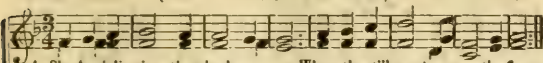


And souls per-ish for need of you: The Lord work-eth, let us work too.
From night turning to day-dawn new: The world mor-eth, let us more too.
Shall truth slumber the whole day thro'? The wrong speaketh, let us speak too.
With hearts lov-ing and pure and true: The Christ liv-eth, let us live too.

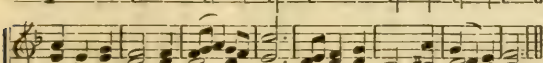
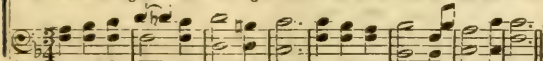


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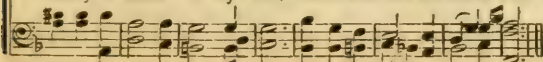
820 SHEPHERD DIVINE. F. E. BULDEN. (WINTERBOURNE, L. M.) EDWIN BARNES.



1. Shepherd di-vine, thou lead-est me Where the still wa-ters gen-tly flow;
2. In dan-ger's hour thou bid-est me, Safe from the foe of thy dear flock;
3. When chill-ing dews of eve-ing fall, Then to the fold thou bidst me come;

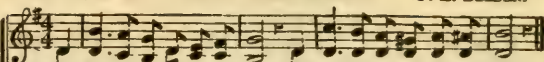


In pas-tures fair thou feed-est me: I trust thy love, no want I know.
At sul-try noon thou guid-est me To rest be-side the cool-ing rock.
Gladly I hasten at thy call: Sweet is the voice that calls me home.

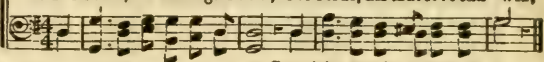


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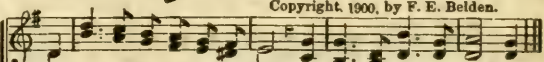
821 F. E. B. FOR JESUS. F. E. BULDEN.



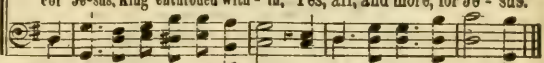
1. For Je-sus, all my morning hours, For Je-sus, all my noon-day pow'rs,
2. For Je-sus, all the songs I sing, For Je-sus, all the praise I bring,
3. For Je-sus, all the gold he lends, For Je-sus, all the strength he sends,
4. For Je-sus, all who sigh in sin, For Je-sus, all that love can win,



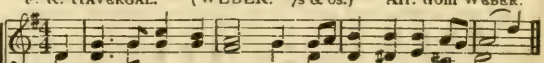
Copyright, 1900, by F. E. Belden.



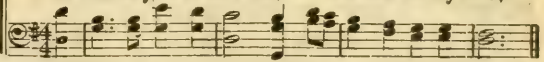
For Je-sus, evening's gathered flow'rs, - For Je-sus, all for Je-sus.
For Je-sus, - he who bore death's sting, - My Je-sus; all for Je-sus.
For Je-sus, heart and home and friends, - For Je-sus, all for Je-sus.
For Je-sus, King enthroned with-in, Yes; all, and more, for Je-sus.



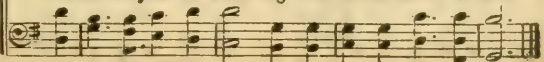
822 ANOTHER YEAR. F. R. HAVERGAL. (WEBER, 75 & 65.) Arr. from WEBER.



1. An-oth-er year is dawn-ing! Dear Mas-ter, let it be
2. An-oth-er year of mer-cies, Of faith-fulness and grace,
3. An-oth-er year of serv-ice, Of wit-ness for thy love;



In work-ing or in wait-ing, An-oth-er year with thee.
An-oth-er year of gladness, - The shin-ing of thy face.
An-oth-er year of train-ing For hol-ier work a-bove.



823 KEEP ME CALM.

(LAMBETH. C. M.)

H. BONAR.

(Or sing to 827.)

S. WEBBE.

1. Calm me, my God, and keep me calm, Re-clin-ing on Thy breast;
 2. Yes, keep me calm, tho' loud and rude The sounds my ear that greet,—
 3. Calm in the hour of buoyant health, Calm in the hour of pain,
 4. Calm in the suf-fer-ance of wrong, Like Him who bore my sname;
 5. Calm as the ray of sun or star, Which storms assail in vain,

Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm, And bid my spir-it rest.
 Calm in the clos-et's sol-i-tude, Calm in the bustling street;
 Calm in my pov-er-ty or wealth, Calm in my loss or gain;
 Calm 'mid the threat'ning, taunting throng, Who hate Thy holy name;
 Moving un-ruffled thro' earth's war, Th'e-ter-nal calm to gain.

824 HIS PROTECTION.

(TRUST. 8s, 7s.)

J. MONTGOMERY.

(Or sing to 831.)

MENDELSSOHN.

1. Call Je-ho-vah thy salvation, Rest beneath th' Almighty's shade;
 2. Since, with pure and firm affection Thou on God hast set thy love,
 3. Thou shalt call on Him in trouble, He will hearken, He will save;

In His se-cret hab-i-ta-tion Dwell, and never be dismayed.
 With the wings of His protection He will shield thee from above.
 For thy grief reward thee double, Crown with life beyond the grave. Amen.

825 THE PLACE OF PRAYER.

N. J. SQUIRES.

(ERNAN. I. M.)

L. MASON.

1. O bless-ed hour, when ev-'ning comes, And calls us
 2. With one ac-cord we gath-er here, Our wants make
 3. Our faith in-crease, our fears re-move, Make strong the
 4. No want have we Thou canst not fill, No need but

to our place of pray'r! With joy-ful heart our
 known, our sins con-fess; Dear Sav-iour, wilt Thou
 weak, the help-less raise; May ev-'ry heart now
 Thou canst ful-ly meet; May we o-bey Thy

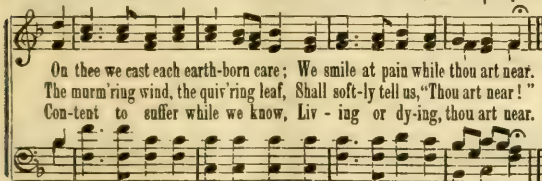
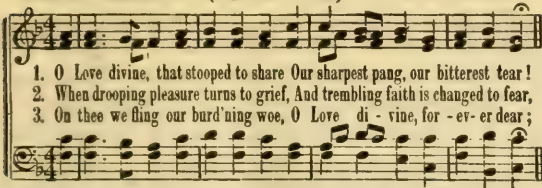
feet we turn To meet Thee and Thy chil-dren there.
 now ap-pear And bless, as on-ly Thou canst bless.
 feel Thy love, And ev-'ry tongue speak forth Thy praise.
 gra-cious will, And find our lives in Thee com-plete.

826

THOU ART NEAR.

OLIVER W. HOLMES. (YORK. L. M.)

EDWIN BARNES.



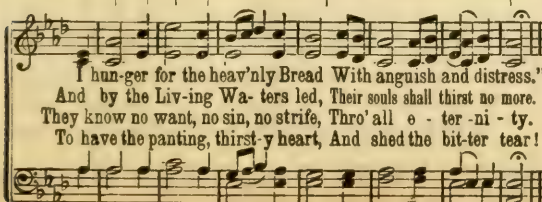
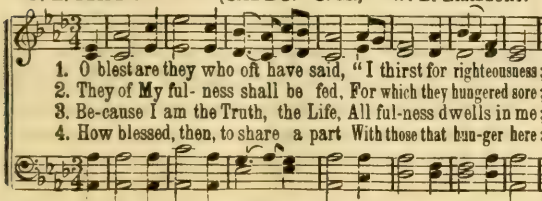
827

THY RIGHTEOUSNESS.

F. E. BELDEN.

(CADDO. C. M.)

W. B. BRADBURY.



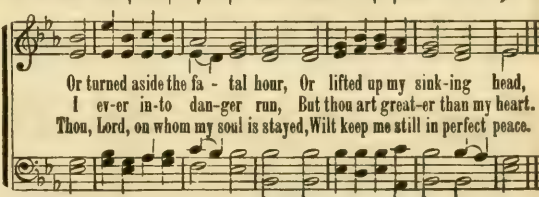
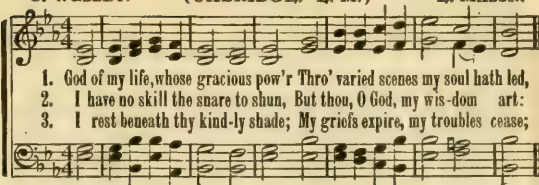
828

GOD OF MY LIFE.

C. WESLEY.

(UXBRIDGE. L. M.)

L. MASON.



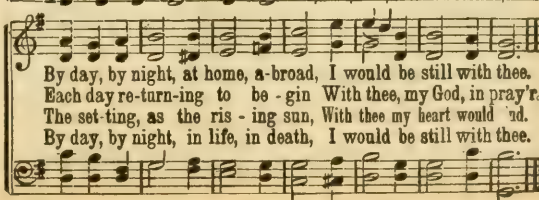
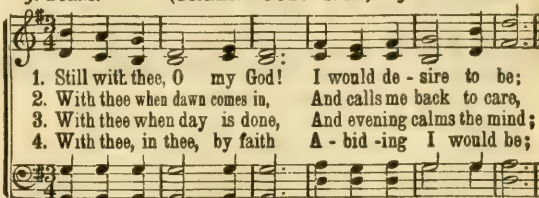
829

STILL WITH THEE.

J. BURNS.

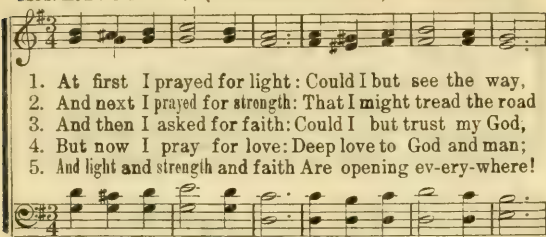
(GREENWOOD. S. M.)

J. E. SWEETSER.

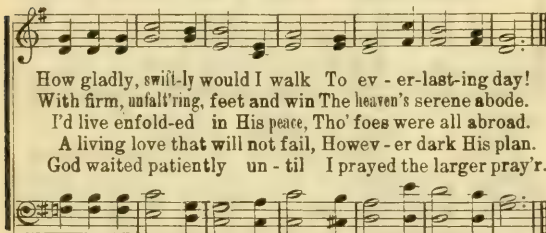


830 THE LARGER PRAYER.

Mrs. E. D. CHENEY. (WOOLWICH. S. M.) C. E. KETTLE.



1. At first I prayed for light: Could I but see the way,
2. And next I prayed for strength: That I might tread the road
3. And then I asked for faith: Could I but trust my God,
4. But now I pray for love: Deep love to God and man;
5. And light and strength and faith Are opening ev-ery-where!

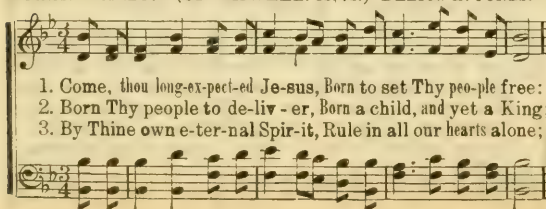


- How gladly, swift-ly would I walk To ev-er-last-ing day!
 With firm, unfalt'ring, feet and win The heaven's serene abode.
 I'd live enfold-ed in His peace, Tho' foes were all abroad.
 A living love that will not fail, How ev-er dark His plan.
 God waited patiently un-til I prayed the larger pray'r.

(Or sing to "St. Thomas," No. 754.)

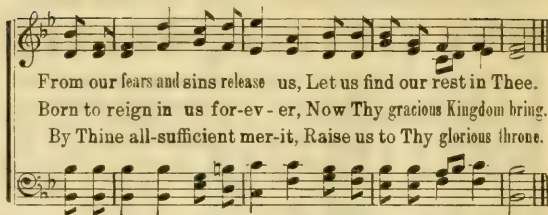
831 REST IN THEE.

CHAS. WESLEY. (STOCKWELL. 8s, 7s.) DARIUS E. JONES.



1. Come, thou long-ex-pect-ed Je-sus, Born to set Thy peo-ple free:
2. Born Thy people to de-liv-er, Born a child, and yet a King;
3. By Thine own e-ter-nal Spir-it, Rule in all our hearts alone;

REST IN THEE.—Concluded.

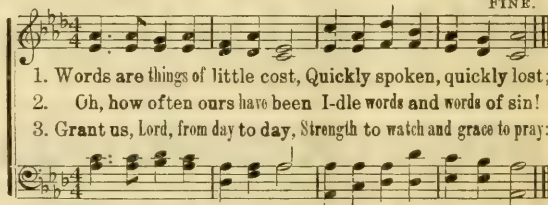


- From our fears and sins release us, Let us find our rest in Thee.
 Born to reign in us for-ev-er, Now Thy gracious Kingdom bring.
 By Thine all-sufficient mer-it, Raise us to Thy glorious throne.

832 OUR WORDS.

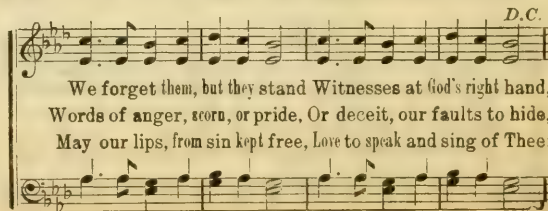
(SPANISH HYMN. 7s, 6 lines.)

Spanish.
FINE.



1. Words are things of little cost, Quickly spoken, quickly lost;
2. Oh, how often ours have been I-dle words and words of sin!
3. Grant us, Lord, from day to day, Strength to watch and grace to pray:

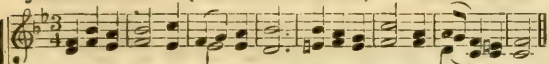
- D.C. And their testi-mo-ny bear For us or against us there.
 2. Envious tales, or strife unkind, Leaving bitter thoughts behind.
 3. Till in hear'n we learn to raise Hymns of ev-er-lasting praise.



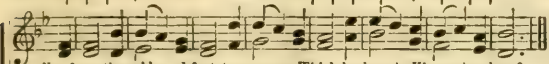
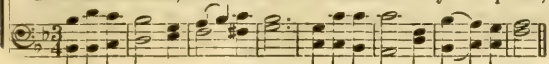
- We forget them, but they stand Witnesses at God's right hand,
 Words of anger, scorn, or pride, Or deceit, our faults to hide,
 May our lips, from sin kept free, Love to speak and sing of Thee;

833 HOW SHALL I COPY HIM?

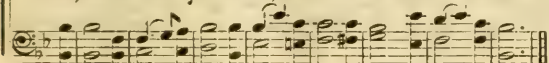
JOSIAH CONDER. (GERMANY. L. M.) BEETHOVEN.



1. How shall I fol-low Him I serve? How shall I cop-y Him I love?
2. Lord, should my path thro' sun' ringlie, Forbid that I should e'er re-pine;
3. O let me think now Thou didst leave Thy hear'nly home of pure delights,
4. All this Thou didst, then died for me! Thou camest not Thyself to please;



Nor from those blessed footsteps swerve Which lead me to His seat a-bove?
Still let me turn to Cal-va-ry, Nor heed my grief, rememb'ring Thine.
To fast, to faint, to watch, to grieve, Thro' toilsome days, thro' lonely nights!
And, dear tho' earthly comforts be, Shall I not love Thee more than these?

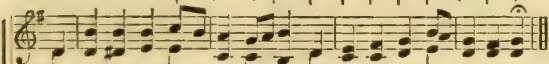


834 SPEAK, THAT I MAY SPEAK.

F. R. HAVERGAL. (CANONBURY. L. M.) Arr. from SCHUMANN.



1. Lord, speak to me, that I may speak In liv-ing ech-oes of Thy tone;
2. O lead me, Lord, that I may lead The wand'ring and the war'ring feet;
3. O strengthen me, that while I stand Firm on the Rock, and strong in Thee,



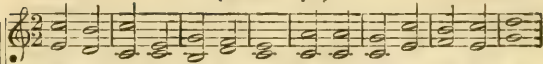
As Thou hast sought, so let me seek Thy erring children lost and lone.
O feed me, Lord, that I may feed Thy hung'ring ones with manna sweet.
I may stretch out a loving hand To wrestlers with the troubled sea.



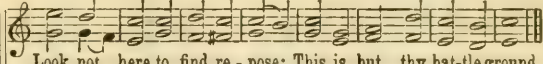
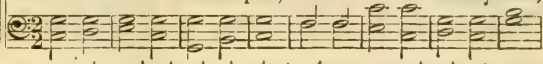
835

SLEEP NOT.

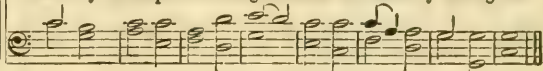
ANON. (ROOT. 7s.) F. E. BELDEN.



1. Sleep not, sol-dier of the cross; Foes are lurk-ing all a-round;
2. Up, and take thy shield and sword; Up, it is the call of heav'n;
3. Break thro' all the force of ill, Tread the might of passion down,
4. Thro' the midst of toil and pain, Let this tho't ne'er leave thy breast,

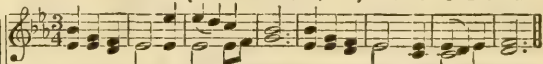


Look not here to find re-pose; This is but thy bat-tle-ground.
Shrink not faithless from thy Lord, No-bly strive as He hath striv'n.
Strug-gle onward, onward still, To the conqu'ring Saviour's crown.
Ev-ry triumph thou dost gain Makes more sweet thy coming rest.

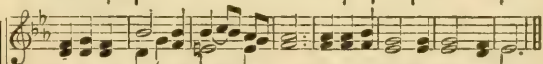
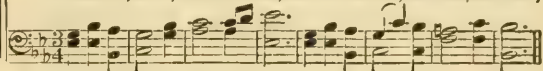


836 TEACH ME, THAT I MAY TEACH.

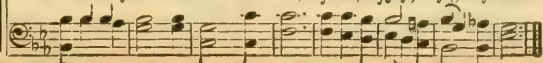
F. R. HAVERGAL. (NOCTURN. L. M.) F. H. BURSTALL.



1. O teach me, Lord, that I may teach The precious things Thou dost impart;
2. O fill me with Thy fulness, Lord, Un-til my ver-y heart o'er-flow
3. O use me, Lord, use e-ven me, Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where;



And wing my words, that they may reach The hidden depths of many a heart.
In kindly tho't and glowing word, Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.
Un-til Thy blessed face I see, Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.



Copyright, 1886, by F. E. Belden.

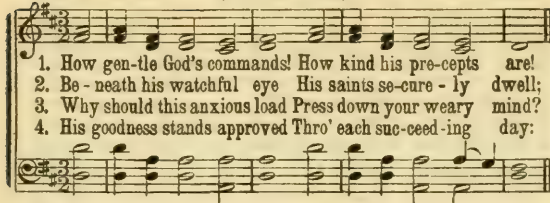
837

TRUST HIS CARE.

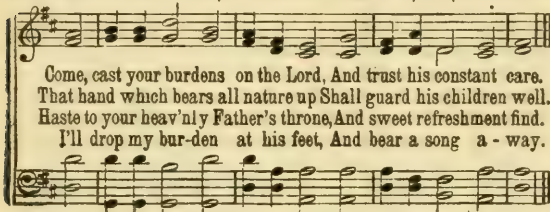
P. DODDRIDGE.

(DOVE, S. M.)

W. B. BRADBURY.



1. How gen-tle God's commands! How kind his pre-cepts are!
2. Be-neath his watchful eye His saints se-cure-ly dwell;
3. Why should this anxious load Press down your weary mind?
4. His goodness stands approved Thro' each suc-ceed-ing day:



Come, cast your burdens on the Lord, And trust his constant care.
That hand which bears all nature up Shall guard his children well.
Haste to your heav'nly Father's throne, And sweet refreshment find.
I'll drop my bur-den at his feet, And bear a song a-way.

838

SPIRIT OF TRUTH.

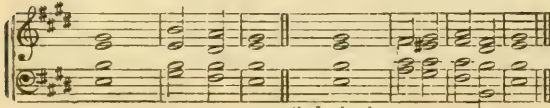
(Sing to 837 or 750.)

- 1 Spirit of truth and might, 'Tis Thou alone canst teach
Both young and old to use aright The wondrous power of speech.
- 2 The tongue can no man tame; It is a deadly ill;
And hence Thy gracious aid we claim, To bend it to Thy will.
- 3 May all our words below Be prompted by Thy love,
Till we are called to hear and know The speech of saints above.

HENRY TWELLS.

839

BLESS AND KEEP US.



1. The Lord bless us and keep us; { the Lord make
His face shine } gracious un-to us;
2. { The Lord lift up } up-on us, { upon us, and be
His countenance } and give . . us . . peace.

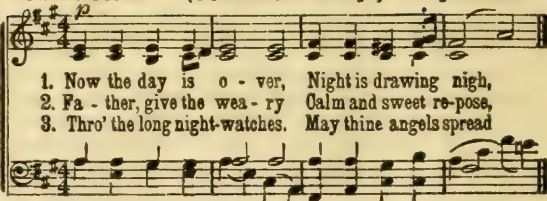
840

REPOSE.

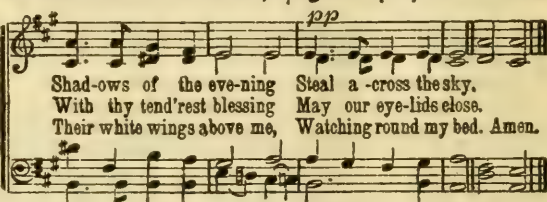
BARING-GOULD.

(GUIDANCE, 6s & 5s.)

J. BARNBY.



1. Now the day is o-ver, Night is drawing nigh,
2. Fa-ther, give the wea-ry Calm and sweet re-pose,
3. Thro' the long night-watches. May thine angels spread



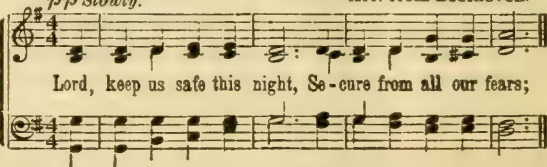
Shad-ows of the eve-ning Steal a-cross the sky.
With thy tend'rest blessing May our eye-lids close.
Their white wings above me, Watching round my bed. Amen.

841

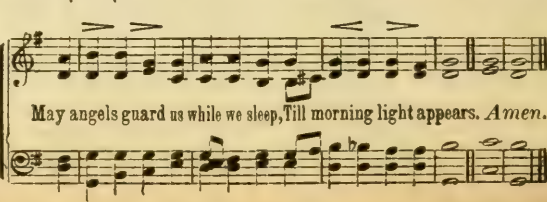
KEEP US SAFE THIS NIGHT.

pp Slowly.

Arr. from Beethoven.



Lord, keep us safe this night, Se-cure from all our fears;



May angels guard us while we sleep, Till morning light appears. Amen.

THOS. R. TAYLOR.

(OAK. 6s & 4s.)

LOWELL MASON.

1. I'm but a stran-ger here, Heav'n is my home; } Danger and sorrow stand
 { Earth is a des-ert drear, Heav'n is my home;

Round me on ev'-ry hand, Heav'n is my Fa-therland, Heav'n is my home.

2 What though the tempest rage,
 Heaven is my home;
 Short is my pilgrimage,
 Heaven is my home.
 Time's cold and wintry blast
 Soon will be overpast:
 I shall reach home at last;
 Heaven is my home.

3 There at my Saviour's side,
 Heaven is my home,
 I shall be glorified,
 Heaven is my home.
 There 'll be the good and best,
 Those I love most and best;
 There, too, I soon shall rest;
 Heaven is my home.

843 WORK TILL JESUS COMES.

MRS. E. MULLS.

(LAND OF REST. C. M.)

WM. MILLER.

1. O land of rest, for thee I sigh; When will the moment come? [home?
 When I shall lay my armor by, And (Omit.) dwell with Christ at

Chorus.

We'll work till Jesus comes, We'll work till Jesus comes,
 We'll work We'll work - - - And we'll be gathered home.

2 No tran-quil joys on earth I know,
 No peaceful, shel-ter'd home;
 This world's a wilderness of woe,
 This world is not my home.

3. When by affliction sharply tried,
 Faith tells of scenes to come,—
 Those endless joys prepared above,—
 And then I sigh for home.

844 I WILL NOT LET THEE GO.

J. FAWCETT.

(PERSEVERANCE. C. M. D.)

UNKNOWN.

1. Thou coming One, our wants relieve! In this our evil day;
 To all thy tempted followers give the pow'r to watch [Long as our fiery trials last.
 [and pray.

Long as the cross we bear, O may our souls on thee be cast, In all-prevailing pray'r.

2. The pow'r of interceding grace
 Give us in faith to claim;
 To wrestle till we see thy face,
 And know thy hidden name.
 Till then thy perfect love impart;
 Till thou appear below
 Be this the cry of ev'ry heart,—
 "I will not let thee go."

3. I will not let thee go, unless
 Thou tell thy name to me;
 With all thy great salvation bless,
 And make me all like thee.
 Then shall I on the mountain-top
 Behold thy open face,
 Where faith in sight is swallowed up,
 And prayer in joyful praise.

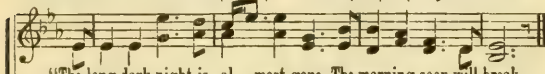
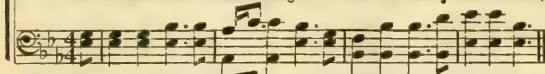
845 HOW FAR FROM HOME?

ANNIE R. SMITH.

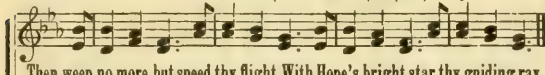
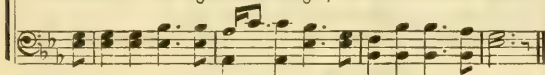
ARRANGED.



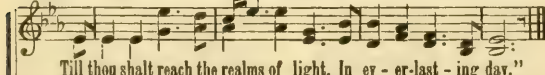
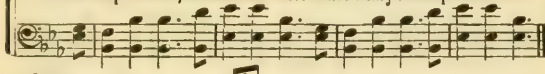
1. How far from home? I asked, as on I bent my steps—the watchman spake:
2. I asked the war-rior on the field: This was his soul-inspiring song:
3. I asked a-gain; earth, sea, and sun Seemed, with one voice, to make reply:
4. Not far from home! O blessed thought! The trav'ler's lonely heart to cheer;



"The long, dark night is al - most gone, The morning soon will break.
"With courage, bold, the sword I'll wield, The bat-tle is not long.
"Time's wasting sands are near - ly run, E - ter - ni - ty is nigh.
Which oft a heal-ing balm has brought, And dried the mourner's tear.



Then weep no more, but speed thy flight, With Hope's bright star thy guiding ray,
Then weep no more, but well en-dure The con-flict, till thy work is done;
Then weep no more—with warning tones Portentious signs are thick'ning round,
Then weep no more, since we shall meet Where weary footsteps never roam—



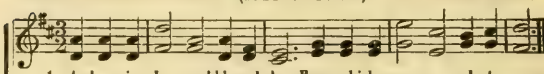
Till thou shalt reach the realms of light, In ev - er - last - ing day."
For this we know, the prize is sure, When vic - to - ry is won."
The whole cre-a - tion, wait - ing, groans, To hear the trumpet sound."
Our tri - als past, our joys complete, Safe in our Father's home.



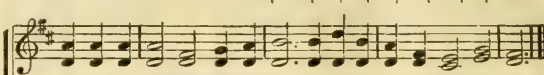
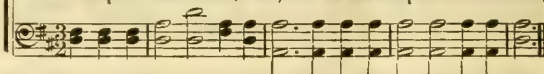
846

ASLEEP IN JESUS.

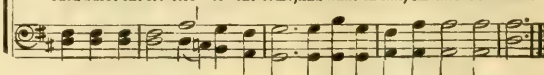
MARGARET MACKAY. (REST. L. M.) W. B. BRADBURY.



1. A-sleep in Je - sus! blessed sleep From which none ev-er wake to weep;
2. A-sleep in Je - sus! O how sweet To be for such a slumber meet!
3. A-sleep in Je - sus! Peaceful rest, Whose waking is supremely blest;
4. A-sleep in Je-sus! Soon to rise, When the last trump shall read the skies;



A calm and un-dis-turbed re-pose, Unbroken by the last of foes.
With ho - ly con - fi - dence to rest In hope of be-ing ev - er blest.
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour That manifests the Saviour's pow'r.
Then burst the fet-ters of the tomb, And wake in full, im-mor-tal bloom.



847

(Music, No. 845)

- 1 A thrilling cry—we hear the sound;
The faithful watchmen lift their voice;
From land to land the world around—
It bids the saints rejoice:
Ye pilgrims, rise, break forth and sing
The glorious coming of your King;
The thrilling cry—we hear it sound,
"Prepare to meet your Lord."
- 2 Blow, watchmen, blow the certain
sound,
For dark and dangerous is the night;
And daring scoffers gather round—
The evil servants smite.
- Ye faithful ones, the strict watch keep.
With lamps well trimmed, and do not sleep—
The thrilling cry—we hear it sound,
"Prepare to meet your Lord."
- 3 In earth's dark hour God's word gives
light,
Its rays dispel the thickening gloom;
The path to glory now is bright—
The Bridegroom soon will come.
Then lift your voices, saints, and sing
Your sweetest strains to Zion's King—
The thrilling cry—we hear it sound,
"Prepare to meet your Lord."

ANON.

PART IV.

The Home Eternal.

848

WE SHALL MEET.

JOHN ATKINSON.

ff

pp

ff

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. We shall meet beyond the riv-er, By and by, by and by; And the darkness shall be o-ver, By and by, by and by;
 2. We shall strike the harps of glory, By and by, by and by; We shall sing redemption's story, By and by, by and by;
 3. We shall see and be like Jesus, By and by, by and by; Who a crown of life will give us, By and by, by and by;
 4. There our tears shall all cease flowing, By and by, by and by; And with sweetest rapture knowing, By and by, by and by,

With the toilsome jour-ney done, And the glorious bat - tle won, We shall shine forth as the sun, By and by, by and by.
 And the strains for-ev - er - more Shall resound in sweetness o'er Yon-der ev - er-last-ing shore, By and by, by and by.
 And the an-gels who ful - fil All the mandates of His will Shall attend, and love us still, By and by, by and by.
 All the loved ones, part - ed long, We with shoutings shall re-join In that land of life and song, By and by, by and by.

MY SAVIOUR FIRST OF ALL.

FANNY J. CROSEY.

JOHN R. SWENEY.

(May be used as male quartet, first tenor taking alto notes as if written an octave higher.)

1. When my life - work is end - ed, and I cross the swell - ing tide, When "this mor - tal puts on
 2. O, the soul - thrill - ing rap - ture when I view his bless - ed face, And the lus - ter of his
 3. O, the dear ones de - part - ed! How the ten - der mem' - ries come, As the fare - well at the
 4. Thro' the gates to the cit - y, in a robe of spot - less white, He will lead me where no

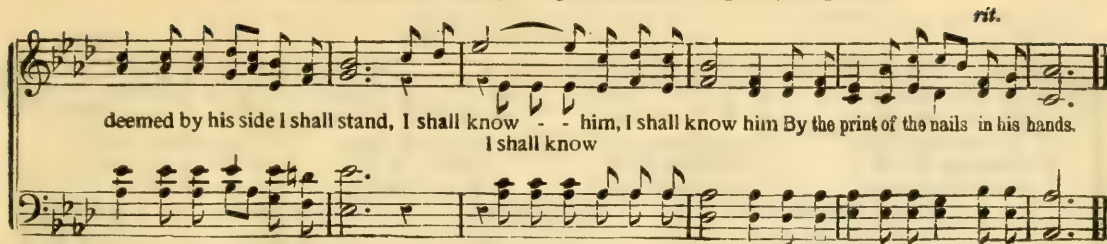
im - mor - tal - i - ty;" I shall know my Re - deem - er when I reach the oth - er side, And his
 kind - ly beam - ing eye; How my full heart will praise him for the mer - cy, love, and grace, That pre -
 riv - er I re - call; In the sweet vales of E - den we shall meet no more to roam, But I
 tears shall ev - er fall; In the glad song of a - ges I shall min - gle with de - light; But I

CHORUS.

smile will be the first to wel - come me. I shall know - - him, I shall know him As re -
 pares for me a mansion in the sky.
 long to see my Sa - viour first of all.
 long to meet my Sa - viour first of all. I shall know

MY SAVIOUR FIRST OF ALL.—CONCLUDED.

rit.



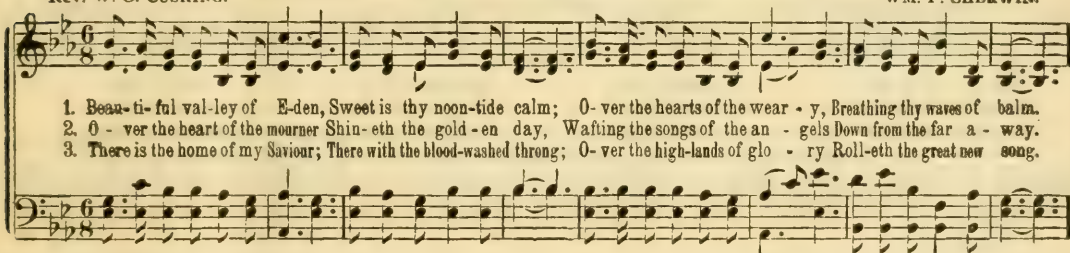
deemed by his side I shall stand, I shall know - - him, I shall know him By the print of the nails in his hands.
I shall know

850

BEAUTIFUL VALLEY OF EDEN.

"He will make her wilderness like Eden, and her desert like the garden of the Lord."—Isa. 51: 3.
Rev. W. O. CUSHING.

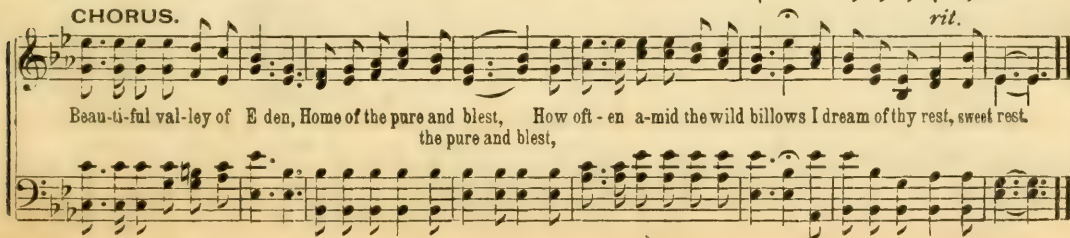
WM. F. SHERWIN.



1. Beau-ti-ful val-ley of E-den, Sweet is thy noon-tide calm; O- ver the hearts of the wear - y, Breathing thy waves of balm.
2. O - ver the heart of the mourner Shin-eth the gold-en day, Wafting the songs of the an - gels Down from the far a - way.
3. There is the home of my Saviour; There with the blood-washed throng; O- ver the high-lands of glo - ry Roll-eth the great new song.

CHORUS.

rit.



Beau-ti-ful val-ley of E den, Home of the pure and blest, How oft - en a-mid the wild billows I dream of thy rest, sweet rest.
the pure and blest,

THE BEAUTIFUL BEYOND.

F. E. B.

"Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth, is mount Zion, on the sides of the north,
the city of the great King."—Ps. 48: 2.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. A - bove the clouds - - - that veil the blue, - - - Be - yond the stars - - - that glimmer through,
 2. The stream of life - - - with ceaseless flow, - - - The ho - ly joy - - - that an - gels know,
 3. The flow'rs that sleep - - - neath winter's snow. - - - The loved ones lost - - - to us be - low,

A - bove the clouds that veil the blue, Beyond the stars that glimmer thro',

There is a home - - - un - known to care, - - - Its gates a - jar - - - in - vite me there. - - -
 The gold - en harp, - - - the song di - vine, - - - The spot - less robe - - - Faith calls them mine. - - -
 The voic - es hush'd - - - that used to sing, - - - We'll find them all - - - where Christ is King.

REFRAIN.

O home of beau - ty. free from sor - row! O ev - er - last - ing glad to - mor - row!
 beau - ti - ful beyond! beau - ti - ful beyond!

THE BEAUTIFUL BEYOND.—CONCLUDED.

rit.

Faith swings the pearl-y por - tal wide, Love calls me to his side.
Faith swings the por tal wide, Love calls me to my Father's side (my Father's side).

852

JEWELS.

REV. W. O. CUSHING.

"And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when
I make up my jewels."—Mal. 3: 17.

GEO. F. ROOT.

Moderato.

1. When He com-eth, when he com-eth To make up his jew-els, All his jewels, precious jewels, His loved and his own,
2. He will gath-er, he will gath-er The gems for his kingdom, All the pure ones, all the bright ones, His loved and his own.
3. Lit - tle children, lit-tle children Who love their Re - deem-er, Are the jew-els, precious jewels, His loved and his own.

CHORUS.

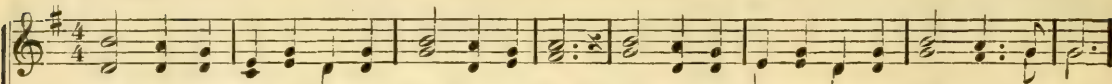
Like the stars of the morning, His bright crown a - dorn-ing, They shall shine in their beauty, Bright gems for his crown.

WHEN JESUS COMES.

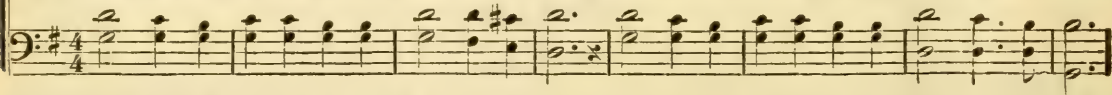
P. P. B.

"Unto them that look for him shall he appear the second time, without sin, unto salvation."—Heb. 9 : 28.

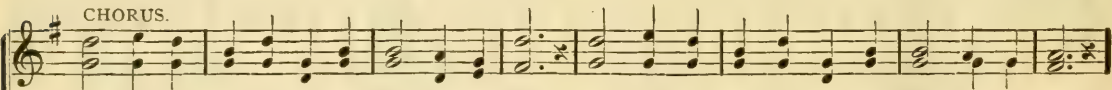
P. P. BUSS.



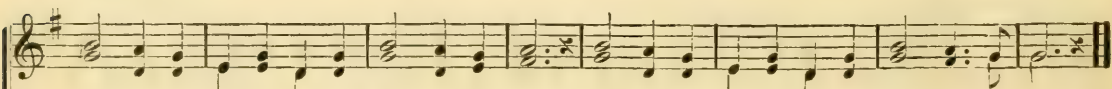
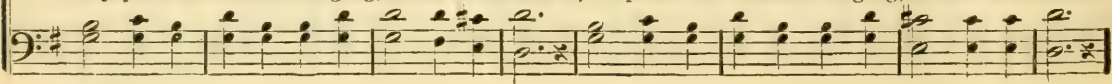
1. Down life's dark vale we wander, Till Je-sus comes; We watch and wait and wonder, Till Jesus comes.
2. Oh, may my lamp be burning When Je-sus comes; For Him my soul be yearning, When Jesus comes.
3. No more heart-pangs nor sadness, When Je-sus comes; All peace and joy and gladness, When Jesus comes.
4. All doubts and fears will vanish, When Je-sus comes; All gloom His face will banish, When Jesus comes.
5. He'll know the way was dreary, When Je-sus comes; He'll know the feet grew weary, When Jesus comes.
6. He'll know what griefs oppressed me, When Je-sus comes; Oh, how His arms will rest me! When Jesus comes.



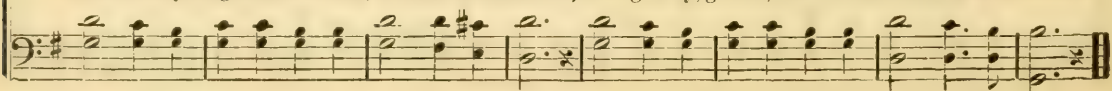
CHORUS.



All joy His lov'd ones bringing, When Jesus comes; All praise thro' heaven ringing, When Jesus comes.



All beauty bright and vernal, When Jesus comes; All glo-ry, grand, e-ter-nal. When Je-sus comes.



1. There'll be no dark val ley when Je-sus comes, There'll be no dark valley when Je-sus comes; There'll be
 2. There'll be no more sorrow when Je-sus comes, There'll be no more sorrow when Je- sus comes; But a
 3. There'll be no more weep ing when Je-sus comes, There'll be no more weeping when Je- sus comes; But a
 4. There'll be songs of greeting when Je-sus comes, There'll be songs of greet-ing when Je- sus comes; And a

REFRAIN

no dark val-ley when Jesus comes To gather His loved ones home. To gather His loved ones home,
 glo- rious morrow when Jesus comes To gather His loved ones home.
 bless- ed reaping when Jesus comes To gather His loved ones home.
 joy - ful meeting when Jesus comes To gather His loved ones home. safe home.

To gather His loved ones home; There'll be no dark valley when Jesus comes To gather His loved ones home.
 safe home;

1. The Home-land! O the Home-land! The land of the free-born! There's no night in the Home-land, But
 2. My Lord is in the Home-land, With angels bright and fair; There's no sin in the Home-land. And
 3. The dwell-ers in the Home-land Are beck'ning me to come, Where neither death nor sor-row In-

aye the fadeless morn; I'm sighing for the Home-land, My heart is ach-ing here; There is no pain
 no temp-ta-tion there; The mu-sic of the Home-land Is ring-ing in my ears; And when I think
 vades their ho-ly home; O dear, dear native coun-try! O rest and peace a-bove! Christ bring us all

in the Home-land To which I'm drawing near; There is no pain in the Home-land To which I'm drawing near.
 of the Home-land My eyes are filled with tears; And when I think of the Home-land My eyes are filled with tears.
 to the Home-land Of Thy redeeming love; Christ bring us all to the Home-land Of Thy redeeming love.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

"Then shall I know."—I Cor. 13:12.

W. H. DOANE, by per.

1. We shall reach the summer land, Some sweet day, by and by; We shall press the golden strand, Some sweet day,
 2. At the crys-tal riv-er's brink, Some sweet day, by and by; We shall find each broken link, Some sweet day,
 3. Oh, these part-ing scenes will end, Some sweet day, by and by; We shall gather friend with friend, Some sweet day,

by and by; O the lov-ing welcome there, By the tree of life so fair! How we long that joy to share,
 by and by; Then the star that, fad-ing here, Left our hearts and homes so dear, We shall see more bright and clear,
 by and by; There before our Father's throne, When the mists and clouds have flown, We shall know as we are known,

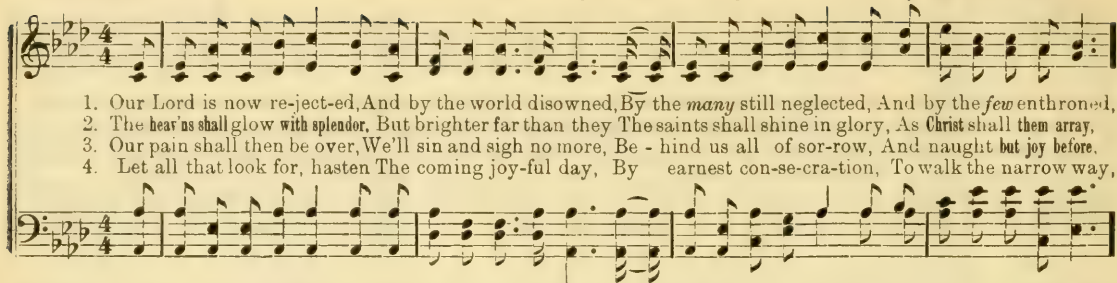
REFRAIN.

Some sweet day, by and by. By and by, Some sweet day, We shall meet our lov'd ones gone, Some sweet day, by and by.
 By and by, yes, by and by.

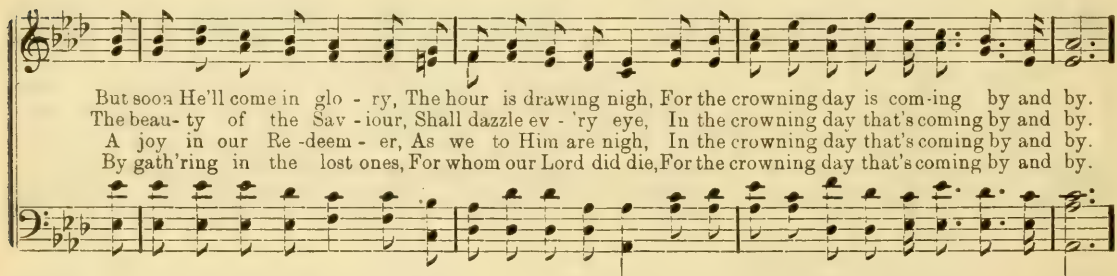
EL. NATHAN.

"On his head were many crowns."—Rev. 19: 12.

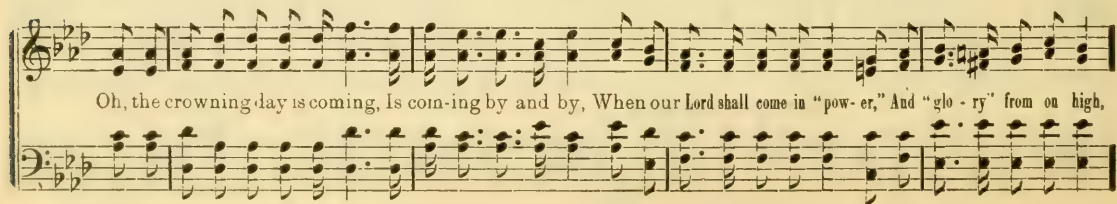
JAMES McGRANAHAN.



1. Our Lord is now re-ject-ed, And by the world disowned, By the *many* still neglected, And by the *few* enthroned,
 2. The *heav'ns* shall glow with splendor, But brighter far than they The saints shall shine in glory, As Christ shall them array,
 3. Our pain shall then be over, We'll sin and sigh no more, Be - hind us all of sor-row, And naught but joy before.
 4. Let all that look for, hasten The coming joy-ful day, By ear-nest con-se-cra-tion, To walk the narrow way,

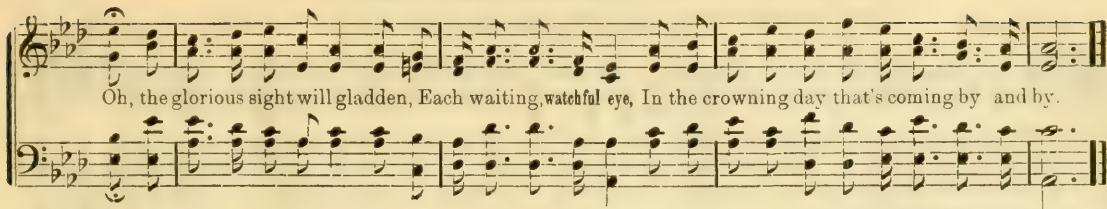


But soon He'll come in glo - ry, The hour is drawing nigh, For the crowning day is com-ing by and by.
 The beau-ty of the Sav-iour, Shall dazzle ev - 'ry eye, In the crowning day that's coming by and by.
 A joy in our Re-deem-er, As we to Him are nigh, In the crowning day that's coming by and by.
 By gath'ring in the lost ones, For whom our Lord did die, For the crowning day that's coming by and by.



Oh, the crowning day is coming, Is coming by and by, When our Lord shall come in "pow-er," And "glo-ry" from on high,

THE CROWNING DAY.—CONCLUDED.



Oh, the glorious sight will gladden, Each waiting, watchful eye, In the crowning day that's coming by and by.

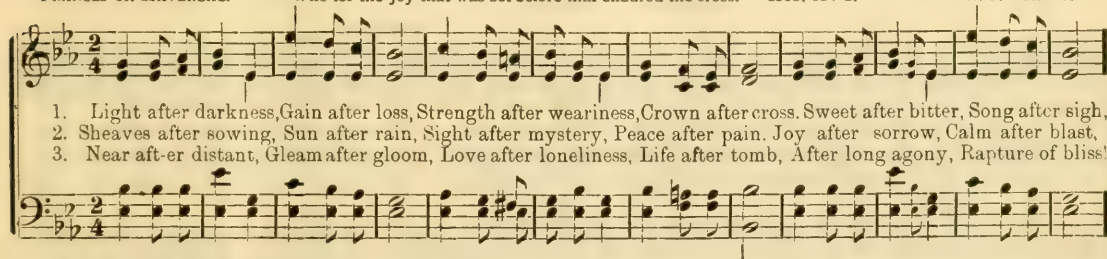
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CROWN AFTER CROSS.

FRANCIS R. HAVERGAL.

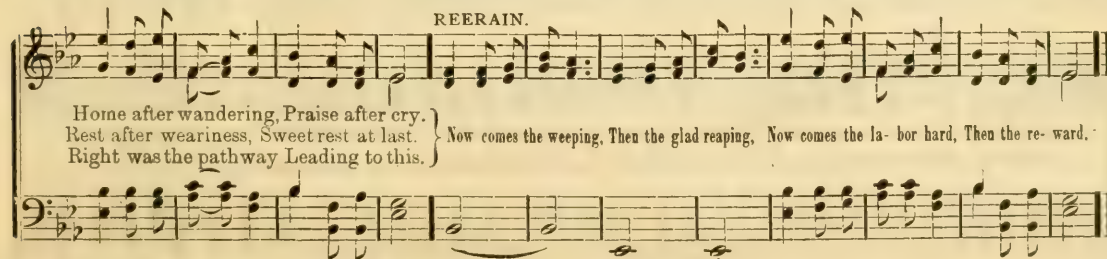
"Who for the joy that was set before him endured the cross."—Heb. 12: 2.

E. S. LORENZ.



1. Light after darkness, Gain after loss, Strength after weariness, Crown after cross. Sweet after bitter, Song after sigh,
2. Sheaves after sowing, Sun after rain, Sight after mystery, Peace after pain. Joy after sorrow, Calm after blast,
3. Near after distant, Gleam after gloom, Love after loneliness, Life after tomb, After long agony, Rapture of bliss!

REERAIN.



Home after wandering, Praise after cry.
 Rest after weariness, Sweet rest at last.
 Right was the pathway Leading to this. } Now comes the weeping, Then the glad reaping, Now comes the la- bor hard, Then the re- ward.

SOMETIME.

F. E. BELDEN.

"And the ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads."—Isa. 30:10.

D. S. HAKES.

1. When we lay our burdens down, Some-time, some-time; When we take the harp and crown In that cit-y
 2. We shall meet to part no more, Some-time, some-time; On that blest im-mor-tal shore, Where the reign of
 3. In that bright e-ter-nal day—Some-time, some-time, Tears shall all be wiped a-way, And we nev-er

Sometime, sometime;

REFRAIN.

of re-noun, We shall sing some-time, Some-time, some-time. We shall sing, some-time, We shall sing,
 death is o'er, We shall meet some-time, Some-time, some-time. We shall meet, some-time, We shall meet,
 more shall say, We shall sing some-time, Some-time, some-time. We shall sing, some-time, We shall sing,

Duet.

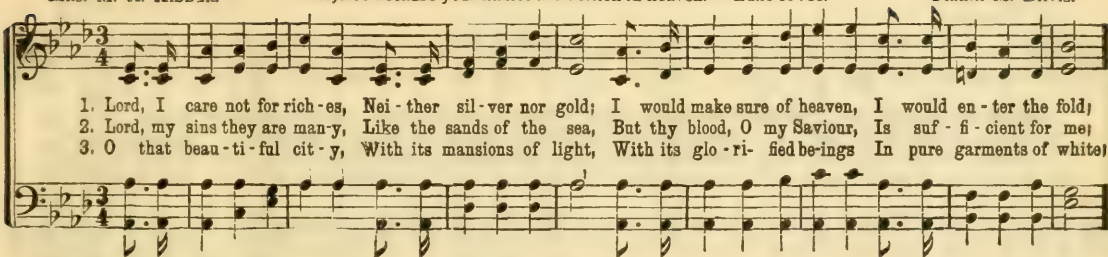
some-time; Where the heart is nev-er sad, Where the dwellers all are glad, In that happy, Eden clime, We shall sing, some-time.
 We shall meet, some-time.
 We shall sing, some-time.

IS MY NAME WRITTEN THERE?

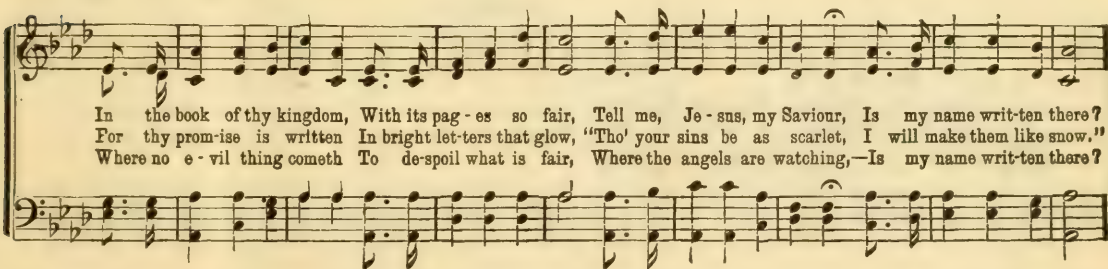
MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

"Rejoice because your names are written in heaven."—Luke 10:20.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

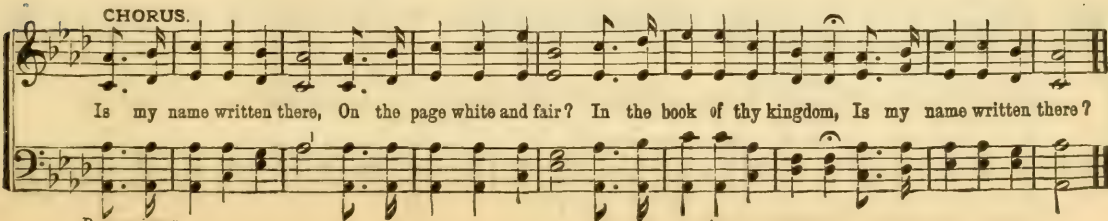


1. Lord, I care not for rich-es, Nei-ther sil-ver nor gold; I would make sure of heaven, I would en-ter the fold;
 2. Lord, my sins they are man-y, Like the sands of the sea, But thy blood, O my Saviour, Is suf-fi-cient for me;
 3. O that beau-ti-ful cit-y, With its mansions of light, With its glo-ri-fied beings In pure garments of white;



In the book of thy kingdom, With its pag-es so fair, Tell me, Je-sus, my Saviour, Is my name writ-ten there?
 For thy prom-ise is written In bright let-ters that glow, "Tho' your sins be as scarlet, I will make them like snow."
 Where no e-vil thing cometh To de-spoil what is fair, Where the angels are watching,—Is my name writ-ten there?

CHORUS.



Is my name written there, On the page white and fair? In the book of thy kingdom, Is my name written there?

FACE TO FACE.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK.

"They shall see His face and His name shall be in their foreheads."—REV. 22 : 4.

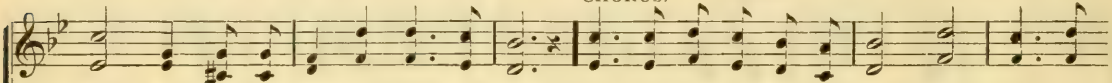
GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.

Moderato.

1. Face to face with Christ my Sav- iour, Face to face—what will it be? When with rapture I be -
2. On - ly faint-ly now, I see Him, With the dark'ning veil be-tween, But a bless-ed day is
3. What re-joic-ing in His pres-ence, When are banished grief and pain, When the crooked ways are
4. Face to face! O! bliss-ful mo-ment! Face to face—to see and know; Face to face with my Re-



CHORUS.



hold Him, Je-sus Christ who died for me.
 com - ing, When His glo - ry shall be seen. } Face to face shall I be - hold Him, Far be -
 straightened, And the dark things shall be plain! }
 deem - er, Je-sus Christ who loves me so.



yond the star-ry sky; Face to face in all His glo - ry, I shall see Him by and by!



NO NIGHT THERE.

JOHN R. CLEMENTS.

"There shall be no night there, for the Lord, God giveth them light."—Rev. 22: 5.

H. P. DANKS.

1. In the land of fade-less day Lies "the cit - y four-square," It shall nev - er pass a - way,
 2. All the gates of pearl are made, In "the cit - y four-square," All the streets with gold are laid,
 3. And the gates shall nev - er close To "the cit - y four-square," There life's crystal riv - er flows,
 4. There they need no sunshine bright, In "that cit - y four-square," For the Lamb is all the light,

mf CHORUS.

And there is "no night there." God shall "wipe a - way all tears;" There's no death, no
 God shall "wipe a - way all tears;" There's no death.

pain, nor fears; And they count not time by years, For there is "no night there."
 no pain, nor fears; And they count not time by years, by years, For there is "no night..... there."

JOY BY AND BY.

F. E. B.

"They that sow in tears shall reap in joy."—Ps. 126: 5.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. O there'll be joy when the work is done, Joy when the reapers gath - er home, Bringing the sheaves at
 2. Sweet are the songs that we hope to sing, Grateful the thanks our hearts shall bring, Prais-ing for - ev - er
 3. Pure are the joy's that a - wait us there, Man - y the golden mansions fair; Je - sus him-self doth

CHORUS:

set of sun To the New Je - ru - sa - lem, Joy, joy, there'll be joy by and by,
 Christ our King In the New Je - ru - sa - lem.
 them prepare, In the New Je - ru - sa - lem. Joy joy, joy, joy by and by,

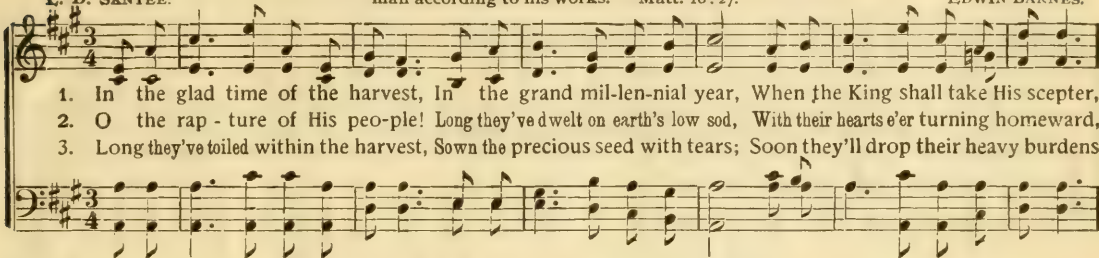
Joy, joy, where the joys never die; Joy, joy; for the day draweth nigh When the workers gather home,
 Joy, joy, joy, joys never die; Joy, joy, joy,

WHEN THE KING SHALL CLAIM HIS OWN.

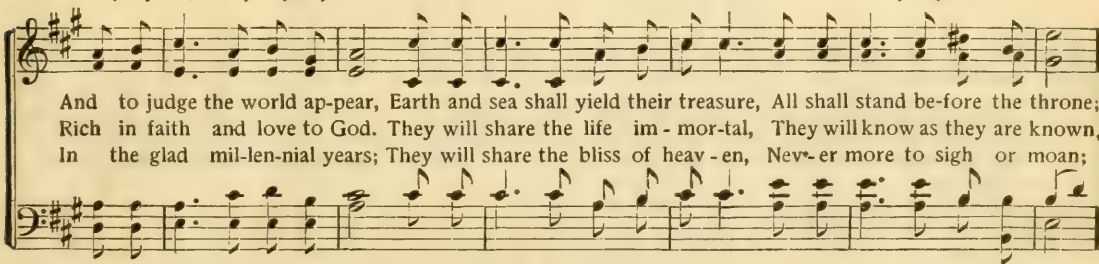
"For the Son of man shall come in the glory of his Father, with his angels; and then he shall reward every man according to his works."—Matt. 16: 27.

L. D. SANTEE.

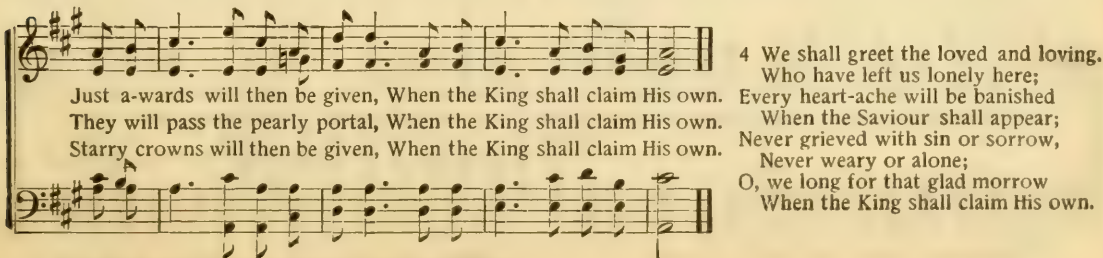
EDWIN BARNES.



1. In the glad time of the harvest, In the grand mil-len-nial year, When the King shall take His scepter,
 2. O the rap - ture of His peo-ple! Long they've dwelt on earth's low sod, With their hearts e'er turning homeward,
 3. Long they've toiled within the harvest, Sown the precious seed with tears; Soon they'll drop their heavy burdens



And to judge the world ap-pear, Earth and sea shall yield their treasure, All shall stand be-fore the throne;
 Rich in faith and love to God. They will share the life im - mor-tal, They will know as they are known,
 In the glad mil-len-nial years; They will share the bliss of heav-en, Nev-er more to sigh or moan;



Just a-wards will then be given, When the King shall claim His own.
 They will pass the pearly portal, When the King shall claim His own.
 Starry crowns will then be given, When the King shall claim His own.

4 We shall greet the loved and loving,
 Who have left us lonely here;
 Every heart-ache will be banished
 When the Saviour shall appear;
 Never grieved with sin or sorrow,
 Never weary or alone;
 O, we long for that glad morrow
 When the King shall claim His own.

WHEN THE ROLL IS CALLED UP YONDER.

J. M. B.

"And another book was opened, which is the book of life, and whosoever was not found written in the book of life, was cast into the lake of fire."—Rev. 20: 12, 15.

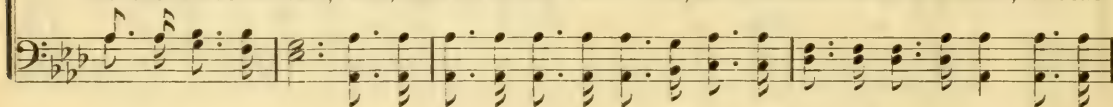
J. M. BLACK.



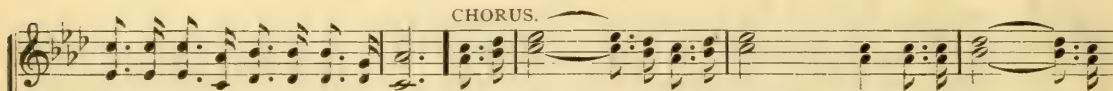
1. When the trumpet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more, And the morning breaks, e -
 2. On that bright and cloudless morning, when the dead in Christ shall rise, And the glo - ry of His
 3. Let us la - bor for the Mas - ter from the dawn till set - ting sun, Let us talk of all His



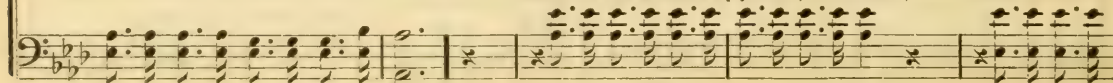
ter - nal, bright and fair; When the saved of earth shall gather o - ver on the oth - er shore, And the
 res - ur - rec - tion share; When His chosen ones shall gather to their home beyond the skies, And the
 wondrous love and care, Then, when all of life is o - ver, and our work on earth is done, And the



CHORUS.



roll is called up yonder, I'll be there, When the roll..... is called up yon - der, When the roll..... is
 When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there, When the roll is



WHEN THE ROLL IS CALLED UP YONDER.—CONCLUDED.

called up yon der, When the roll..... is called up yonder, When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.
called up yonder, I'll be there, When the roll

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WE'LL NEVER SAY GOOD-BY.

"The voice of weeping shall be no more heard." "They shall not build, and another inhabit;
Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN. they shall not plant, and another eat."—Isa. 65: 19, 22. J. H. TENNEY.

1. With friends on earth we meet in gladness, While swift the moments fly, Yet ever comes the tho't of sadness, That we must say "Good-by."
2. How joy-ful is the hope that lingers, When loved ones say "Farewell," That we, when all earth's toils are ended, With them shall ever dwell.
3. No part-ing words shall e'er be spoken In yon-der home so fair, But songs of joy, and peace, and gladness, We'll sing for-ev-er there.

CHORUS.

We'll nev-er say good-by in heav'n, We'll never say good-by, In that fair land of joy and song We'll never say good-by.

CHRIST RETURNETH.

"For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first. Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air; and so shall we ever be with the Lord."—1 Thess. 4: 16, 17.

H. L. TURNER.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. It may be at morn, when the day is a-wak-ing, When sunlight thro' darkness and shadow is breaking,
 2. It may be at mid-day, it may be at twilight, It may be, perchance, that the blackness of midnight
 3. While His hosts cry Ho-san-na, from heaven descend-ing, With glo-ri-fied saints and the an-gels at-tend-ing,
 4. O joy! O de-light! should we go without dy-ing, No sickness, no sad-ness, no dread, and no cry-ing,

CHORUS.
 That Je-sus will come in the full-ness of glo-ry To receive from the world His own.
 Will burst in - to light in the blaze of His glo-ry, When Je - sus re-ceive His own.
 With grace on His brow, like a ha-lo of glo-ry, Will Je - sus receive "His own."
 Caught up, thro' the clouds with our Lord in - to glo-ry; When Je - sus re-ceive His own.

rit.
 how long Ere we shout the glad song? Christ returneth, Hallelu-jah! hal-le - lu-jah! A-men, Hal-le - lu-jah! A-men.

BEHOLD THE BRIDEGROOM.

"And while they went to buy, the bridegroom came; and they that were ready went in with him to the marriage:
R. E. H. and the door was shut."—Matt. 25:10. R. E. HUDSON.

1. Are you ready for the Bride-groom When he comes, when he comes? Are you ready for the Bride-groom When he
 2. Have your lamps trimm'd and burning When he comes, when he comes; Have your lamps trimm'd and burn-ing When he
 3. We will all go out to meet him When he comes, when he comes; We will all go out to meet him When he
 4. We will chant al - le - lu - ias When he comes, when he comes; We will chant al - le - lu - ias When he

comes, when he comes? Behold, he cometh! be-hold, he cometh! Be robed and read-y; for the Bride-groom comes.
 comes, when he comes: He quickly cometh! he quick-ly cometh! O soul, be read-y when the Bride-groom comes.
 comes, when he comes: He sure-ly cometh! he sure - ly cometh! We'll go to meet him when the Bride-groom comes.
 comes, when he comes; Lo! now he cometh! lo! now he cometh! Sing al - le - lu - ia! for the Bride-groom comes.

CHORUS.

D. S.—Behold, he cometh! behold, he cometh! Be robed and ready, for the Bride-groom comes.

D. S.

Be - hold the Bride-groom; for he comes, for he comes! Behold the Bride-groom; for he comes, for he comes.

BEAUTIFUL ROBES.

"Arrayed in fine linen clean and white; for the fine linen is the righteousness of saints."—Rev. 19:8.

E. E. HEWITT.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Not too fast.

1. We shall walk with him in white, In that country pure and bright, Where shall enter naught that may defile;
 2. We shall walk with him in white, Where faith yields to blissful sight, When the beauty of the King we see;
 3. We shall walk with him in white, By the fountains of de-light, Where the Lamb his ransomed ones shall lead;

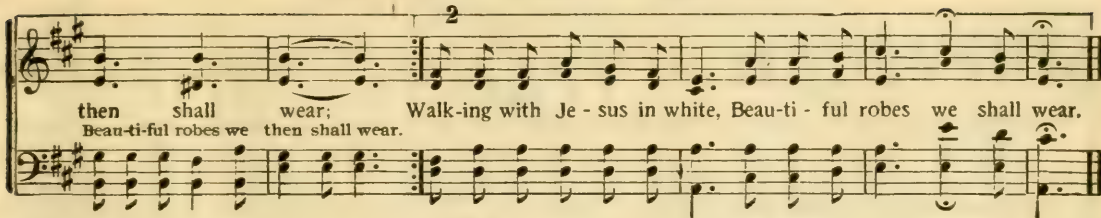
Where the daybeam ne'er declines, For the blessed light that shines Is the glo - ry of the Saviour's smile.
 Hold - ing converse full and sweet, In a fel - low - ship complete; Waking songs of ho - ly mel - o - dy.
 For his blood shall wash each stain, Till no spot of sin re - main, And the soul for-ev-er more is freed.

CHORUS.

{ Beau - ti - ful robes, . . . Beau - ti - ful robes, . . . Beau - ti - ful robes we
 { Gar - ments of light, . . . Love - ly and bright, . . . (Omit.) - - -
 { Beau-ti-ful robes, beau-ti - ful robes, Beau-ti-ful robes, Beau-ti - ful robes, Beau-ti-ful robes we then shall wear,
 { Garments of light, garments of light, Lovely and bright, love-ly and bright,

BEAUTIFUL ROBES—CONCLUDED.

2



then shall wear; Walk-ing with Je - sus in white, Beau-ti - ful robes we shall wear.
 Beau-ti-ful robes we then shall wear.

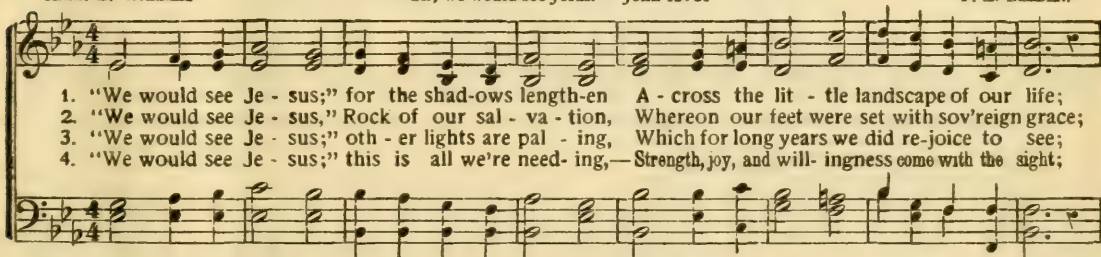
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WE WOULD SEE JESUS.

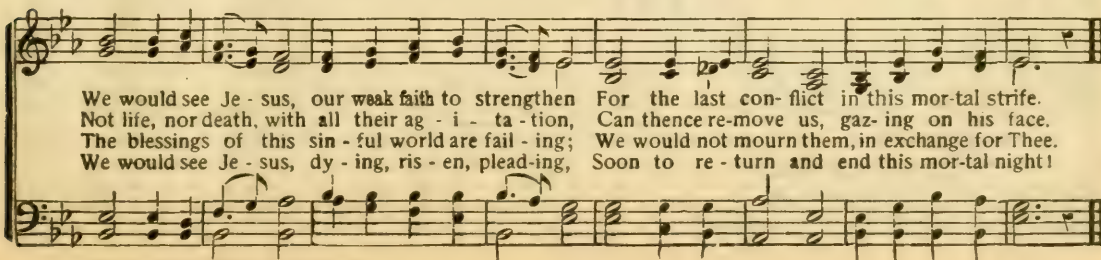
ANNA B. WARNER.

"Sir, we would see Jesus."—John 12:21

F. E. BELDEN.



1. "We would see Je - sus;" for the shad-ows length-en A - cross the lit - tle landscape of our life;
 2. "We would see Je - sus;" Rock of our sal - va - tion, Whereon our feet were set with sov'reign grace;
 3. "We would see Je - sus;" oth - er lights are pal - ing, Which for long years we did re-joice to see;
 4. "We would see Je - sus;" this is all we're need - ing, — Strength, joy, and will - ingness come with the sight;



We would see Je - sus, our weak faith to strengthen For the last con - flict in this mor-tal strife.
 Not life, nor death, with all their ag - i - ta - tion, Can thence re-move us, gaz - ing on his face.
 The blessings of this sin - ful world are fail - ing; We would not mourn them, in exchange for Thee.
 We would see Je - sus, dy - ing, ris - en, plead-ing, Soon to re - turn and end this mor-tal night!

WHO ARE THESE?

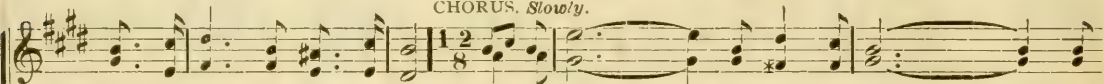
ANNA SHIPTON.

"These are they who came out of great tribulation."—Rev. 7: 14.

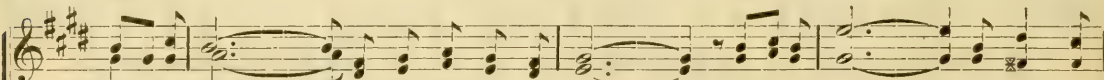
GEO. C. STEBBINS.



1. Who are these whose songs are sounding O'er the gold - en harps a- bove? Hark! they tell of grace abounding,
2. Who are these that keep their station Round the great eter - nal throne? They from earth - ly trib - u - la - tion
3. See their robes of dazzling whiteness, Without blem - ish, spot or stain; See their crowns that grow in brightness,
4. 'Tis the Lamb of God who leads them, And they serve Him night and day, By the heav'nly fount He leads them
5. Sweet the theme: 'tis still "salva - tion Un - to Christ the Ho - ly One," And their sighs of trib - u - la - tion

CHORUS. *Slowly.*

And Je - ho - vah's sov'-reign love. } These are they..... who wash'd their robes..... and
 To their heav - nly rest are gone. }
 Pur-chas'd by the Lamb once slain. }
 He hath wiped their tears a- way. }
 Change to songs a-round the throne. } These are they who wash'd their robes



made them white..... in the blood of the Lamb..... These are they..... who wash'd their
 and made them white of the Lamb, These are they



WHO ARE THESE?—CONCLUDED.

robes..... and made them white..... in the blood of the Lamb.....
 who wash'd their robes and made them white of the Lamb.

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SOME SWEET DAY.

F. E. B.

(Dedicated to W. H. Doane, composer of the first "Some Sweet Day.")

F. E. BELDEN.

Tenderly.

rit.

tempo.

rit.

1. We shall meet beyond the skies, Some sweet day, some sweet day; Gaze no more in tearful eyes, Some sweet day, some sweet day.
 2. There will be no vacant chair, Some sweet day, some sweet day, Nor a mourn-ing cir-cle there, Some sweet day, some sweet day.
 3. Winter's frost or summer's heat, Some sweet day, some sweet day, Make no harvest in-com-plete, Some sweet day, some sweet day.
 4. Mansion, crown, and harp of gold, Some sweet day, some sweet day; Songs that never shall grow old, Some sweet day, some sweet day.

REFRAIN.

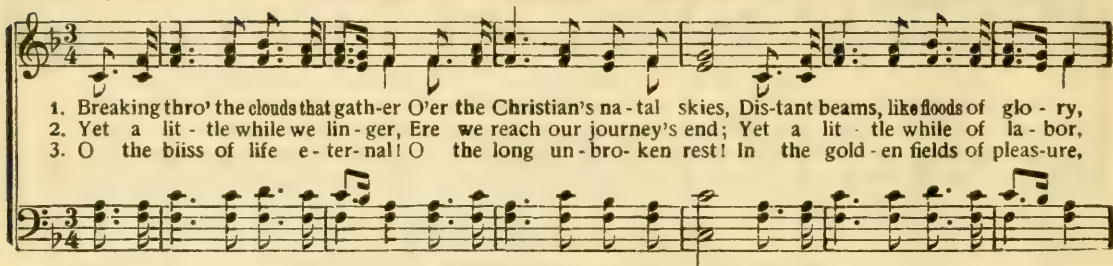
We shall clasp our own a-gain, Free from sorrow, sin, and pain; We shall wish no more in vain, Some sweet day, some sweet day.
 Death shall hear its note of doom, Christ shall burst the seal-ed tomb, Dust shall wake in beauty's bloom, Some sweet day, some sweet day.
 E - den bloom is ev'-ry-where, Fadeless flow'rs perfume the air, Christ Himself the sun-light fair, Some sweet day, some sweet day.
 Joy shall bid farewell to Care, Praise shall sing no more with Prayer, Love shall lead us, over there, Some sweet day, some sweet day.

THE BRIGHT FOREVER.

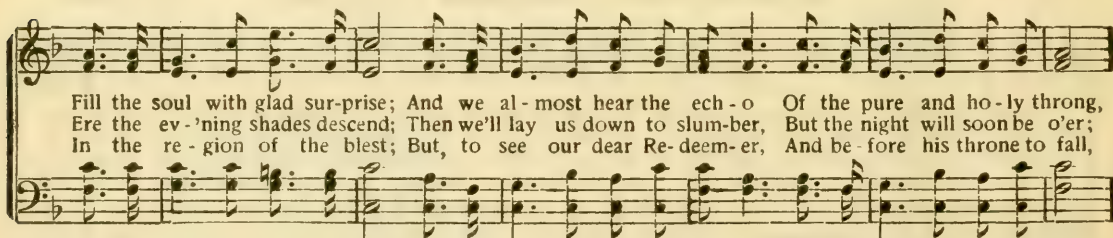
FANNY J. CROSBY.

"At thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore."—Ps. 16: 11.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

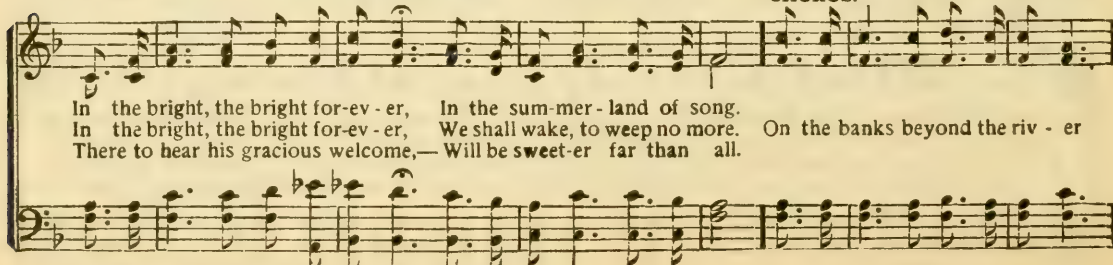


1. Breaking thro' the clouds that gath-er O'er the Christian's na-tal skies, Dis-tant beams, like floods of glo-ry,
 2. Yet a lit-tle while we lin-ger, Ere we reach our journey's end; Yet a lit-tle while of la-bor,
 3. O the biiss of life e-ter-nal! O the long un-bro-ken rest! In the gold-en fields of pleas-ure,



Fill the soul with glad sur-prise; And we al-most hear the ech-o Of the pure and ho-ly throng,
 Ere the ev-'ning shades descend; Then we'll lay us down to slum-ber, But the night will soon be o'er,
 In the re-gion of the blest; But, to see our dear Re-deem-er, And be-fore his throne to fall,

CHORUS.



In the bright, the bright for-ev-er, In the sum-mer-land of song.
 In the bright, the bright for-ev-er, We shall wake, to weep no more. On the banks beyond the riv-er
 There to hear his gracious welcome,— Will be sweet-er far than all.

THE BRIGHT FOREVER.—CONCLUDED.

Two staves of music. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 2/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is composed of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests. The lyrics are written below the upper staff.

We shall meet, no more to sev - er; In the bright, the bright for-ev-er, In the sum-mer-land of song.

874

HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP.

T. C. TILDESLEY.

"For so he giveth his beloved sleep."—Ps. 127:2.

(Solo, or Quartet.)

FRANZ ABT. Arr.

Two staves of music. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 6/8 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The tempo is marked 'Slowly.' The melody is composed of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics are written below the upper staff.

Slowly.

1. Sorrow and care may meet, The tempest cloud may low'r, The surge of sin may beat Up-on earth's troubled shore;
2. The din of war may roll With all its rag - ing flight; Grief may oppress the soul Thro'out the wea - ry night;
3. In childhood's winsome page, In manhood's joyous bloom, In fee - ble-ness and age, In death's dark, gath'ring gloom;

Two staves of music. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 6/8 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The tempo is marked 'REFRAIN.' The melody is composed of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics are written below the upper staff. Dynamics markings include 'cres.', 'dim.', 'rit.', and 'pp'.

REFRAIN.

God doth his own in safe - ty keep; He giveth his be - lov - ed sleep, He giveth his be - lov - ed sleep.

cres. dim. rit. pp

I SHALL BE SATISFIED.

F. E. B.

Softly.

"I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness."—Ps. 17 : 15.

May be sung as Male Quartet, 1st Tenor taking Alto an octave higher.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. Soul a-mid earth-sorrows dwelling, Sigh-ing for the strife to cease, Lo! the pro-mise sweet foretelling
 2. Saddened by the world's complaining, Burdened with the ceaseless care, Tell me! is there rest remaining
 3. Patient wait God's time for go-ing, Murmur not though long thy stay, Ev - er trust - ing, ev - er knowing
 4. Born of God, the soul can nev - er Will - ing here with sin a-bide; Earth is not the glad for - ev - er

CHORUS.

Soon shall come the Prince of Peace. I shall be sat-is-fied then, I shall be
 For the toil-ers ov - er there?
 Thou shalt dwell with him some day.
 Where the soul is sat - is fied. I shall be sat-is-fied when I awake, I shall be sat-is-fied

sat - is - fied then; When the King of kings, with an-gels attending, Rends the az-ure sky, in glo - ry de-
 when I awake;

I SHALL BE SATISFIED.—CONCLUDED.

Ascending, When the saints a-wake in his own like-ness, I shall be sat-is-fied then (ha-le-lu-jah!).

ff *dim.*

876

WHEN I SHALL AWAKE.

HORATIUS BONAR, arr.

"I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness,"—Ps. 17:15.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. When I shall a-wake in that fair morn of morns, Aft-er whose dawning nev-er night returns, And with whose bright glory
 2. And when I shall see His glo-ry face to face, Hear his glad welcome, feel his fond embrace, And feast on the ful-ness
 3. And when I shall meet the friends that I have loved, Clasp to my bo-som dear ones long removed, And witness how faith-ful
 4. O soon I shall gaze up-on the face of Him, Pierced to redeem me from the curse of sin, And praise him for-ev-er

rit. REFRAIN. *D. S.—When I shall a-wake, in*

day e-ter-nal burns,
 of his heav'nly grace,
 Christ to me hath proved, I shall be sat-is-fied then. I shall be sat-is-fied then, I shall be sat-is-fied then.
 with the glad new hymn;

D. S.

that fair morn of morns, I shall be sat-is-fied then.

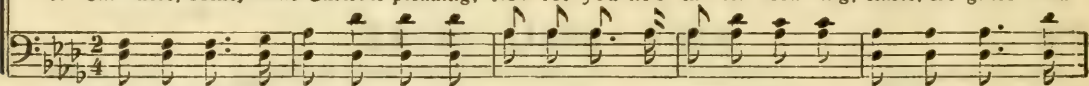
Music copyright, 1900, by F. E. Belden.

JESUS COMES.

Mrs. PHOEBE PALMER. "Behold, the Lord cometh with ten thousands of his saints."—Jude 15. Wm. J. KIRKPATRICK.



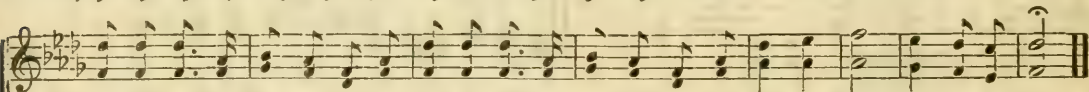
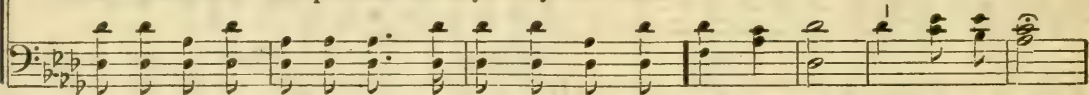
1. Watch, ye saints, with eye-lids wak - ing; Lo! the powers of heav'n are shaking; Keep your lamps all
2. Lo! the prom - ise of your Sav-iour, Pardoned sin and purchased fa - vor, Blood-wash'd robes and
3. King-doms at their base are crumbling, Hark! his chariot wheels are rumbling; Tell, O tell of
4. Na - tions wane, tho' proud and state - ly; Christ his kingdom hasteneth great-ly; Earth her lat - est
5. Sin - ners, come, while Christ is pleading; Now for you he's in - ter - ced - ing; Haste, ere grace and



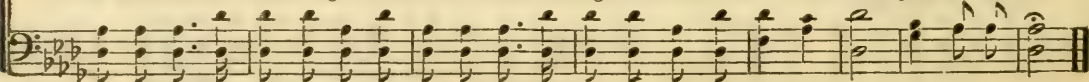
REFRAIN.



trimm'd and burning, Read-y for your Lord's re - turn - ing.
 crowns of glo - ry; Haste to tell re-demp-tion's sto - ry.
 grace a-bound-ing, Whilst the sev - enth trump is sound-ing. Lo! he comes, lo! Je - sus comes;
 pangs is summing: Shout, ye saints, your Lord is com - ing.
 time di-min-ished Shall proclaim the mys - tery fin - ished.



Lo! he comes, he comes all glorious! Jesus comes to reign vic - to - rious, Lo! he, comes, yes, Je - sus comes.



WE KNOW NOT THE HOUR.

"But of that day and hour knoweth no man, no, not the angels of heaven, but my Father only. Watch therefore: for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come."—Matt. 24: 36, 42. F. E. BELDEN.

1. We know not the hour of the Mas-ter's ap-pear-ing, Yet signs all fore-tell that the mo-ment is
 2. There's light for the wise who are seek-ing sal-va-tion, There's truth in the Book of Di-vine rev-e-
 3. We'll watch and we'll pray, with our lamps trimmed and burn-ing, We'll work and we'll wait till the Mas-ter's re-

near-ing When he shall re-turn,—'tis a prom-ise most cheer-ing,—
 la-tion, Each pro-ph-e-cy points to the great con-sum-ma-tion,—But we know not the hour.
 turn-ing, We'll sing and re-joice, ev-'ry o-men dis-cern-ing,—

D. S.—come in the clouds of his Father's bright glo-ry,—But we know not the hour.

P CHORUS.

P

D. S.

He will come, . let us watch and be ready; He will come, . hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! He will
 He will come, He will come,

"And the inhabitants shall not say, I am sick; the people that dwell therein shall be forgiven their iniquity."—Isa. 33: 24.

S. FILLMORE BENNETT.

J. P. WEBSTER.

1. There's a land that is fair-er than day, And by faith we can see it a-far; For our Father waits o-ver the way,
 2. We shall sing on that beau-ti-ful shore, The mel-o-di-ous songs of the blest; And our spirits shall sorrow no more,—
 3. To our boun-ti-ful Fa-ther a-bove We will of-fer a trib-ute of praise, For the glo-ri-ous gift of His love,

CHORUS.

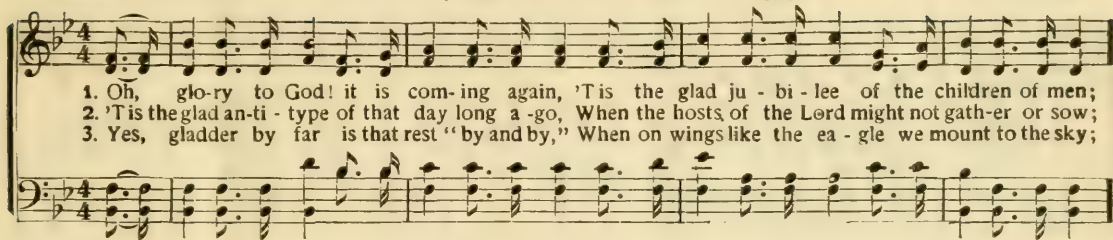
To pre-pare us a dwelling place there. } In the sweet by and by, We shall meet on that
 Not a sigh for the bless-ing of rest. }
 And the blessings that hal-low our days. } by and by, by and by,

beau-ti-ful shore, In the sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beau-ti-ful shore.
 by and by, by and by, by and by,

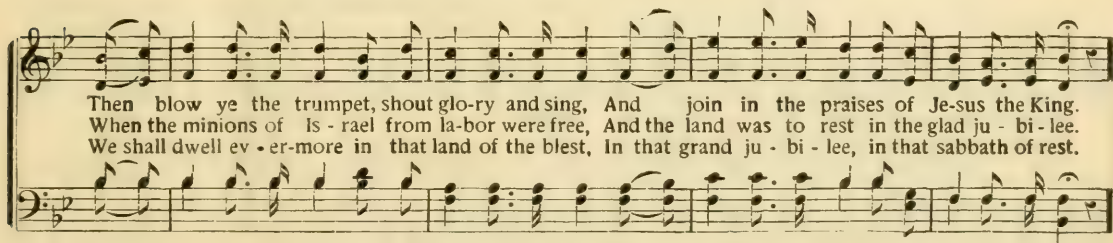
MRS. L. D. AVERY-STUTTLE.

"The seventh year shall be a sabbath of rest."—Lev. 25:4.

W. A. OGDEN.

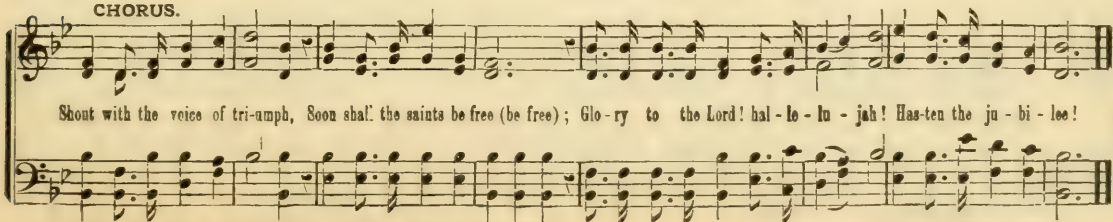


1. Oh, glo-ry to God! it is com-ing again, 'Tis the glad ju - bi - lee of the children of men;
 2. 'Tis the glad an-ti - type of that day long a -go, When the hosts of the Lord might not gath-er or sow;
 3. Yes, gladder by far is that rest "by and by," When on wings like the ea - gle we mount to the sky;



Then blow ye the trumpet, shout glo-ry and sing, And join in the praises of Je-sus the King.
 When the minions of Is - rael from la-bor were free, And the land was to rest in the glad ju - bi - lee.
 We shall dwell ev - er-more in that land of the blest, In that grand ju - bi - lee, in that sabbath of rest.

CHORUS.

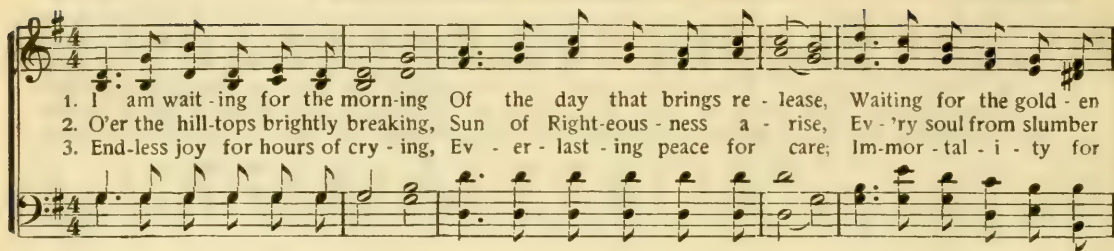


Shout with the voice of tri-umph, Soon shall the saints be free (be free); Glo-ry to the Lord! hal - lo - lu - jah! Has-ten the ju - bi - lee!

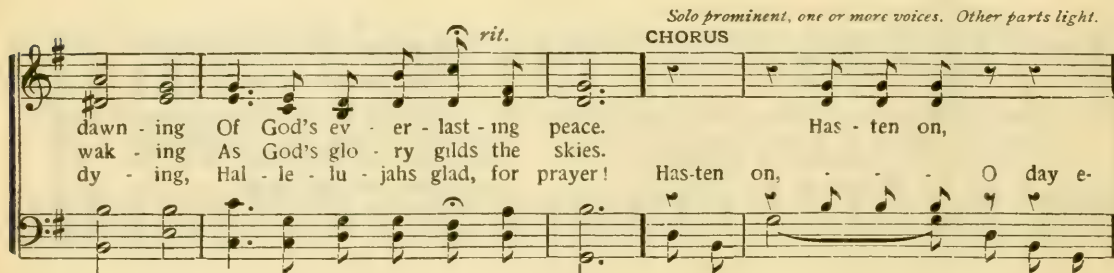
F. E. B.

"Waiting for the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ."—1 Cor. 1:7.

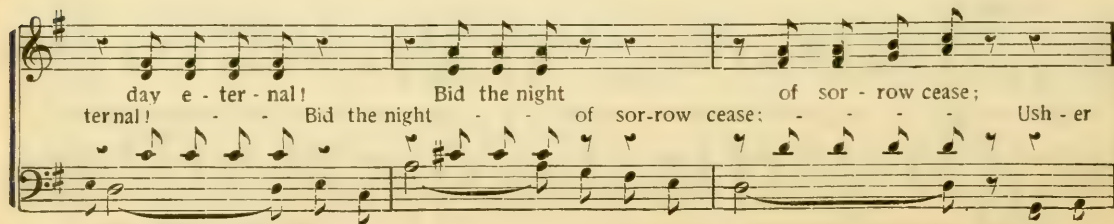
F. E. BELDEN.



1. I am wait-ing for the morn-ing Of the day that brings re-lease, Waiting for the gold-en
 2. O'er the hill-tops brightly breaking, Sun of Right-eous-ness a-rise, Ev-'ry soul from slumber
 3. End-less joy for hours of cry-ing, Ev-er-last-ing peace for care; Im-mor-tal-i-ty for

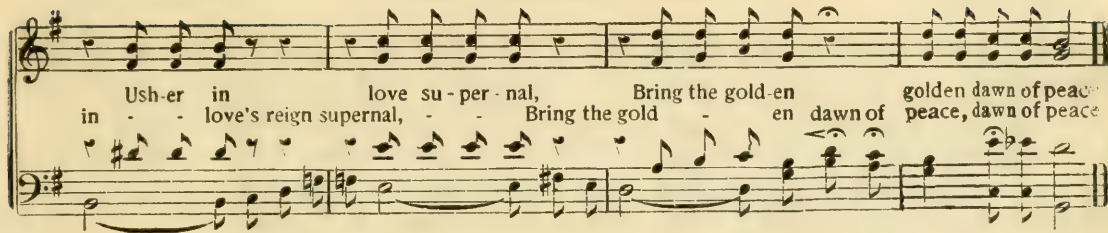


rit.
CHORUS
 dawn-ing Of God's ev-er-last-ing peace. Has-ten on,
 wak-ing As God's glo-ry gilds the skies.
 dy-ing, Hal-le-lu-jahs glad, for prayer! Has-ten on, O day e-



day e-ter-nal! Bid the night of sor-row cease; Ush-er
 ternal! Bid the night of sor-row cease;

GOLDEN DAWNING.—CONCLUDED.



Ush-er in love su-per-nal, Bring the gold-en golden dawn of peace
in - - love's reign supernal, - - Bring the gold - en dawn of peace, dawn of peace

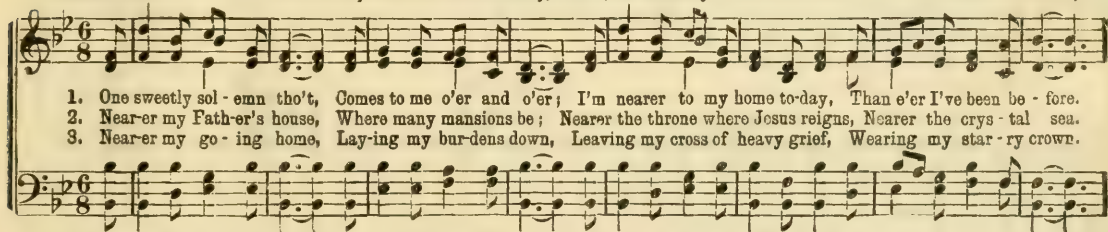
882

ONE SWEETLY SOLEMN THOUGHT.

PHOEBE CARY.

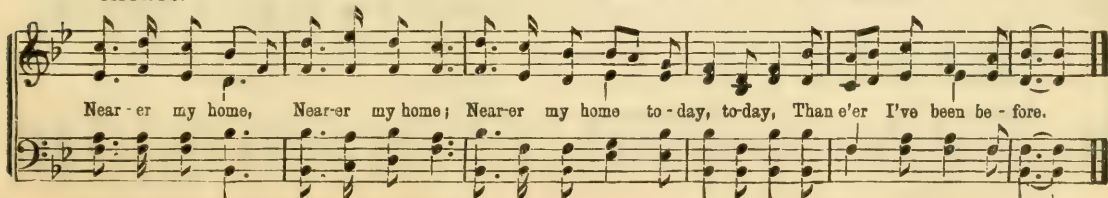
"Now they desire a better country, that is, an heavenly."—Heb. xi: 16.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.



1. One sweetly sol-ern tho't, Comes to me o'er and o'er; I'm nearer to my home to-day, Than e'er I've been be-fore.
2. Near-er my Fath-er's house, Where many mansions be; Nearer the throne where Jesus reigns, Nearer the crys-tal sea.
3. Near-er my go-ing home, Lay-ing my bur-dens down, Leaving my cross of heavy grief, Wearing my star-ry crown.

CHORUS.



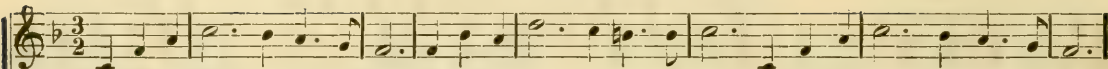
Near-er my home, Near-er my home; Near-er my home to-day, to-day, Than e'er I've been be-fore.

THE BETTER LAND.

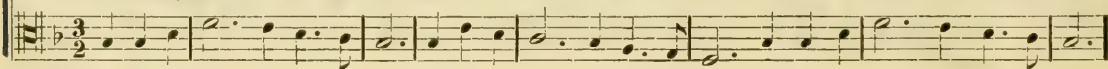
GURDON ROBINS, arr.

"A better country, that is an heavenly."—Heb. 11: 16.

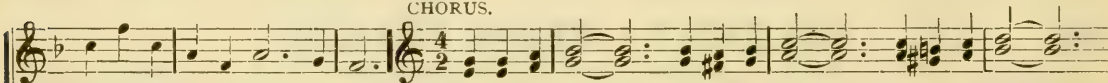
DANIEL B. TOWNER.



1. There is a land mine eye hath seen In visions of en-raptured tho't, So bright, that all which spreads between
2. A land up-on whose blissful shore There rests no shadow, falls no stain; There those who meet shall part no more,
3. Its skies are not like earthly skies, With varying hues of shade and light; It hath no need of suns, to rise
4. There sweeps no des-o-lat-ing wind Across the calm, se-rene a-bode. The wand'rer there a home may find



CHORUS.



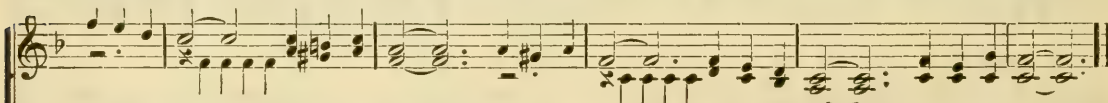
Is with its radiant glo-ries fraught.
And those long parted meet a-gain.
To dis-si-pate the gloom of night.
With-in the par-a-dise of God.

Oh, land of love,... of joy and light... Thy glories gild...

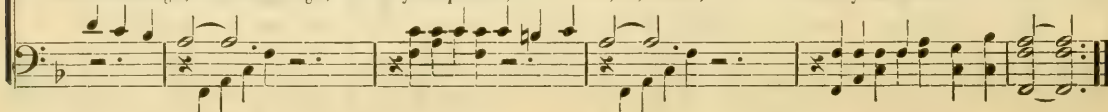
Oh, land of love,

of joy and light,

Thy glories gild



earth's darkest night; Thy tranquil shore, we, too, shall see, When day shall break and shadows flee.
earth's darkest night, earth's darkest night; Thy tranquil shore, we, too, shall see, When day shall break.



"By grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God."—Eph. 2. 8.

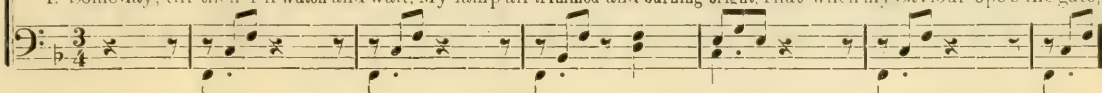
FANNY J. CROSBY.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

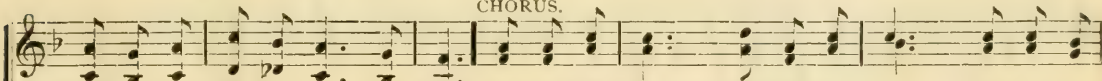
SOLO OR DUET.



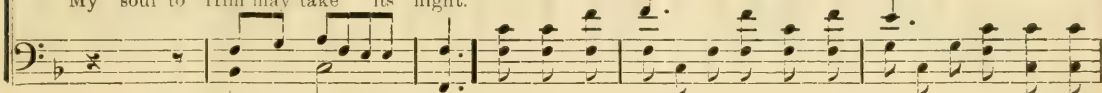
1. Some day the sil - ver cord will break, And I no more as now shall sing; But, O, the joy when I shall wake
2. Some day my earth - ly house will fall, I can-not tell how soon 'twill be, But this I know—my All in All
3. Some day, when fades the golden sun Beneath the ro - sy-tint- ed west, My blessed Lord shalt say, "Well done!"
4. Someday; till then I'll watch and wait, My lamp all trimmed and burning bright, That when my Saviour ope's the gate,



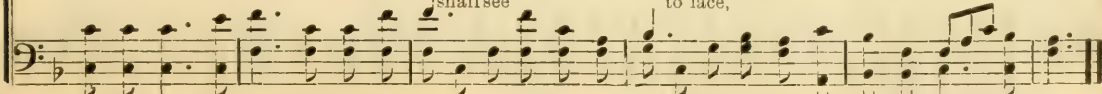
CHORUS.



With - in the pal - ace of the King! And I shall see Him face to face, And tell the
Has now a place in heav'n for me.
And I shall en - ter in - to rest. } shall see to face,
My soul to Him may take its flight.



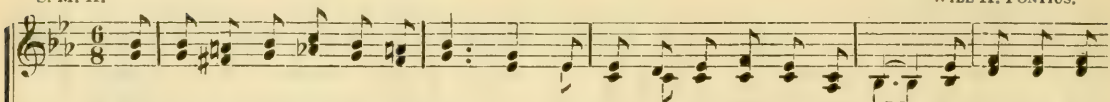
sto - ry—Saved by grace; And I shall see Him face to face, And tell the sto - ry—Saved by grace.
} shall see to face,



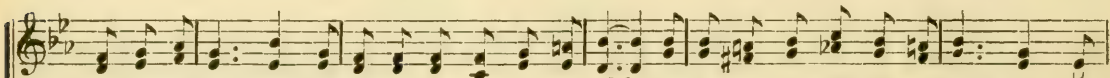
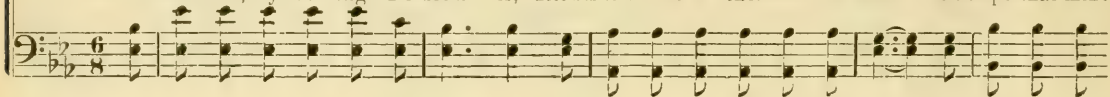
"Blessed are those servants whom the Lord when he cometh shall find watching."—Luke 12 : 35-37

S. M. H.

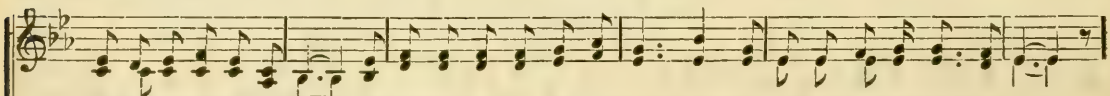
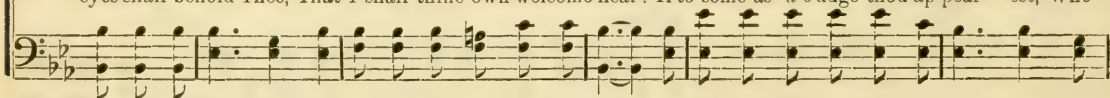
WILL H. PONTIUS.



1. We know not the time when He com eth, At ev - en, or mid - night, or morn ; It may be at
2. I think of His won - der - ful pit - y, The price our sal - va - tion hath cost: He left the bright
3. O Je - sus, my lov - ing Re - deem - er, Thou know - est I cher - ish as dear The hope that mine



deep - ening twi - light, It may be at ear - li - est dawn. He bids us to watch and be read - y, Nor
mansions of glo - ry To suf - fer and die for the lost. And sometimes I think it will please Him, When
eyes shall behold Thee, That I shall thine own welcome hear! If to some as a Judge thou ap - pear - est, Who



suffer our lights to grow dim ; That when He shall come, He may find us, All waiting and watching for Him,
those whom He died to redeem, Re - joice in the hope of His com - ing By waiting and watching for Him.
forth from Thy presence would flee, A Friend most beloved I'll greet Thee, I'm waiting and watching for Thee.



WAITING AND WATCHING.—CONCLUDED.

CHORUS.

1 2

{ Wait - ing and watch - ing. Wait - ing and watch - ing; } Still waiting and watching for Thee
 { Wait-ing and watching, yes, wait-ing for Thee, Wait-ing and watch-ing, yes, wait-ing for Thee; }

886

WHEN THOU COMEST.

W. A. O.

"Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom."—Luke 13. 42.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. When thou com-est in Thy kingdom, Je- sus, Lord, re-mem-ber me, Thus the pen-i-tent thief en-treat-ed
 2. When thou com-est in Thy kingdom, Sin-ful tho' my heart may be, Like the pen-i-tent thief I pray Thee
 3. When thou com-est in Thy kingdom, Mounting upward to the skies, Like the pen-i-tent thief, I pray to

D. S.—When thou com - est in Thy king- dom,

FINE. CHORUS.

Christ, the Lord, on Cal- va - ry. }
 Je - sus, Lord, re-mem-ber me. } Nev-er in vain, nev-er in vain, Faith in- spire this wonderful strain.
 Be with Thee in Par - a - dise. }

D.S.

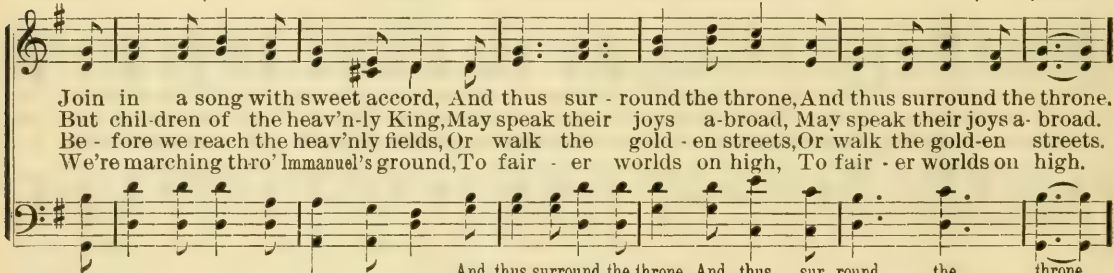
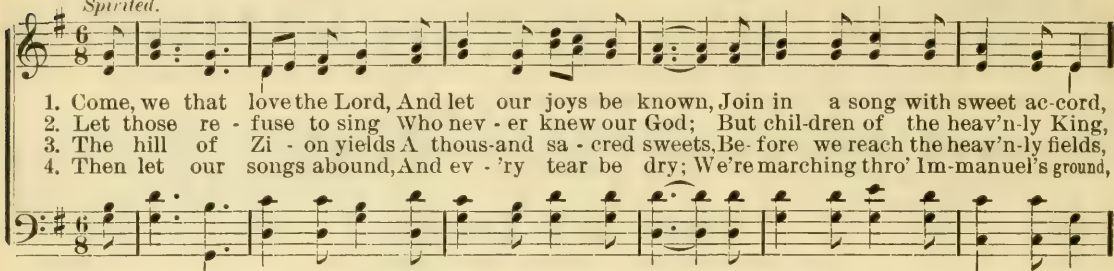
Je- sus, Lord, re- mem-ber me.

Used by permission.

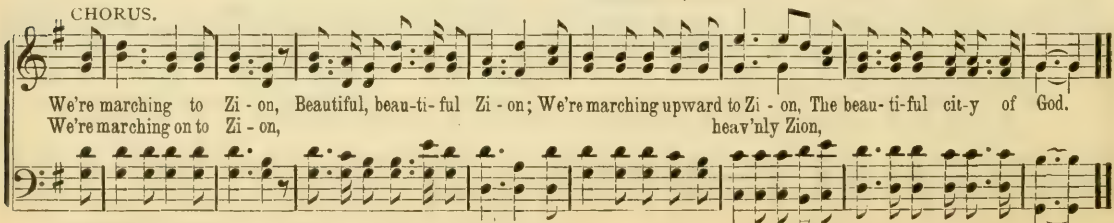
ISAAC WATTS.

"We are journeying unto the place of which the Lord said, I will give it to you."—Num. 10: 29.

ROBERT LOWRY.

Spirited.

CHORUS.



BEAUTIFUL CITY.

"Having the glory of God: and her light was like unto a stone most precious."—Rev. 21: 11.

FRANKLIN E. BELDEN.

JAMES R. MURRAY.

1. Beau-ti-ful cit - y, ha-ven of peace, Beau-tiful home where weeping shall cease; When shall thy gates be
 2. Beau-ti-ful cit - y, ha-ven of joy, Heaven - ly praise our tongues shall em-ploy; Glad are thy songs that
 3. Beau-ti-ful cit - y, ha-ven of rest, Beau-ti - ful mansions, home of the blest; O how I long thy

REFRAIN.

o-pened to me? When shall I rest for - ev - er in thee?
 nev-er grow old, Bright are thy walls of jas-per and gold. Beau-ti-ful cit - y, haven of peace,
 glo-ries to see! Beau - ti - ful cit - y, waiting for me.

Home of the soul, where weeping shall cease; Beautiful cit - y, waiting for me, When shall I rest for - ev - er in thee?

HEAVEN AT LAST.

"Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which
 HORATIUS BONAR, D. D. God hath prepared for them that love him." — 1 Cor. 2 : 9.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. An - gel voic - es sweet - ly sing - ing, Ech - oes thro' the blue dome ring - ing, News of wondrous
 2. On the jas - per threshold stand - ing, Like a pil - grim safe - ly land - ing, See the strange, bright
 3. Soft - est voic - es, sil - ver peal - ing, Fresh - est fragrance, spir - it - heal - ing, Hap - py hymns a -
 4. Not a tear - drop ev - er fall - eth, Not a pleas - ure ev - er pall - eth, Song to song for -
 5. Christ, himself, the liv - ing splen - dor, Christ the sun - light, mild and ten - der; Prais - es to the

REFRAIN.

glad - ness bring - ing; Ah, 'tis heav'n at last!
 scene ex - pand - ing; Ah, 'tis heav'n at last!
 round us steal - ing; Ah, 'tis heav'n at last! Heav'n at last, heav'n at last; O, the joy - ful sto - ry of
 ev - er call - eth; Ah, 'tis heav'n at last!
 Lamb we ren - der; Ah, 'tis heav'n at last!

Small notes for final ending.

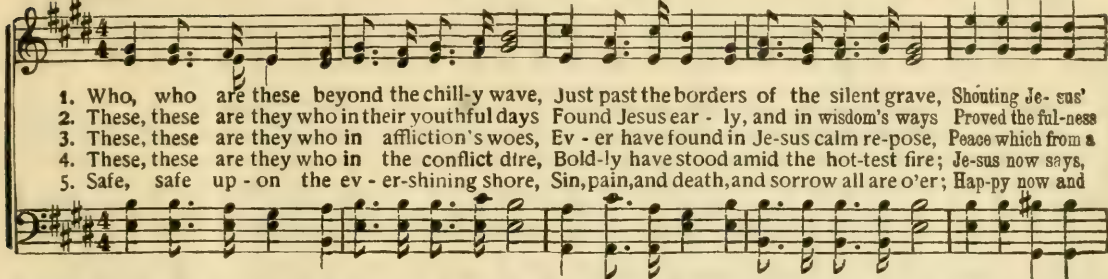
heav'n at last! Heav'n at last, heav'n at last; Endless, boundless glo - ry, In heav'n at last.

SWEEPING THROUGH THE GATES.

"Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."—Matt. 25 : 34.

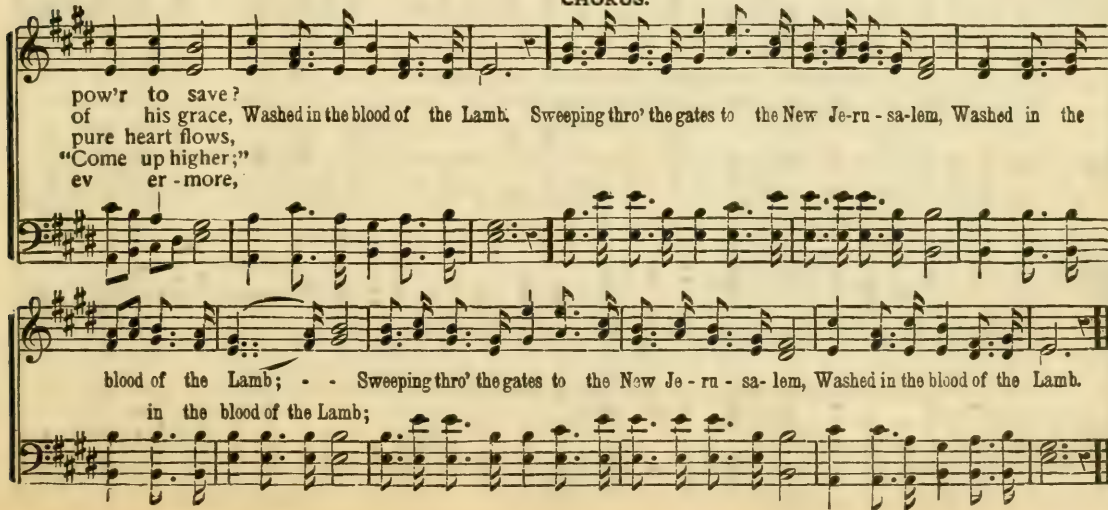
T. C. O'K.

T. C. O'KANE, by per.



1. Who, who are these beyond the chill-y wave, Just past the borders of the silent grave, Shouting Je-sus'
 2. These, these are they who in their youthful days Found Jesus ear-ly, and in wisdom's ways Proved the ful-ness
 3. These, these are they who in affliction's woes, Ev-er have found in Je-sus calm re-pose, Peace which from a
 4. These, these are they who in the conflict die, Bold-ly have stood amid the hot-test fire; Je-sus now says,
 5. Safe, safe up-on the ev-er-shining shore, Sin, pain, and death, and sorrow all are o'er; Hap-py now and

CHORUS.



pow'r to save?
 of his grace, Washed in the blood of the Lamb. Sweeping thro' the gates to the New Je-ru - sa-lem, Washed in the
 pure heart flows,
 "Come up higher;"
 ev-er - more,

blood of the Lamb; - - Sweeping thro' the gates to the New Je-ru - sa-lem, Washed in the blood of the Lamb.
 in the blood of the Lamb;

W. M.

"Then shall I know even as also I am known."—1 Cor. 13: 13.

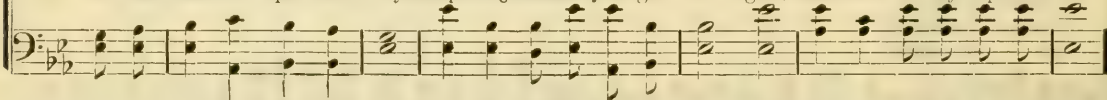
REV. ROBERT LOWRY.



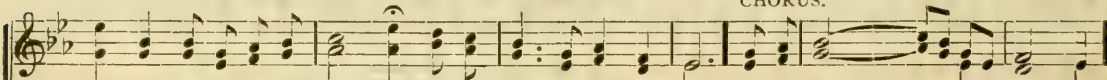
1. When we hear the mu-sic ring - ing In the bright ce-les-tial dome, When sweet angel voiç-es, sing - ing,
2. When the ho - ly an-gels meet us, As we go to join their band, Shall we know the friends that greet us
3. Yes, my earth-worn soul re-joic - es, And my wea-ry heart grows light; For the sweet immortal voic - es
4. O ye wea-ry, sad, and tossed ones! Droop not, faint not by the way; Ye shall join the loved and lost ones



Glad - ly bid us wel-come home, To the land of an-cient sto - ry, Where the dwellers know no care,—
 In the glo - rious, hap-py land? Shall we see the same eyes shin - ing, On us as in days of yore?
 And th'an-gel - ic fac - es bright That shall sing with us the sto - ry Of redemption round the throne,
 In the land of per - fect day. Harp-strings touched by an-gel fin - gers, Mur-mur in my rap-tured ear;



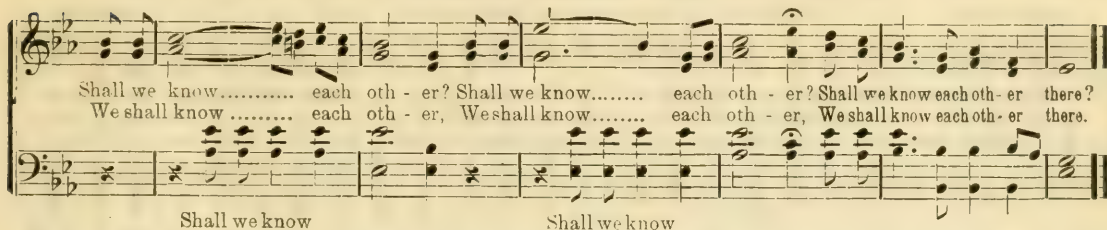
CHORUS.



In that land of light and glo - ry,—Shall we know each other there?
 Shall we feel the same arms twining, Fond-ly round us as be - fore? } Shall we know..... each oth - er?
 Are with us the heirs of glo - ry, And we'll know as we are known. } *Last two stanzas.*
 Ev - er more their sweet song lingers, "We shall know each other there!" } We shall know..... each oth - er,



SHALL WE KNOW EACH OTHER THERE?—CONCLUDED.



Shall we know..... each oth - er? Shall we know..... each oth - er? Shall we know each oth - er there?
 We shall know each oth - er, We shall know..... each oth - er, We shall know each oth - er there.

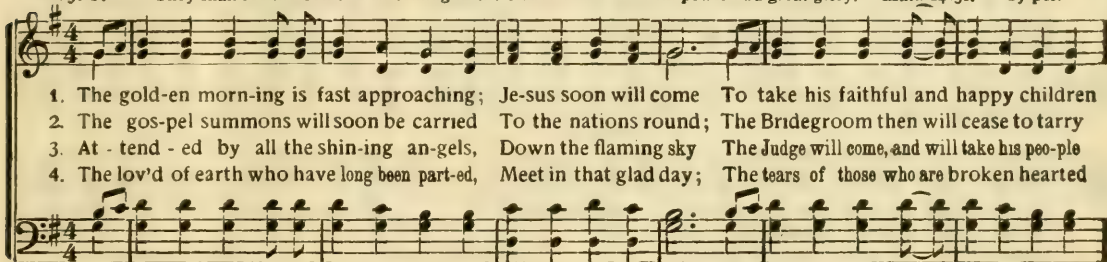
Shall we know Shall we know

892

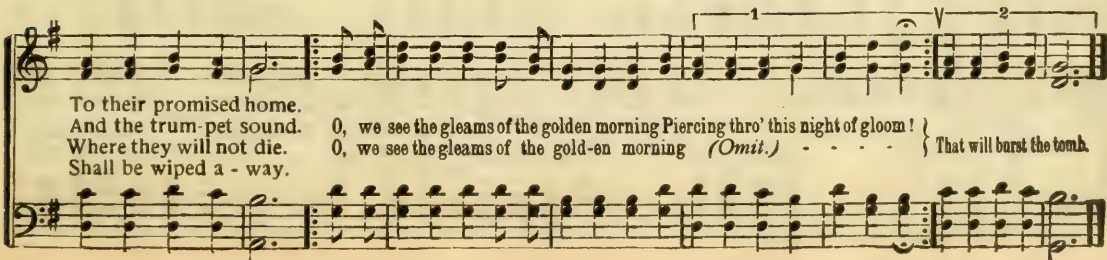
GLEAMS OF THE GOLDEN MORNING.

S. J. GRAHAM,

S. J. G. "They shall see the Son of man coming in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory."—Matt. 24:30. by per.



1. The gold-en morn-ing is fast approaching; Je-sus soon will come To take his faithful and happy children
 2. The gos-pel summons will soon be carried To the nations round; The Bridegroom then will cease to tarry
 3. At - tend - ed by all the shin-ing an-gels, Down the flaming sky The Judge will come, and will take his peo-ple
 4. The lov'd of earth who have long been part-ed, Meet in that glad day; The tears of those who are broken hearted




To their promised home.
 And the trum-pet sound.
 Where they will not die.
 Shall be wiped a - way.

0, we see the gleams of the golden morning Piercing thro' this night of gloom! }
 0, we see the gleams of the gold-en morning (*Omit.*) - - - } That will burst the tomb.


ANNIE HERBERT.

"Now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face."—1 Cor. 13:13

J. H. ANDERSON.

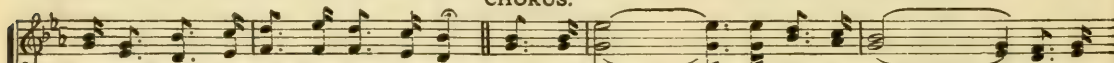


1. When the mists have rolled in splen - dor From the beau - ty of the hills, And the sunshine, warm and ten - der, Falls in
 2. If we err in hu - man blindness, And for - get that we are dust, If we miss the law of kind - ness When we
 3. When the mists have ris'n a - bove us, As our Fa - ther knows his own, Face to face with those that love us, We shall

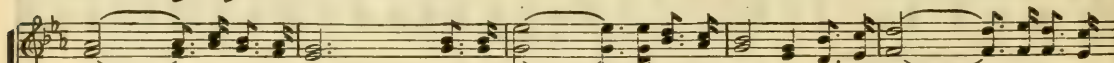


kiss - es on the rills, We may read love's shin - ing let - ter In the rain - bow of the spray; We shall know each other
 strug - gle to be just, Snow - y wings of peace shall cov - er All the er - rors of to - day, When the weary watch is
 know as we are known; Far be - yond the o - rient meadows Floats the gold - en fringe of day; Heart to heart we bide the

CHORUS.



bet - ter When the mists have cleared a-way. We shall know - - as we are known, - - Nev - er -
 o - ver, And the mists have cleared a-way.
 shadows, Till the mists have cleared a-way. We shall know as we are known,



more - - to walk a-lone, - - In the dawn - - ing of the morn - ing, When the mists - - have cleared a -
 Nev - er more to walk a-lone, In the dawning of the morn - ing, When the mists have cleared a -

WE SHALL KNOW.—CONCLUDED.

rit.

way: In the dawn - ing of the morn-ing, When the mists - - have cleared away (have cleared away).
have cleared away; In the dawning When the mists

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"HOLD FAST TILL I COME."

F. E. B. "Behold, I come quickly; hold that fast which thou hast, that no man take thy crown."—Rev. 3: 11. F. E. BELDEN.

1. Sweet promise is giv'n to all who be-lieve,—“Be-hold I come quickly, mine own to re-ceive;
2. We'll “watch un-to pray’r” with lamps burning bright; He comes to all oth-ers a “thief in the night.”
3. Yes! this is our hope, ’t is built on His word,—The glo-rious ap-pear-ing of Je-sus, our Lord;

Hold fast till I come; the dan-ger is great; Sleep not as do oth-ers; be watch-ful, and wait,”
We know he is near, but know not the day,—As spring shows that summer is not far a-way.
Of prom-is-es all, it stands as the sum: “Be-hold I come quick-ly, hold fast till I come.”

D.S.—“Come, en-ter my joy, sit down on my throne; Bright crowns are in wait-ing; hold fast till I come.”

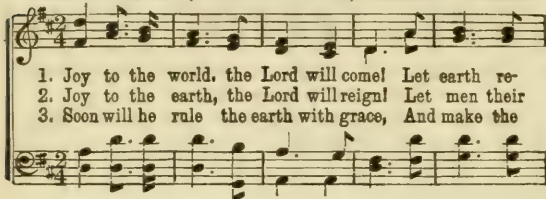
CHORUS.

D. S.

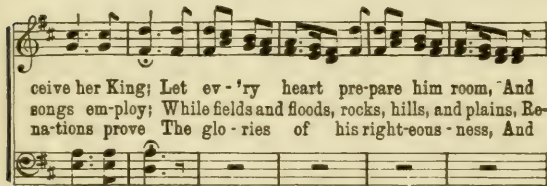
“Hold fast till I come;” sweet prom-ise of heav’n,—“The kingdom restored, to you shall be giv’n.”

895 JOY TO THE WORLD.

ISAAC WATTS, arr. (ANTIOCH. C. M.) GEORGE F. HANDEL.



1. Joy to the world, the Lord will come! Let earth re-
2. Joy to the earth, the Lord will reign! Let men their
3. Soon will he rule the earth with grace, And make the

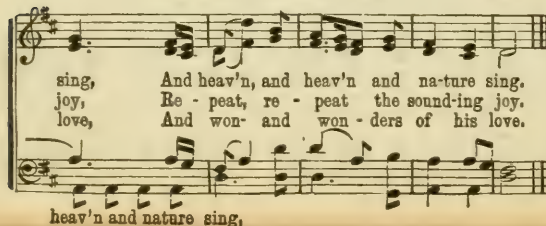


ceive her King; Let ev'-ry heart pre-pare him room, And
songs employ; While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains, Re-
na-tions prove The glo-ries of his right-eous-ness, And



heav'n and na-ture sing, And heav'n and na-ture
peat the sound-ing joy, Re-peat the sound-ing
won-ders of his love, And won-ders of his

And heav'n and nature sing. And

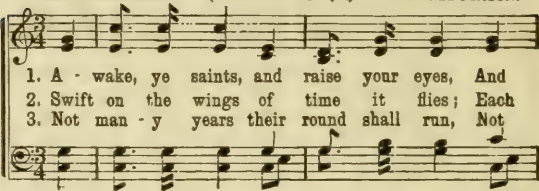


sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and na-ture sing.
joy, Re-peat, re-peat the sound-ing joy.
love, And won-and won-ders of his love.

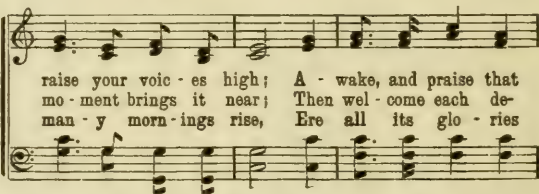
heav'n and nature sing,

896 AWAKE, YE SAINTS.

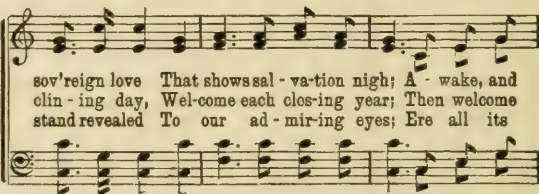
PHILIP DODDRIDGE. (ZERAH. C. M.) LOWELL MASON.



1. A-wake, ye saints, and raise your eyes, And
2. Swift on the wings of time it flies; Each
3. Not man-y years their round shall run, Not



raise your voic-es high; A-wake, and praise that
mo-moment brings it near; Then wel-come each de-
man-y morn-ings rise, Ere all its glo-ries



sov'reign love That shows sal-va-tion nigh; A-wake, and
clin-ing day, Wel-come each clos-ing year; Then welcome
stand revealed To our ad-mir-ing eyes; Ere all its



praise that sov'reign love That shows sal-va-tion nigh.
each de-clin-ing day, Wel-come each clos-ing year.
glo-ries stand revealed To our ad-mir-ing eyes.

F. W. FABER, D. D. (PARADISE. P. M.) JOSEPH BARNEY.

1. O Par - a - dise ! O Par - a - dise ! Who doth not crave for rest ?
 2. O Par - a - dise ! O Par - a - dise ! The world is grow - ing old ;
 3. O Par - a - dise ! O Par - a - dise ! I want to sin no more ;
 4. O Par - a - dise ! O Par - a - dise ! I would so faith - ful be,

Who would not seek the happy land Where they that love are blest ?
 Who would not be at rest and free Where love is nev - er cold ?
 I want to be as pure on earth As on thy spot - less shore.
 That when my race on earth has run That race may end in thee.

Refrain.

Where loyal hearts and true
 Where loy - al hearts and true Stand ev - er in the light,

All rap - ture thro' and thro', In God's most ho - ly sight.

BERNARD OF CLUNY. (EWING. 7s & 6s. d.) ALEXANDER EWING.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and honey blest,
 2. There is the throne of Day - id, And there, from care releas'd,
 3. O sweet and bless - ed coun - try, The home of God's e - lect !

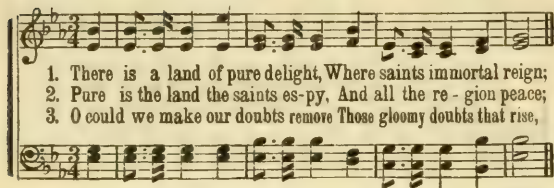
Beneath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice oppress'd :
 The song of them that tri - umph, The shout of them that feast ;
 O sweet and bless - ed coun - try, That ea - ger hearts ex - pect !

I know not, O I know not What ho - ly joys are there ;
 And they who with their Leader, Have conquered in the fight,
 Je - sus in mer - cy bring us To that dear land of rest ;

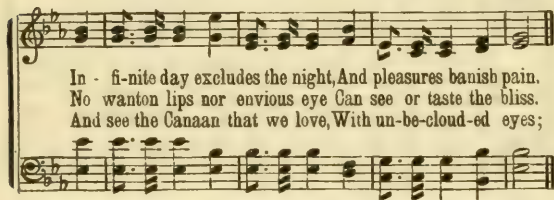
What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What bliss beyond com - pare.
 For - ev - er and for - ev - er Are clad in robes of white.
 Who art with God the Fa - ther, And Spir - it ev - er blest.

899 LAND OF PURE DELIGHT.

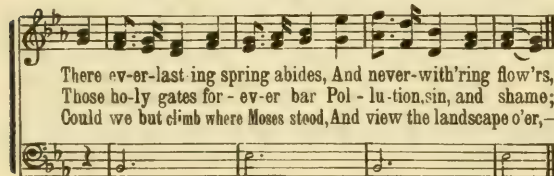
WATTS. Arr. from CHAS. H. RINCK.
(VARINA. C. M. D.) by G. F. ROOT.



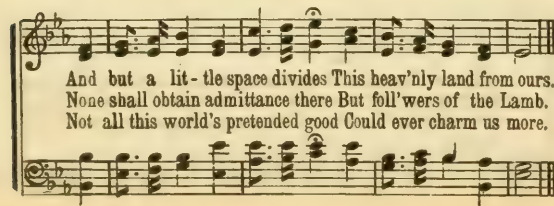
1. There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign;
2. Pure is the land the saints es-py, And all the re-gion peace;
3. O could we make our doubts remove These gloomy doubts that rise,



In - fi-nite day excludes the night, And pleasures banish pain.
No wanton lips nor envious eye Can see or taste the bliss.
And see the Canaan that we love, With un-be-cloud-ed eyes;



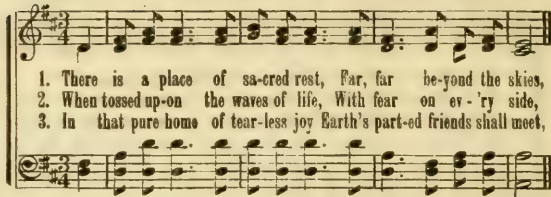
There ev-er-last-ing spring abides, And never-with'ring flow'rs,
Those ho-ly gates for - ev-er bar Pol - lu-tion, sin, and shame;
Could we but climb where Moses stood, And view the landscape o'er,-



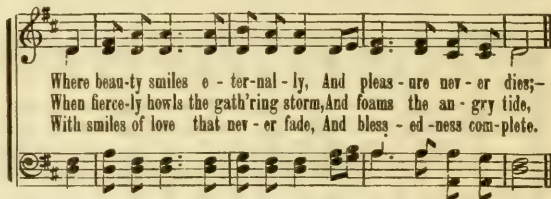
And but a lit-tle space divides This heav'nly land from ours.
None shall obtain admittance there But foll'wers of the Lamb.
Not all this world's pretended good Could ever charm us more.

900 PLACE OF SACRED REST.

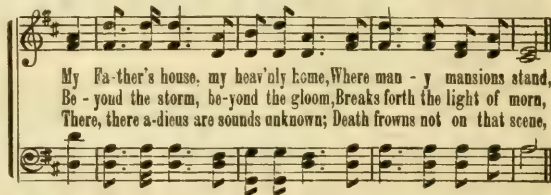
ANON. (OAKLEY. C. M. D.) WM. H. OAKLEY.



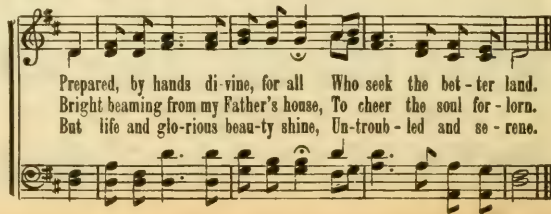
1. There is a place of sa-cred rest, Far, far be-yond the skies,
2. When tossed up-on the waves of life, With fear on ev'-ry side,
3. In that pure home of tear-less joy Earth's part-ed friends shall meet,



Where beau-ty smiles e - ter-nal-ly, And pleas-ure nev-er dies;-
When fierce-ly howls the gath'ring storm, And foams the an-gry tide,
With smiles of love that nev-er fade, And bless-ed-ness com-plete.



My Fa-ther's house, my heav'nly home, Where man-y mansions stand,
Be-yond the storm, be-yond the gloom, Breaks forth the light of morn,
There, there a-dieus are sounds unknown; Death frowns not on that scene,



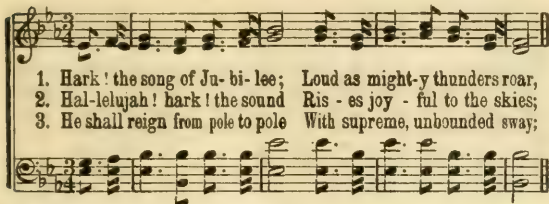
Prepared, by hands di-vine, for all Who seek the bet-ter land.
Bright beaming from my Father's house, To cheer the soul for-lorn.
But life and glo-rious beau-ty shine, Un-troub-led and so-re-ne.

901 THE SONG OF JUBILEE.

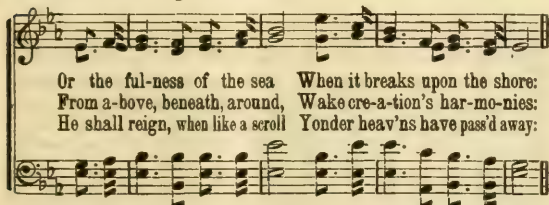
J. MONTGOMERY.

(WATCHMAN. 75. D.)

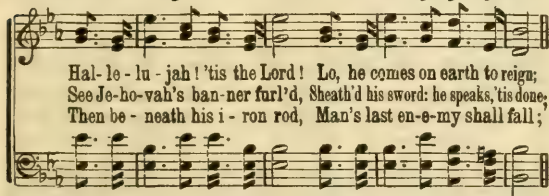
L. MASON.



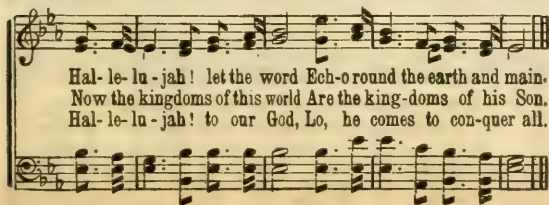
1. Hark ! the song of Ju- bi- lee; Loud as might-y thunders roar,
2. Hal-lelu-jah ! hark ! the sound Ris - es joy - ful to the skies;
3. He shall reign from pole to pole With supreme, unbounded sway;



Or the ful-ness of the sea When it breaks upon the shore:
From a-bove, beneath, around, Wake cre-a-tion's har-mo-nies:
He shall reign, when like a scroll Yonder heav'n's have pass'd away:



Hal-le-lu-jah ! 'tis the Lord ! Lo, he comes on earth to reign;
See Je-ho-vah's ban-ner furl'd, Sheath'd his sword: he speaks, 'tis done,
Then be- neath his i- ron rod, Man's last en-e-my shall fall;



Hal-le-lu-jah ! let the word Ech-o-round the earth and main.
Now the kingdoms of this world Are the king-doms of his Son.
Hal-le-lu-jah ! to our God, Lo, he comes to con-quer all.

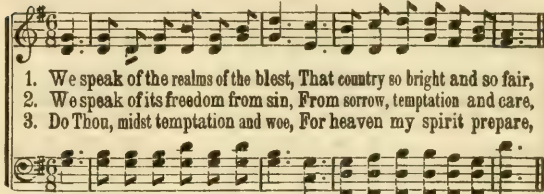
902

TO BE THERE.

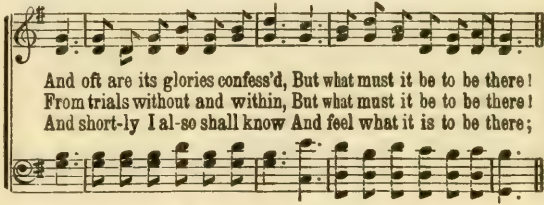
ELIZABETH MILLS.

(CONTRAST. 8s. D.)

LEWIS EDSON.



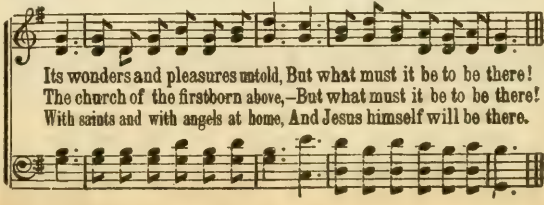
1. We speak of the realms of the blest, That country so bright and so fair,
2. We speak of its freedom from sin, From sorrow, temptation and care,
3. Do Thou, midst temptation and woe, For heaven my spirit prepare,



And oft are its glories confess'd, But what must it be to be there !
From trials without and within, But what must it be to be there !
And short-ly I al-so shall know And feel what it is to be there;



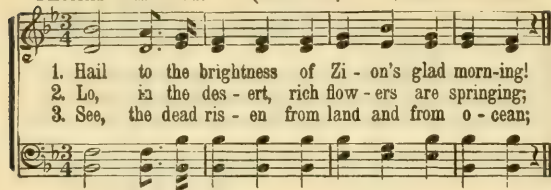
We speak of its streets of pure gold, Its walls deck'd with jewels so rare,
We speak of its ser-vice of love, And robes which the glorified wear,—
Then o'er the bright fields we shall roam, In glo-ry ce-lestial and fair,



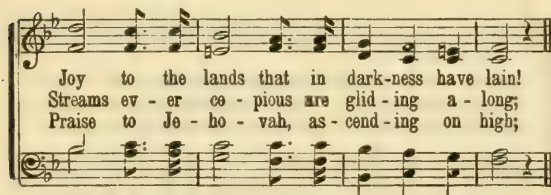
Its wonders and pleasures untold, But what must it be to be there !
The church of the firstborn above,—But what must it be to be there !
With saints and with angels at home, And Jesus himself will be there.

903 HAIL TO THE BRIGHTNESS.

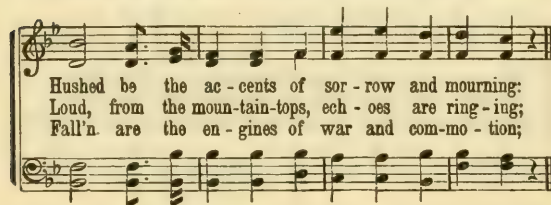
THOMAS HASTINGS. (115 & 105.) LOWELL MASON.



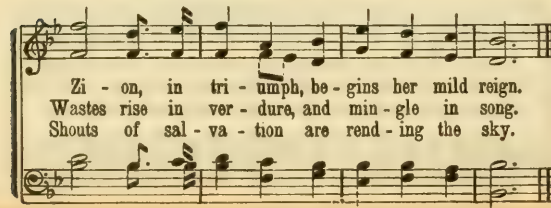
1. Hail to the brightness of Zi - on's glad morn-ing!
 2. Lo, in the des - ert, rich flow - ers are springing;
 3. See, the dead ris - en from land and from o - cean;



Joy to the lands that in dark-ness have lain!
 Streams ev - er co - pious are glid - ing a - long;
 Praise to Je - ho - vah, as - cend - ing on high;



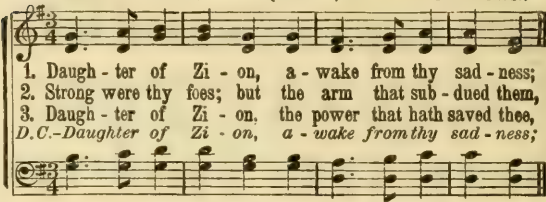
Hushed be the ac - cents of sor - row and mourning;
 Loud, from the moun - tain - tops, ech - oes are ring - ing;
 Fall'n are the en - gines of war and com - mo - tion;



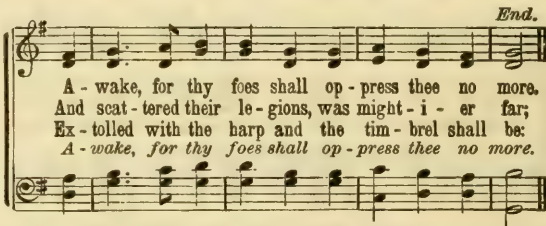
Zi - on, in tri - umph, be - gins her mild reign.
 Wastes rise in ver - dura, and min - gle in song.
 Shouts of sal - va - tion are rend - ing the sky.

904 DAUGHTER OF ZION.

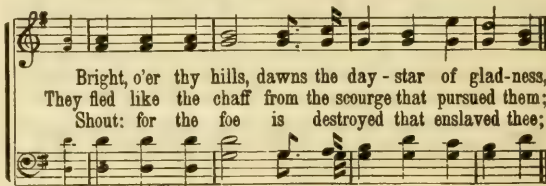
FITZGERALD'S COL. (115. P.) UNKNOWN.



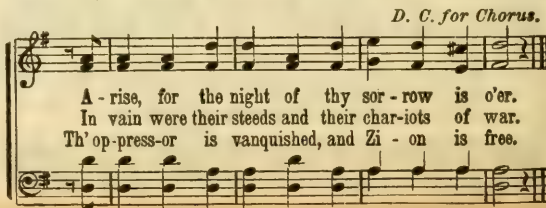
1. Daugh - ter of Zi - on, a - wake from thy sad - ness;
 2. Strong were thy foes; but the arm that sub - dued them,
 3. Daugh - ter of Zi - on, the power that hath saved thee,
D. C. - Daughter of Zi - on, a - wake from thy sad - ness;



End.
 A - wake, for thy foes shall op - press thee no more.
 And scat - tered their le - gions, was might - i - er far;
 Ex - tolled with the harp and the tim - brel shall be:
A - wake, for thy foes shall op - press thee no more.



Bright, o'er thy hills, dawns the day - star of glad - ness,
 They fled like the chaff from the scourge that pursued them;
 Shout: for the foe is destroyed that enslaved thee;

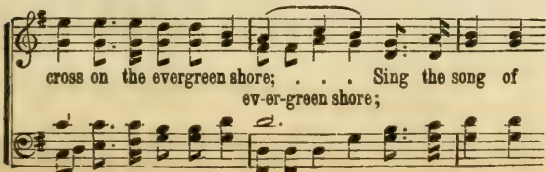
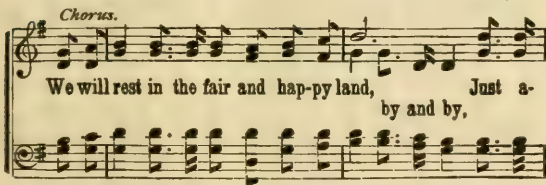
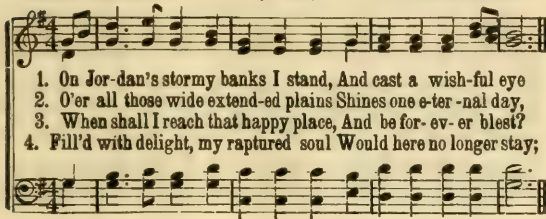


D. C. for Chorus.
 A - rise, for the night of thy sor - row is o'er.
 In vain were their steeds and their char - iots of war.
 Th'op - press - or is vanquished, and Zi - on is free.

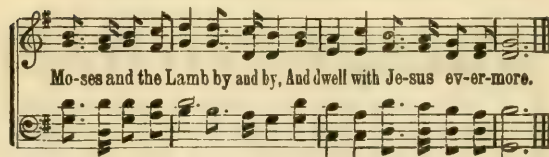
REV. S. STENNETT.

(C. M.)

T. C. O'KANE.



Used by permission.



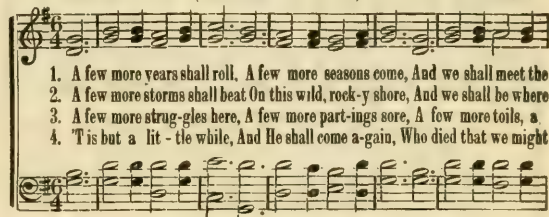
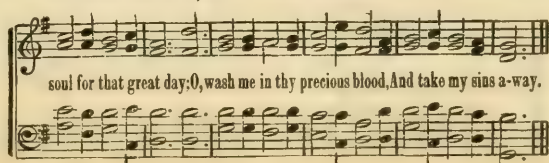
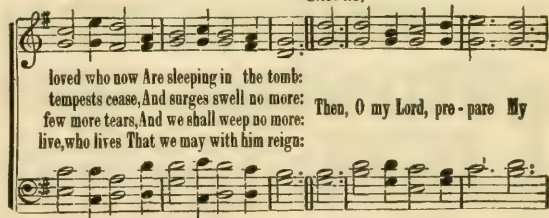
906

A FEW MORE YEARS.

H. BONAR.

(BONAR. S. M. D.)

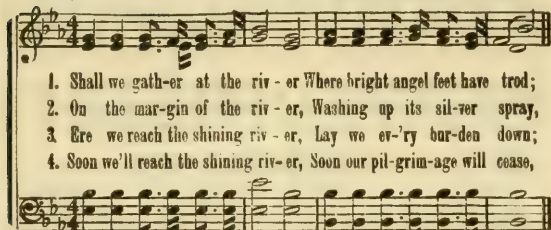
L. MASON.

*Chorus.*

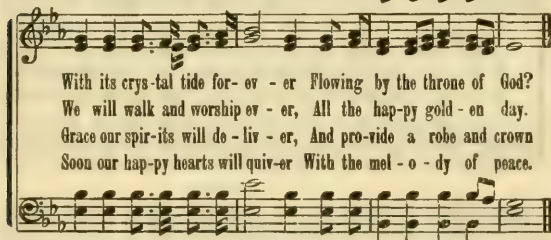
907 GATHER AT THE RIVER?

R. L.

REV. ROBERT LOWRY.

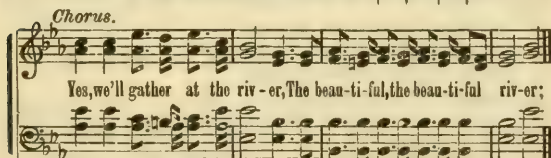


1. Shall we gath-er at the riv-er Where bright angel feet have trod;
 2. On the mar-gin of the riv-er, Washing up its sil-ver spray,
 3. Ere we reach the shining riv-er, Lay we ev-ry bur-den down;
 4. Soon we'll reach the shining riv-er, Soon our pil-grim-age will cease,

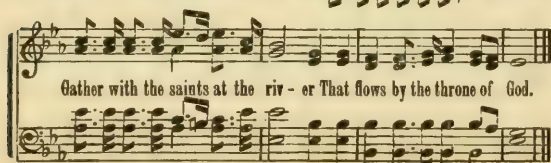


With its crys-tal tide for-ev-er Flowing by the throne of God?
 We will walk and worship ev-er, All the hap-py gold-en day.
 Grace our spir-its will de-liv-er, And pro-vide a robe and crown
 Soon our hap-py hearts will quiv-er With the mel-o-dy of peace.

Chorus.



Yes, we'll gather at the riv-er, The beau-ti-ful, the beau-ti-ful riv-er;



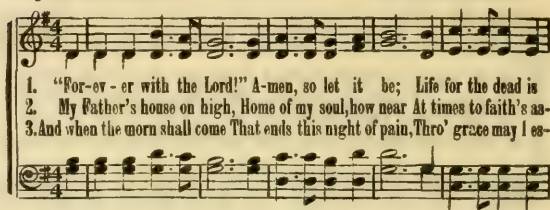
Gather with the saints at the riv-er That flows by the throne of God.

Copyright property of Mary Runyon Lowry, used by per.

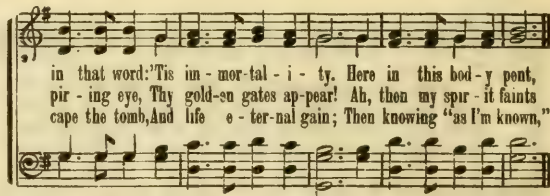
908 FOREVER WITH THE LORD.

J. MONTGOMERY.

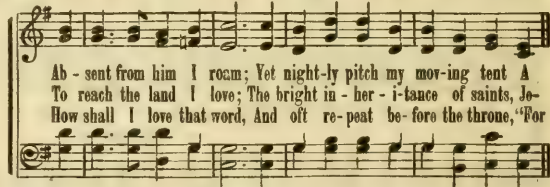
I. B. WOODBURY.



1. "For-ev-er with the Lord!" A-men, so let it be; Life for the dead is
 2. My Father's house on high, Home of my soul, how near At times to faith's as-
 3. And when the morn shall come That ends this night of pain, Thro' grace may I es-

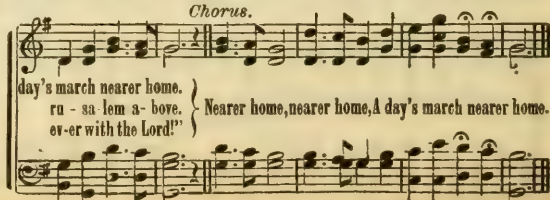


in that word: 'Tis im-mor-tal-i-ty. Here in this bod-y pent,
 pir-ing eye, Thy gold-en gates ap-pear! Ah, then my spir-it faints
 cape the tomb, And life e-ter-nal gain; Then knowing "as I'm known,"



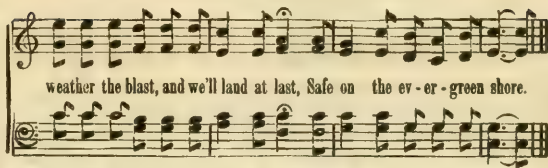
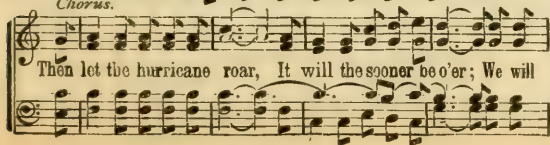
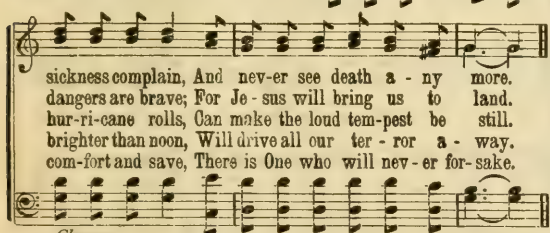
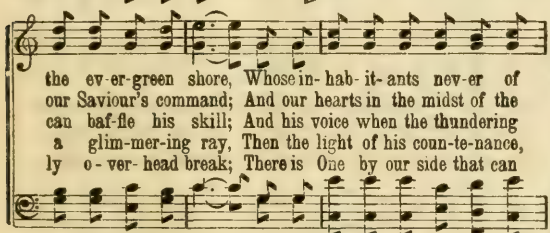
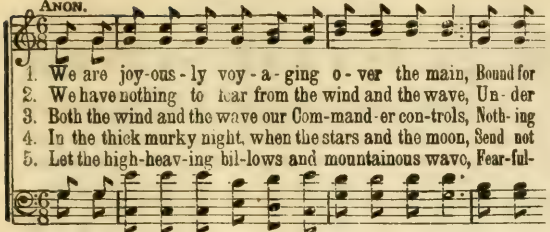
Ab-sent from him I roam; Yet night-ly pitch my mov-ing tent A
 To reach the land I love; The bright in-her-i-tance of saints, Jo-
 How shall I love that word, And oft re-peat be-fore the throne, "For

Chorus.



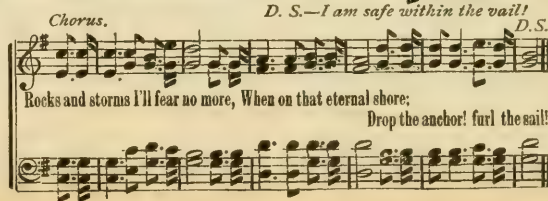
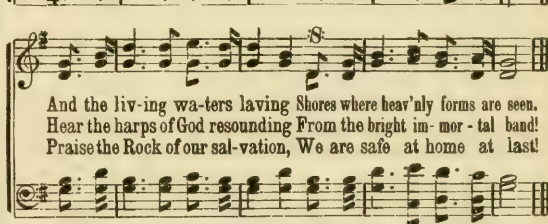
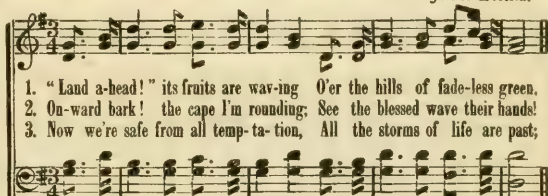
day's march nearer home.
 ru-sa-lem a-bove. } Nearer home, nearer home, A day's march nearer home.
 ev-er with the Lord!"

ANON.

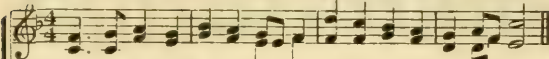


910 SAFE WITHIN THE VAIL.

J. M. EVANS.



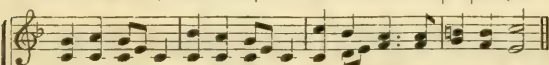
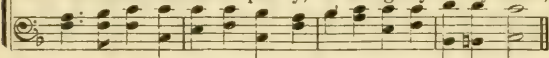
JOHN NEWTON. (AUSTRIA. 8s & 7s. D.) F. J. HAYDN.



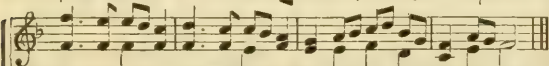
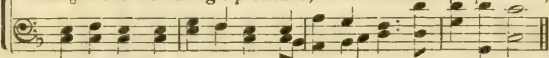
1. Glorious things of thee are spoken, Zion, city of our God:
2. See the streams of living waters Sprung from eternal love,
3. Round each habitation hov'ring, See the cloud and fire appear
4. Sav-iour, if of Zi-on's cit-y I, thro' grace, a member am,



He whose word can not be broken Formed thee for His own abode;
Well supply thy sons and daughters, And all fear and want remove;
For a glo-ry and a cov'-ring, Showing that the Lord is near;
Let the world deride or pit-y, I will glory in Thy name;



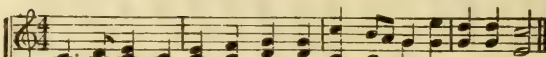
On the Rock of Ages founded, What can shake Thy sure repose?
Who can faint when such a river Ever flows their thirst to assuage?
Blest in-hab-i-tants of Zi-on, Washed in the Redeemer's blood;
Fading is the worldling's pleasure, All his boasted pomp and show;



With salvation's wall surrounded, Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.
Grace, which, like the Lord, the Giver, Never fails from age to age.
Jesus, whom their souls rely on, Makes them kings and priests to God.
Solid joys and lasting treasure None but Zion's children know.



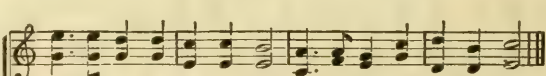
H. T. SCHENCK. (NEANDER. 8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7.) J. NEANDER.



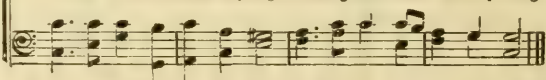
1. Who are these like stars appearing, These, before God's throne who stand?
2. These are they who have contend-ed For their Saviour's honor long,
3. These are they whose hearts were riv-en, Sore with woe and anguish tried,



Each a gold-en crown is wearing, Who are all this glorious band?
Wrestling on till life was end-ed, Follow'ing not the sinful throng:
Who in pray'r full oft have striven With the God they glo-ri-fied:

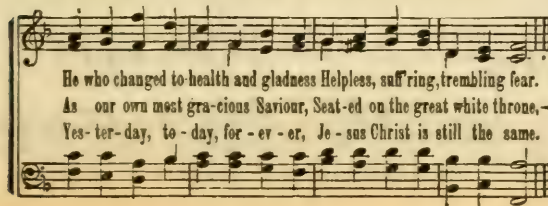
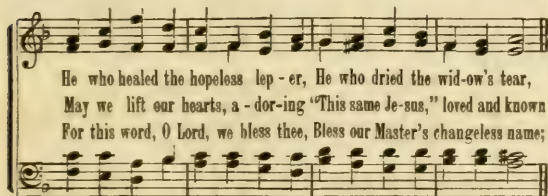
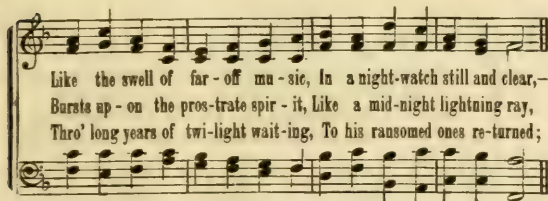
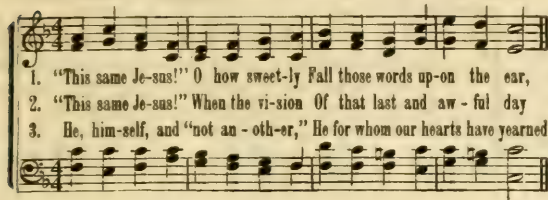


Al-le-lu-ia! hark, they sing, Praising loud their heav'nly King.



4. These, like priests, have watched and waited
Offering up to God their will;
Soul and body consecrated,
Day and night they serve him still;
Now in God's most holy place,
Blest they stand before his face.

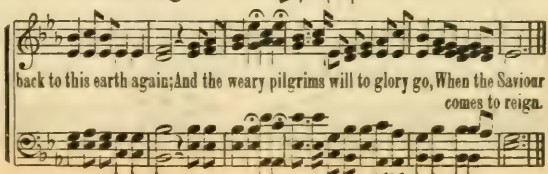
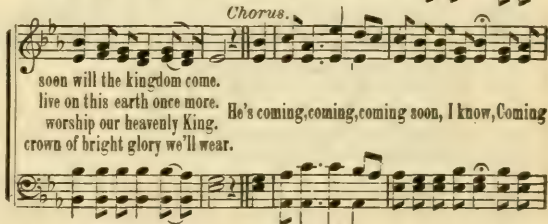
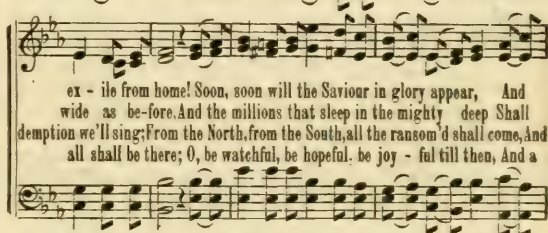
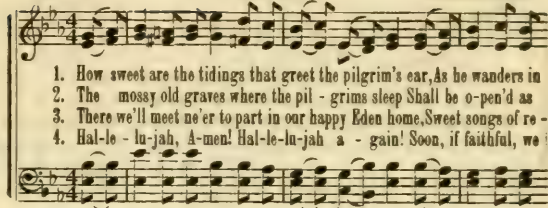
HAVERGAL. (DEERHURST. 8s & 7s. D.) LANGRAN.



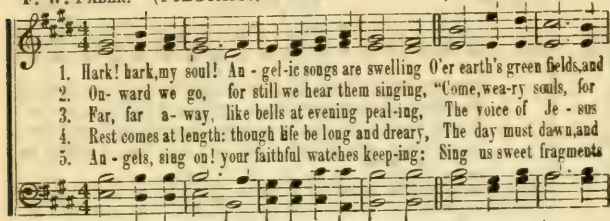
ANON.

(12s & 8s.)

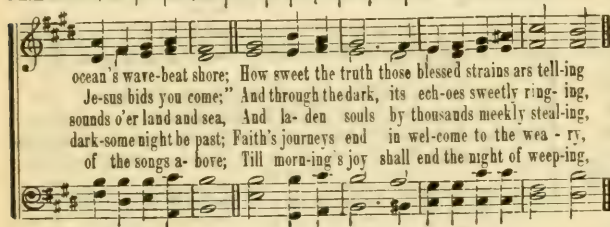
ARRANGED.



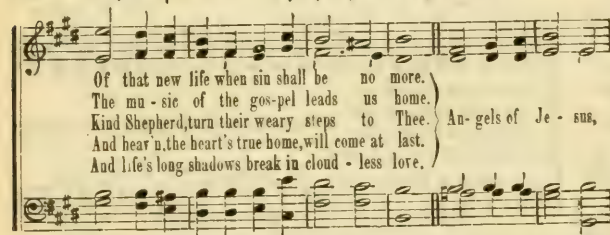
F. W. FABER. (PILGRIMS. 115. 105. WITH CHO.) HENRY SMART.



1. Hark! hark, my soul! An - gel-ic songs are swelling O'er earth's green fields, and
 2. On - ward we go, for still we hear them singing, "Come, wea-ry souls, for
 3. Far, far a - way, like bells at evening peal-ing, The voice of Je - sus
 4. Rest comes at length: though life be long and dreary, The day must dawn, and
 5. An - gels, sing on! your faithful watches keep-ing: Sing us sweet fragments



ocean's ware-beat shore; How sweet the truth those blessed strains are tell-ing
 Je-sus bids you come;" And through the dark, its ech-oes sweetly ring-ing,
 sounds o'er land and sea, And la - den souls by thousands meekly steal-ing,
 dark-some night be past; Faith's journeys end in wel-come to the wea - ry,
 of the songs a - bove; Till morn-ing's joy shall end the night of weep-ing,

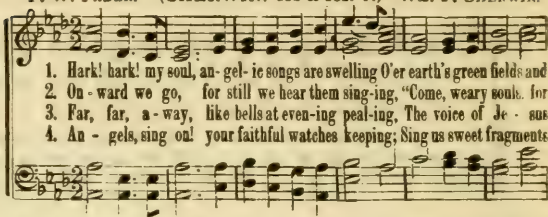


Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
 The mu - sic of the gos-pel leads us home.
 Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee. } An - gels of Je - sus,
 And hear u, the heart's true home, will come at last. }
 And life's long shadows break in cloud - less lore. }

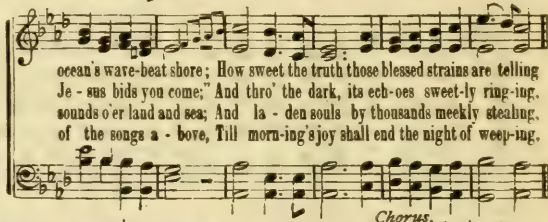


An - gels of light, Sing-ing to wel-come the pilgrims of the night! A - men.

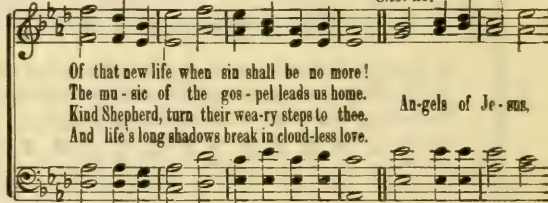
F. W. FABER. (SHERWIN. 115 & 105. P.) WM. F. SHERWIN.



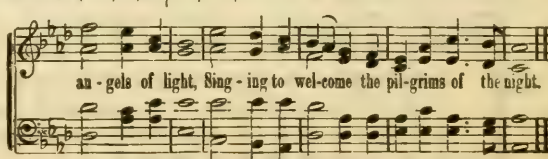
1. Hark! hark! my soul, an - gel-ic songs are swelling O'er earth's green fields and
 2. On - ward we go, for still we hear them sing-ing, "Come, weary souls, for
 3. Far, far, a - way, like bells at even-ing peal-ing, The voice of Je - sus
 4. An - gels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping; Sing us sweet fragments



ocean's ware-beat shore; How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling
 Je - sus bids you come;" And thro' the dark, its ech-oes sweet-ly ring-ing,
 sounds o'er land and sea; And la - den souls by thousands meekly steal-ing,
 of the songs a - bove, Till morn-ing's joy shall end the night of weep-ing.



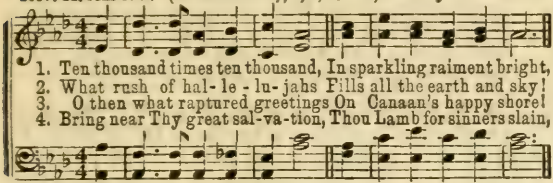
Chorus.
 Of that new life when sin shall be no more!
 The mu - sic of the gos - pel leads us home. An-gels of Je - sus,
 Kind Shepherd, turn their wea-ry steps to thee.
 And life's long shadows break in cloud-less lore.



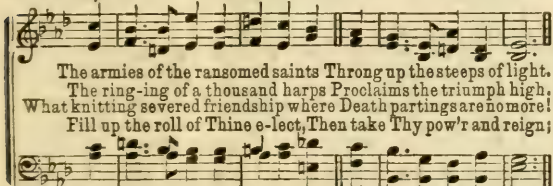
an - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel-come the pil-grims of the night.

917 TEN THOUSAND TIMES.

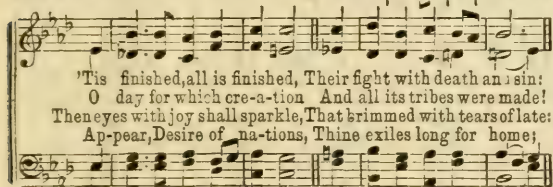
Rev. H. ALFORD. (ALFORD. 7, 6, 8, 6. D.) Rev. J. B. DYKES.



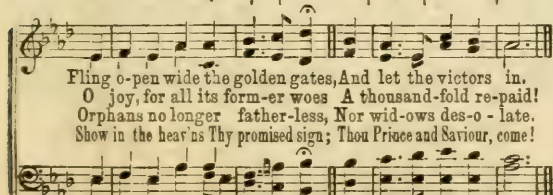
1. Ten thousand times ten thousand, In sparkling raiment bright,
2. What rush of hal-le-lu-jahs Fills all the earth and sky!
3. O then what raptured greetings On Canaan's happy shore!
4. Bring near Thy great sal-va-tion, Thou Lamb for sinners slain,



The armies of the ransomed saints Throng up the steepes of light.
The ring-ing of a thousand harps Proclaims the triumph high.
What knitting severed friendship where Death partings are no more!
Fill up the roll of Thine e-lect, Then take Thy pow'r and reign;



'Tis finished, all is finished, Their fight with death an sin:
O day for which ere-a-tion And all its tribes were made!
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle, That brimmed with tears of late:
Ap-pear, Desire of na-tions, Thine exiles long for home;

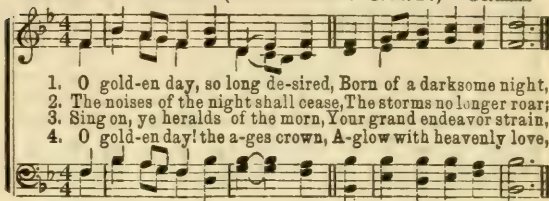


Fling o-pen wide the golden gates, And let the victors in.
O joy, for all its form-er woes A thousand-fold re-paid!
Orphans no longer father-less, Nor wid-ows des-o-late.
Show in the heav'n Thy promised sign; Thou Prince and Saviour, come!

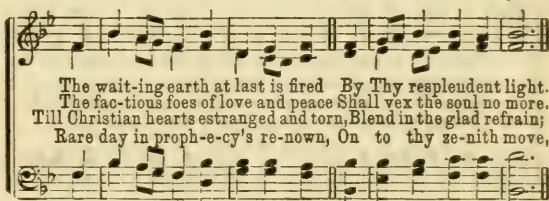
(Sing to No. 918 for easier music, using ties in second measure of 1st and 3d scores.)

918 O GOLDEN DAY.

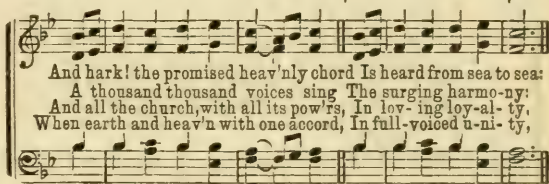
CHARLES A. DICKINSON. (ELLACOMBE. C. M. D.) German.



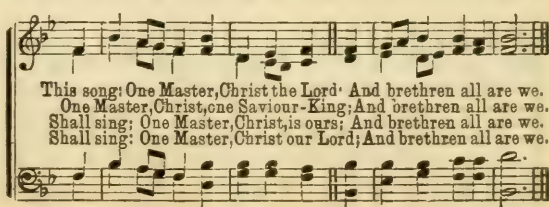
1. O gold-en day, so long de-sired, Born of a darksome night,
2. The noises of the night shall cease, The storms no longer roar;
3. Sing on, ye heralds of the morn, Your grand endeavor strain,
4. O gold-en day! the a-ges crown, A-glow with heavenly love,



The wait-ing earth at last is fired By Thy resplendent light.
The fac-tious foes of love and peace Shall vex the soul no more.
Till Christian hearts estranged and torn, Blend in the glad refrain;
Rare day in proph-e-cy's re-nown, On to thy ze-nith move,



And hark! the promised heav'nly chord Is heard from sea to sea:
A thousand thousand voices sing The surging harmo-ny:
And all the church, with all its pow'rs, In lov-ing loy-al-ty,
When earth and heav'n with one accord, In full-voiced u-ni-ty,



This song: One Master, Christ the Lord; And brethren all are we.
One Master, Christ, one Saviour-King; And brethren all are we.
Shall sing: One Master, Christ, is ours; And brethren all are we.
Shall sing: One Master, Christ our Lord; And brethren all are we.

MRS. ELLEN H. GATES.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. I will sing you a song of that beau-ti-ful land,
 2. O, that home of the soul! in my vis-ions and dreams
 3. That un-change-a-ble home is for you and for me,
 4. O, how sweet it will be in that beau-ti-ful land,

The far a-way home of the soul, Where no storms ev-er beat
 Its bright, jas-per walls I can see, Till I fan-cy but thin-
 Where Je-sus of Naz-a-reth stand; The King of all king-
 So free from all sor-row and pain; With song on our lips

on the glittering strand, While the years of e-ter-ni-ty roll,
 ly the vail in-ter-venes Be-tween the fair cit-y and me,
 doms for-ev-er, is he, And He holdeth our crowns in His hands,
 and with harps in our hands, To meet one an-oth-er a-gain!

While the years of e-ter-ni-ty roll; Where no storms ever beat
 Be-tween the fair cit-y and me; Till I fan-cy but thin-
 And He holdeth our crowns in His hands; The King of all king-
 To meet one an-oth-er a-gain! With songs on our lips

on the glittering strand, While the years of e-ter-ni-ty roll.
 ly the vail in-ter-venes Be-tween the fair cit-y and me.
 doms for-ev-er, is He, And He holdeth our crowns in His hands.
 and with harps in our hands, To meet one an-oth-er a-gain.

920

OUR FINAL REST.

F. E. B.

(Hakes, 9s & 7s.)

F. E. BELDEN.

1. There is sweet rest for feet now wea-ry, In the
 2. For that blest morn our hearts are long-ing, When shall
 3. Soon to that cit-y, bright, e-ter-nal, Wea-ry
 4. Fa-ther a-bove, in mer-cy guide us To those

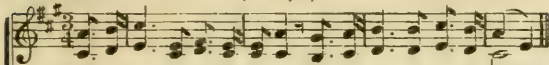
rug-ged, up-ward way; There is a morn when
 end earth's night of woe; When, thro' those pearl-y
 pil-grims all shall go; Soon we shall rest in
 man-sions of the blest; Safe in the Rock of

mid-night drear-y Shall be lost in per-fect day.
 por-tals thronging, Mor-tal cares we leave be-low.
 past-ures ver-nal, Where life's wa-ters cease-less flow.
 A-ges hide us Till we gain our fi-nal rest.

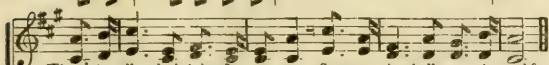
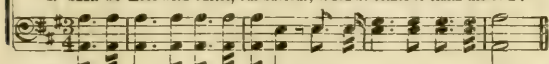
HORACE L. HASTINGS.

(8s & 7s.)

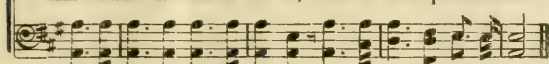
ELIHU S. RICE.



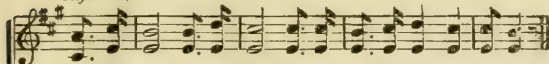
1. Shall we meet be-yond the riv - er, Where the surg-es cease to roll?
2. Shall we meet in that blest harbor, When our storm-y voyage is o'er?
3. Shall we meet in you-der cit-y, Where the tow'rs of crys-tal shine?
4. Shall we meet with Christ, our Saviour, When he comes to claim his own?



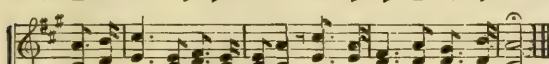
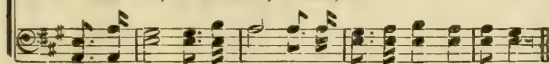
Where, in all the bright for - ev - er, Sor-row ne'er shall press the soul?
 Shall we meet and cast the an-chor, By the fair, ce - les - tial shore?
 Where the walls are all of jas-per, Built for us by hands di-vine?
 Shall we know his bless-ed fa-vor, And sit down up-on his throne?



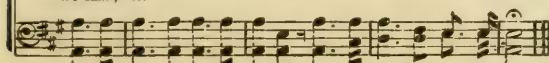
Refrain.



Shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we meet be-yond the riv - er?
 4. We shall meet, we shall meet, We shall, etc.

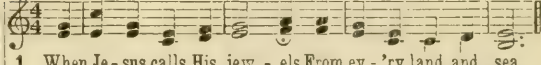


Shall we meet beyond the riv-er, Where the surg - es cease to roll?
 We shall, etc.

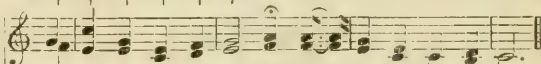
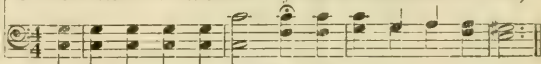


F. E. B.

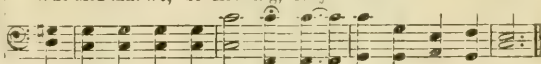
F. E. BELDEN.



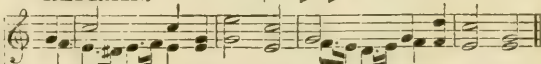
1. When Je - sus calls His jew - els From ev - 'ry land and sea,
2. We'll meet the friends departed, — The loved ones called a-way:
3. We'll meet the kings and prophets Of a - ges long a - go,
4. We'll meet in all His beau - ty The One whom we a - dore,



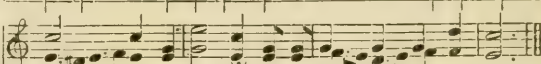
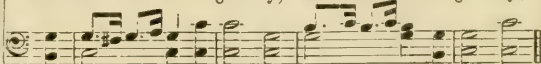
And takes them home to glo - ry, What a meet ing that will be!
 Not one will be for-got - ten In the glad re - un - ion day.
 And all the faith - ful mar-tyrs Who bled for truth be - low.
 Who died that we, be - liev - ing, May live for - ev - er - more.



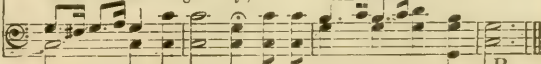
REFRAIN.



We'll meet them in glo - ry, Meet them in glo - ry,
 We'll meet them all in glo - ry, Meet them all in glo - ry,



Meet them in glo - ry; What a meet - ing that will be!
 Meet them all in glo - ry;

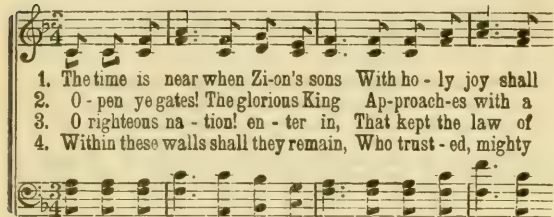


R

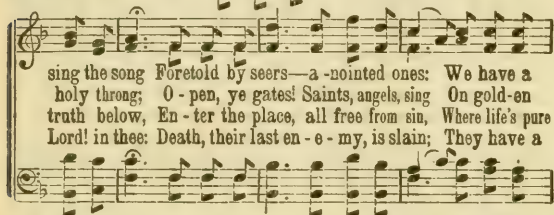
R. F. COTTRELL.

(ANVERN. L. M.)

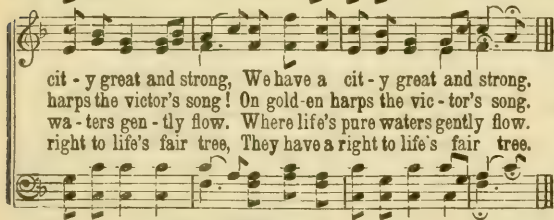
LOWELL MASON.



1. The time is near when Zi-on's sons With ho - ly joy shall
2. O - pen ye gates! The glorious King Ap - proach - es with a
3. O righteous na - tion! en - ter in, That kept the law of
4. Within these walls shall they remain, Who trust - ed, mighty



sing the song Foretold by seers—a - nointed ones: We have a
holy throng; O - pen, ye gates! Saints, angels, sing On gold - en
truth below, En - ter the place, all free from sin, Where life's pure
Lord! in thee: Death, their last en - e - my, is slain; They have a



cit - y great and strong, We have a cit - y great and strong.
harps the victor's song! On gold - en harps the vic - tor's song.
wa - ters gen - tly flow. Where life's pure waters gently flow.
right to life's fair tree, They have a right to life's fair tree.

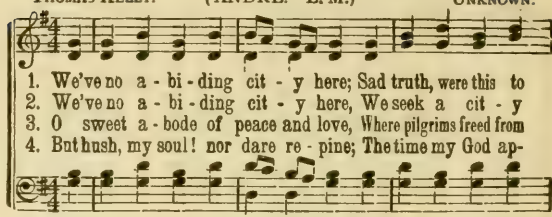
924

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 When God descends with men to dwell,
And all creation wakes anew,
What tongue can half the wonders tell?
What eye the dazzling glory view?
2 Celestial streams shall gently flow,
The wilderness shall joyful be,</p> | <p>Lilies on parched grounds shall grow.
: And gladness spring on every tree; :
3 The high and low shall meet in love,
All pride shall die, and meekness reign,
When Christ descends from worlds above
: To dwell with men on earth again. :]</p> |
|--|---|

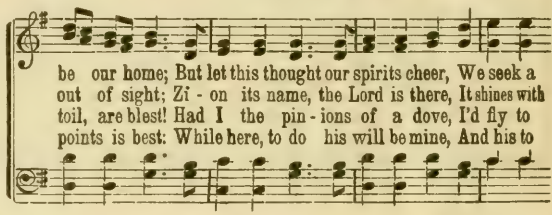
THOMAS KELLY.

(ANDRE. L. M.)

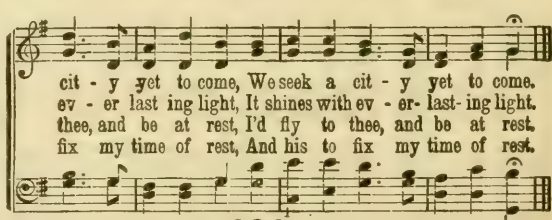
UNKNOWN.



1. We've no a - bi - ding cit - y here; Sad truth, were this to
2. We've no a - bi - ding cit - y here, We seek a cit - y
3. O sweet a - bode of peace and love, Where pilgrims freed from
4. But hush, my soul! nor dare re - pine; The time my God ap -



be our home; But let this thought our spirits cheer, We seek a
out of sight; Zi - on its name, the Lord is there, It shines with
toil, are blest! Had I the pin - ions of a dove, I'd fly to
points is best: While here, to do his will be mine, And his to



cit - y yet to come, We seek a cit - y yet to come.
ev - er last ing light, It shines with ev - er - last - ing light.
thee, and be at rest, I'd fly to thee, and be at rest.
fix my time of rest, And his to fix my time of rest.

926

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 Thy kingdom come. Thus day by day
We lift our hands to God and pray;
But who has ever duly weighed
: The meaning of the words he said? :
2 Thy kingdom come. O day of joy,
When praise shall every tongue employ;</p> | <p>When hate and strife and war shall cease,
: And man with man shall be at peace. :]
3 Jesus shall reign on Zion's hill,
And all the earth with glory fill;
His word shall Paradise restore,
: And sin and death afflict no more. :]</p> |
|--|---|

927 WE'LL STAND THE STORM.

ISAAC WATTS.

(C. M.)

ARR. BY T. C. O'KANE.

1. { When I can read my ti-tle clear, When I can read my ti-tle clear, When
I'll bid farewell to ev-ry fear, I'll bid farewell to ev-ry fear, I'll

Chorus.

I can read my tittle clear To mansions in the skies, } We will stand the
bid farewell to ev'ry fear, And wipe my weeping eyes. } the storm. It will

storm, We will an - chor by and by, by and by; We will
not be very long, We will anchor by and by, We will anchor by and by;

stand the storm, We will an-chor by and by.
the storm, It will not be very long,

2 Should earth against my soul engage, May I but safely reach my home,
And fiery darts be hurled; My God, my heaven, my all.

Then I can smile at Satan's rage, 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
And face a frowning world. In seas of heavenly rest,

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come, And not a wave of trouble roll
And storms of sorrow fall; Across my peaceful breast.

928 REST FOR THE WEARY.

S. F. HARMER.

(8s & 7s.)

J. W. DADMUN, ARR.

1. { In the Christian's home in glo-ry, There re-mains a land of rest; }
And my Saviour's gone be- fore me (*Omit.*) }

2 Refrain.

To ful-ful my soul's request. { There is rest for the wea-ry, There is
On the oth-er side of Jor-dan, In the

rest for the weary, There is rest for the weary, There is rest for you;
sweet fields of Eden, Where the tree of life is blooming, There is rest for you.

2 He is fitting up my mansion
Which eternally shall stand,
For my stay shall not be transient
In that holy, happy land.

4 Death itself shall then be vanquished,
And its sting shall be withdrawn;
Shout for gladness, O ye ransomed!
Hail with joy the rising morn.

3 Pain or sickness ne'er shall enter,
Grief nor woe my lot shall share;
But in that celestial center,
A crown of life shall wear.

5 Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glory,
Shout your triumph as you go;
Zion's gates will open for you,
You shall find an entrance thro'.

929 JESUS IS COMING AGAIN.

JESSIE E. STROUT.

GEO. E. LEE.

1. Lift up the trumpet, and loud let it ring; Je - sus is
 2. Ech - o it, hill-tops, proclaim it, ye plains; Je - sus is
 3. Sound it, old o - cean, in each mighty wave; Je - sus is
 4. Heavings of earth, tell the vast, wond'ring throng; Je - sus is
 5. Na-tions are angry, — by this do we know; Je - sus is

com-ing a-gain! Cheer up, ye pilgrims, bejoyful and sing;
 com-ing a-gain! Com - ing in glo-ry, the Lamb that was slain;
 com-ing a-gain! Break on the sands of the shores that ye lave;
 com-ing a-gain! Tempests and whirlwinds, the anthem prolong;
 com-ing a-gain! Knowledge increases, men run to and fro;

Chorus.

Je - sus is com-ing a - gain! Com - ing a - gain,

com - ing a - gain, Je - sus is com - ing a - gain!

930 EVEN AT THE DOOR.

F. E. B.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. The coming King is at the door, Who once the cross for sinners bore;
 2. The signs that show his coming near, Are fast ful-fill-ing year by year,
 3. Look not on earth for strife to cease, Look not be-low for joy and peace,
 4. Then in the glorious earth made new We'll dwell the countless ages thro';

But now the righteous ones a-lone He comes to gath - er home.
 And soon we'll hail the glorious dawn Of heaven's e - ter - nal morn.
 Un - til the Sa-viour comes again To ban-ish death and sin.
 This mor-tal shall im-mor-tal be, And time, e - ter - ni - ty.

Chorus.

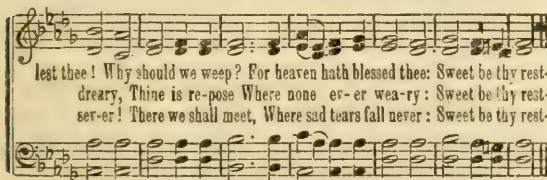
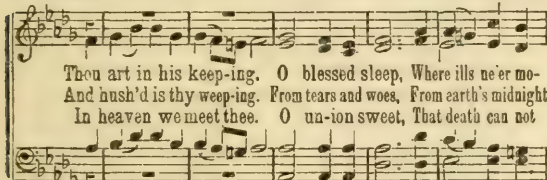
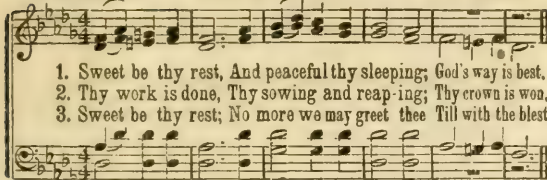
At the door, at the door, At the door, yes, even at the door,
 At the door, at the door,

He is com - ing, he is com - ing, He is e-ven at the door.
 coming again, coming again,

F. E. BELDEN.

(BYRON. 4s & 6s D.)

D. S. HAKES.

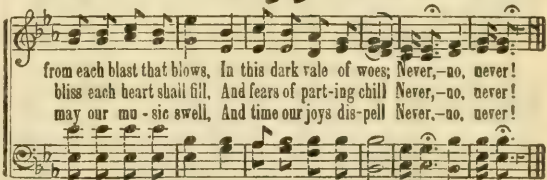
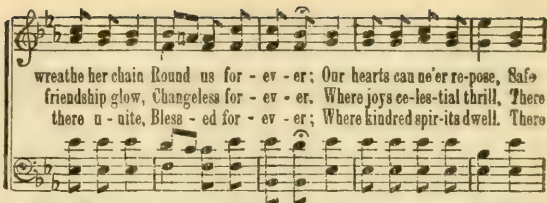
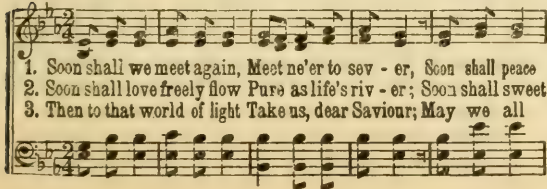


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A. A. WATTS.

(UNITY. 6s & 5s.)

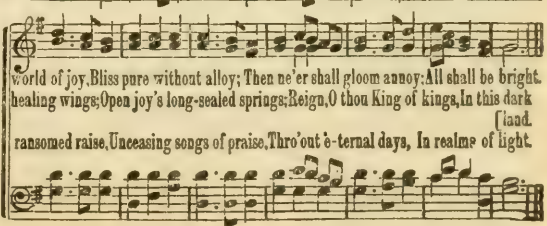
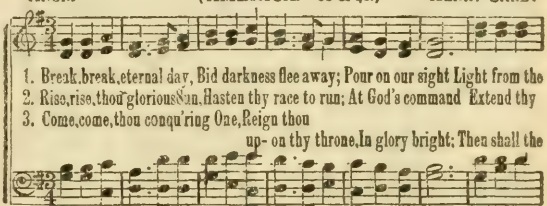
L. MASON.



ANON.

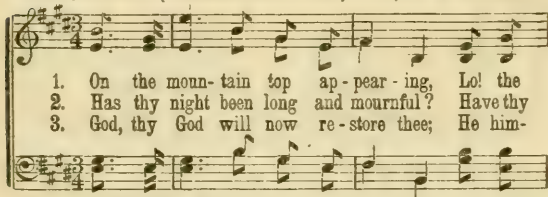
(AMERICA. 6s & 4s.)

HENRY CAREY

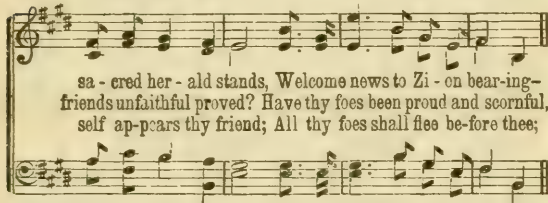


934 ON THE MOUNTAIN TOP.

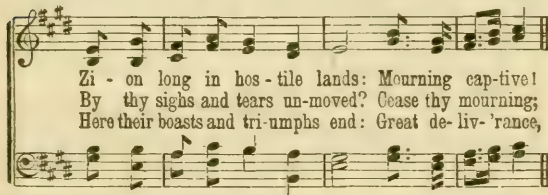
THOS. KELLY. (TAMWORTH. 8s & 7s. 6L.) C. LOCKHART.



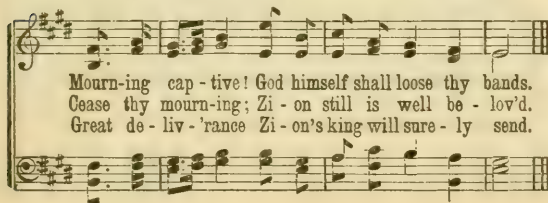
1. On the moun- tain top ap- pear - ing, Lo! the
2. Has thy night been long and mournful? Have thy
3. God, thy God will now re- store thee; He him-



sa - cred her - ald stands, Welcome news to Zi - on bear-ing-
friends unfaithful proved? Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
self ap-pears thy friend; All thy foes shall flee be-fore thee;



Zi - on long in hos - tile lands: Mourning cap-tive!
By thy sighs and tears un-moved? Cease thy mourning;
Here their boasts and tri-umphs end: Great de-liv'-rance,



Mourn-ing cap - tive! God himself shall loose thy bands.
Cease thy mourn-ing; Zi - on still is well be - lov'd.
Great de - liv - rance Zi - on's king will sure - ly send.

935 DAWN.

||: Come, my Saviour, :||

O my Saviour, quickly come!

JOHN S. B. MONSELL.

936 COME.

1 O'er the distant mountain breaking,
Comes the red'ning dawn of day;
Rise, my soul, from sleep awaking,
Rise, and sing, and watch, and pray;
||: 'T is the Saviour: ||
On his bright returning way.

2 O thou long-expected! weary
Waits my anxious soul for thee;
Life is dark, and earth is dreary
Where thy light I do not see:
||: O my Saviour, :||
When wilt thou return to me?

3 Long, too long, in sin and sadness,
Far away from thee I pine;
When, O when shall I the gladness
Of thy Spirit feel in mine?
||: O my Saviour, :||
When shall I be wholly thine?

4 Nearer is my soul's salvation,
Spent the night, the day at hand;
Keep me in my lowly station,
Watching for thee, till I stand,
||: O my Saviour, :||
In thy bright and promised land.

5 With my lamp well-trimm'd and
burning,
Swift to hear, and slow to roam,
Watching for thy glad returning
To restore me to my home;

1 Christ is coming! let creation
Bid her groans and travails cease;
Let the glorious proclamation
Hope restore and faith increase;
||: Christ is coming! :||
Come, thou blessed Prince of
Peace!

2 Earth can now but tell the story
Of thy bitter cross and pain;
She shall soon behold thy glory,
When thou comest back to reign;
||: Christ is coming! :||
Let each heart repeat the strain.

3 Long thy exiles have been pining,
Far from rest, and home, and thee;
But, in heavenly restare shining,
Soon they shall thy glory see;
||: Christ is coming! :||
Haste the joyous jubilee.

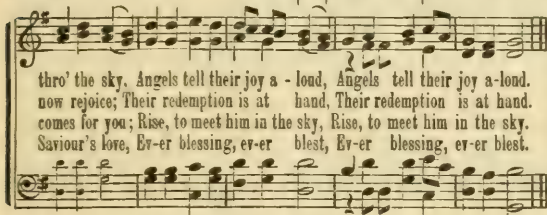
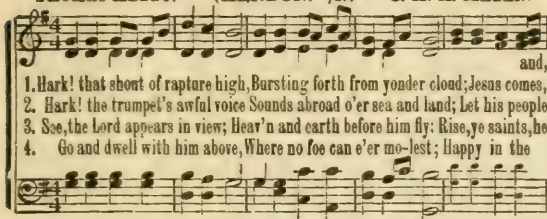
4 With that "blessed hope" before us,
Let no harp remain unstrung;
Let the mighty advent chorus
Onward roll, from tongue to tongue;
||: Christ is coming! :||
Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come!

JOHN R. MACDUFF.

937

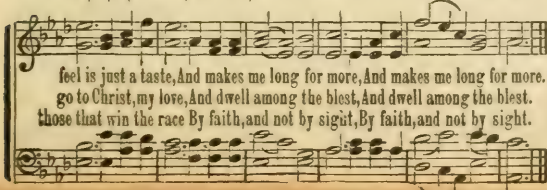
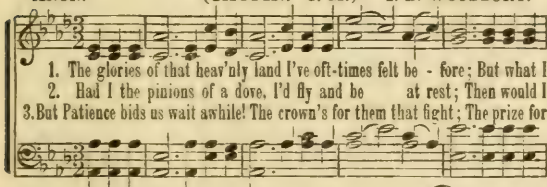
HARK! THAT SHOUT!

THOMAS KELLY. (HENDON. 75.) C. H. A. MALAN.



938 PATIENCE BIDS US WAIT.

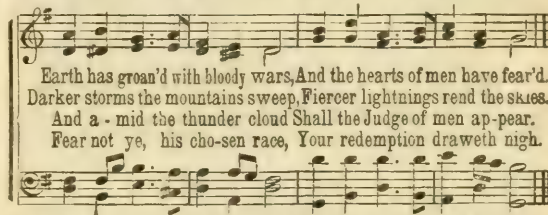
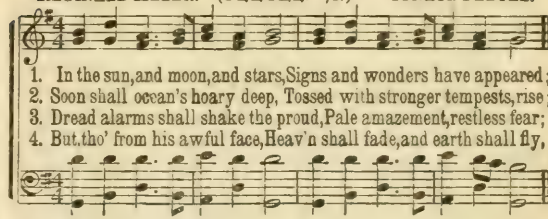
ANON. (CHOPIN. C. M.) I. B. WOODEURY.



939

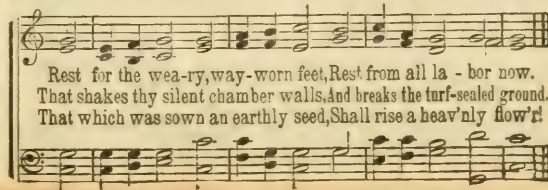
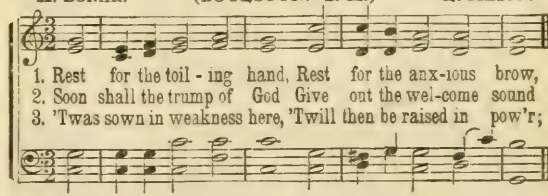
REDEMPTION NIGH.

REGINALD HEBER. (PLEYEL. 75.) IGNACE PLEYEL.



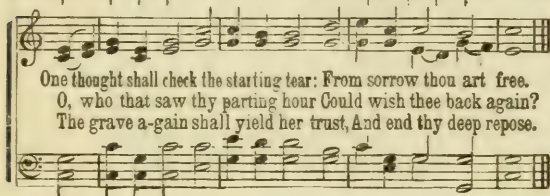
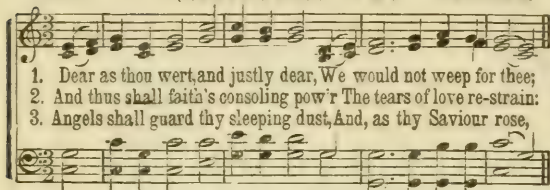
940 REST FOR THE TOILING HAND.

H. BONAR. (BOYLSTON. S. M.) L. MASON.



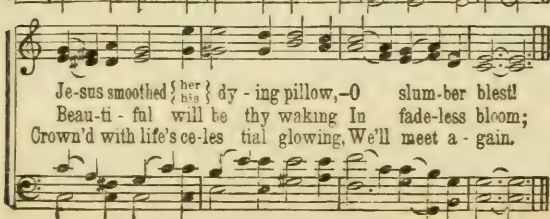
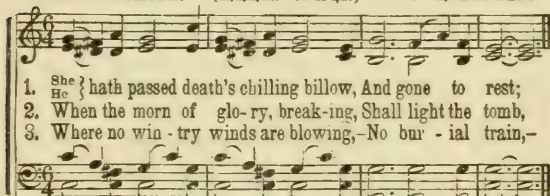
941 WE WOULD NOT WEEP.

DALE. (LAUREL HILL. C. M.) UNKNOWN.



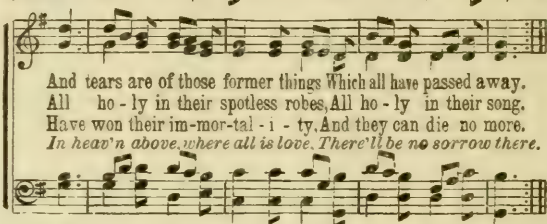
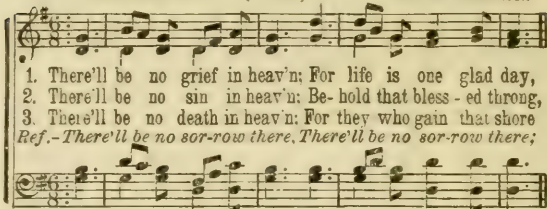
942 GONE TO REST.

ANNIE R. SMITH. (ELLA. 8s & 4s.) F. E. BELDEN.



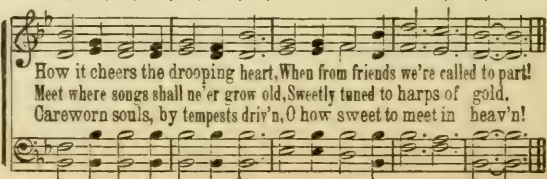
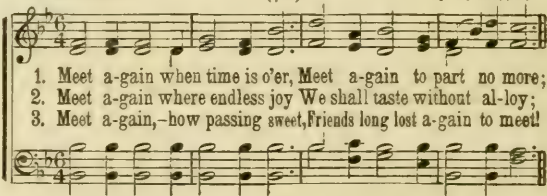
943 NO SORROW THERE.

F. D. HUNTINGTON. (S. M.) E. W. DUNBAR.



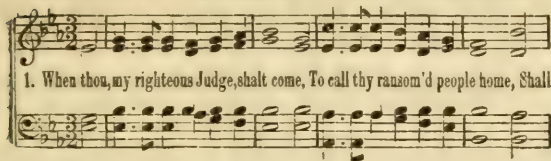
944 MEET AGAIN.

L. S. HALL. (7s.) L. S. HALL.

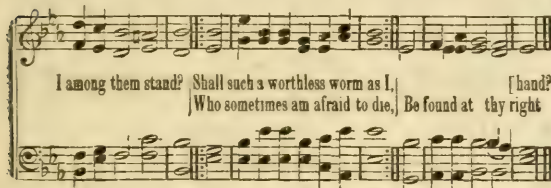


945 WHEN THOU SHALT COME.

SELINA, C. of H. (MERIBAH. C. P. M.) LOWELL MASON.



1. When thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come, To call thy ransom'd people home, Shall



I among them stand? Shall such a worthless worm as I, [hand?]
Who sometimes am afraid to die, Be found at thy right

2 I love to meet among them now,
Before thy gracious throne to bow,
Though weakest of them all;
Nor can I bear the piercing thought,
To have my worthless name left out,
When thou for them shalt call.

3 Let me among thy saints be found,
When'er th' Archangel's trump
shalt sound,
To see thy smiling face;
Then joyfully thy praise I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
With shouts of endless grace.

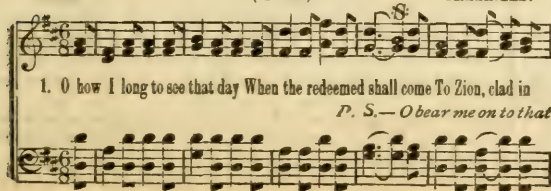
946

BEAR ME ON.

ANON.

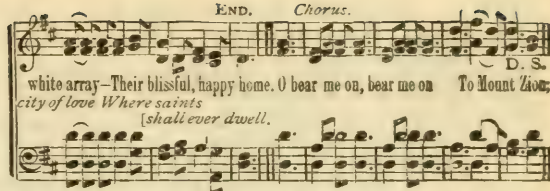
(C. M.)

ARRANGED.



1. O how I long to see that day When the redeemed shall come To Zion, clad in
P. S.—O bear me on to that

END. Chorus.



white array—Their blissful, happy home. O bear me on, bear me on To Mount Zion;
*city of love Where saints
[shall ever dwell.*

2 I'll hear the alleluia roll
From the unnumbered throng,
And with a heaven-ecaptured soul
I'll join redemption's song.

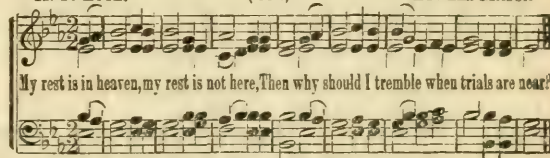
3 All hail! the morn of glory's nigh
The pilgrim longs to see,
That dries the tear from every eye—
Creation's jubilee.

947 MY REST IS IN HEAVEN.

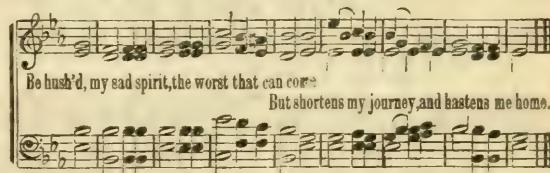
H. F. LYTE.

(HIS.)

LOWELL MASON



My rest is in heaven, my rest is not here, Then why should I tremble when trials are near?



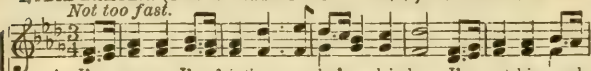
Be hush'd, my sad spirit, the worst that can come
But shortens my journey and hastens me home.

2 It is not for me to be seeking my bliss,
Nor building my hopes in a region
like this;
I look for a city that hands have
not piled,
I pant for a country by sin undefiled.

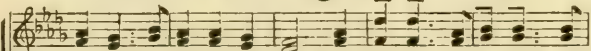
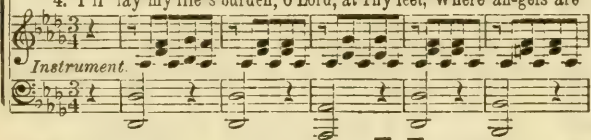
3 Let doubt, then, and danger, my progress oppose,
They only make heaven more sweet
at its close;
Come joy, or come sorrow, what'er
may befall,
An hour with my God will make up
for them all.

948 BEYOND THE DARK SEA.

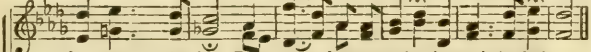
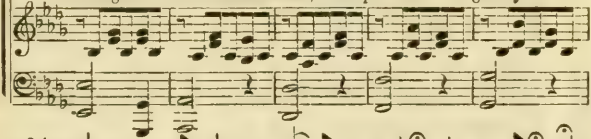
LYDIA BAXTER. (I'M WAITING FOR THEE.) HUBERT P. MAIN.
Not too fast.



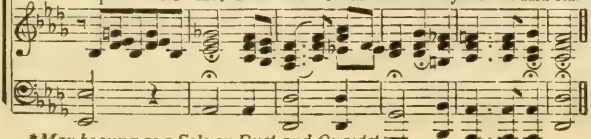
1. I'm weary. I'm fainting; my day's work is done; I'm watching and
2. The cold surging billows that break at my feet, Have lost all their
3. Come, loving Re-deem-er, and take to Thy breast The heart that is
4. I'll lay my life's burden, O Lord, at Thy feet, Where an-gels are



wait-ing for life's set-ting sun; The shad-ows are stretch-ing a-
ter-ror, their mu-sic is sweet; My Sav-iour is still-ing the
pant-ing and sighing for rest; My Sav-iour, I'm waiting, I'm
wait-ing with love's wel-come sweet; The por-tals of glo-ry are



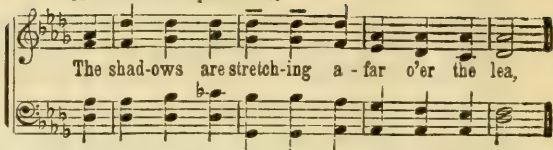
far o'er the lea: Then oh! let me anchor beyond the dark sea.
tem-pest for me: Then oh! let me anchor beyond the dark sea.
wait-ing for Thee: Then oh! let me anchor beyond the dark sea.
o - pen for me: Then oh! let me anchor beyond the dark sea.



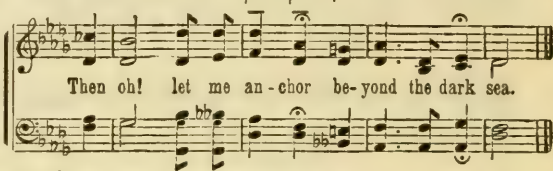
*May be sung as a Solo or Duet and Quartet.

QUARTET.

Andante con espressione.



The shad-ows are stretch-ing a - far o'er the lea,



Then oh! let me an-chor be-yond the dark sea.

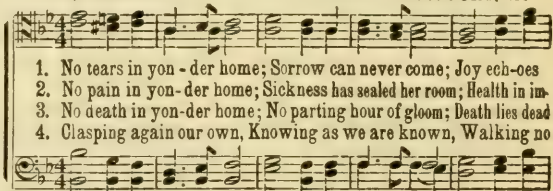
949

NO TEARS.

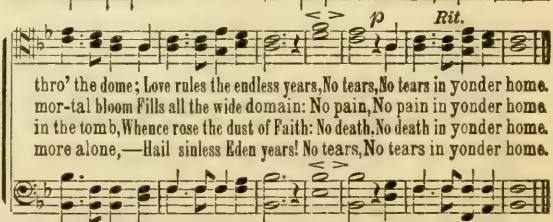
(FOR MALE VOICES.)

F. E. BELDEN.

I. B. WOODBURY, arr.



1. No tears in yon-der home; Sorrow can never come; Joy ech-oes
2. No pain in yon-der home; Sick-ness has sealed her room; Health in im-
3. No death in yon-der home; No parting hour of gloom; Death lies dead
4. Clasp-ing again our own, Know-ing as we are known, Walk-ing no



thro' the dome; Love rules the endless years, No tears, No tears in yonder home.
mor-tal bloom fills all the wide domain: No pain, No pain in yonder home
in the tomb, Whence rose the dust of Faith: No death, No death in yonder home.
more alone, — Hail sin-less Eden years! No tears, No tears in yonder home.

*May be sung with good effect by mixed quartet; ladies singing 1st Tenor, (down in tenor voice, of course,) tenors singing 2d Tenor.

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RESPONSIVE SCRIPTURE READINGS

950

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

Leader reads first and last paragraphs. Commandments to be read in unison.

GOD spake all these words, saying, I am the Lord thy God, which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage.

I.—Thou shalt have no other gods before Me.

II.—Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth; thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate Me; and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love Me, and keep My Commandments.

III.—Thou shalt not take the Name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh His Name in vain.

IV.—Remember the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work; but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God; in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates; for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath-day and hallowed it.

V.—Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

VI.—Thou shalt not kill.

VII.—Thou shalt not commit adultery.

VIII.—Thou shalt not steal.

IX.—Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

X.—Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is thy neighbor's.

Hear also what our Lord Jesus Christ saith: Thou

(In readings that follow, light type is for leader; dark type for school or congregation.)

shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets.

951

INCLINE OUR HEARTS.

(This entire Response may be sung after reading No. 950.) G. J. ELVEY.

The musical score is written for a four-part choir (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and piano accompaniment. It is in the key of B-flat major (two flats) and 4/4 time. The melody is simple and hymn-like. The lyrics are: "Lord, have mer - cy, have mer - cy up - on us, and in - cline our hearts to keep this law. Lord have mer-cy, have mer - cy up - on us, and write all these Thy laws in our hearts, Thy laws in our hearts, we be - seech Thee." There is an asterisk (*) above the piano part in the second measure of the second system, indicating a repeat or a specific performance instruction.

*(If preferred, sing to the * after reading of each commandment to No. 10; and after it sing that which follows the *.)*

(Matt. 6: 5-15; 7: 7-11.)

And when thou prayest, thou shalt not be as the hypocrites are: for they love to pray standing in the synagogues and in the corners of the streets, that they may be seen of men. Verily I say unto you, They have their reward.

But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly.

But when ye pray, use not vain repetitions, as the heathen do: for they think that they shall be heard for their much speaking.

Be not ye therefore like unto them: for your Father knoweth what things ye have need of, before ye ask him.

After this manner therefore pray ye: Our Father which art in heaven. Hallowed be thy name.

Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven.

Give us this day our daily bread.

And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors.

And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen.

For if ye forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will also forgive you:

But if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses.

Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you:

For every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened.

Or what man is there of you, whom if his son ask bread, will he give him a stone?

Or if he ask a fish, will he give him a serpent?

If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask him?

953

PRAISE.

(Psalm 100.)

Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands.

Serve the Lord with gladness:

Come before his presence with singing.

Know ye that the Lord he is God; It is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves.

We are his people, and the sheep of his pasture.

Enter into his gates with thanksgiving.

And into his courts with praise:

Be thankful unto him, and bless his name.

For the Lord is good;

His mercy is everlasting;

And his truth endureth to all generations.

954

THANKSGIVING.

(Psalm 95: 1-7.)

O come, let us sing unto the Lord: Let us make a joyful noise to the rock of our salvation.

Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving.

And make a joyful noise unto him with psalms.

For the Lord is a great God.

And a great King above all gods.

In his hand are the deep places of the earth:

The strength of the hills is, his also.

The sea is his, and he made it:

And his hands formed the dry land.

O come, let us worship and bow down:

Let us kneel before the Lord our maker.

For he is our God;

And we are the people of his pasture, and the sheep of his hand.

955

SHEPHERD PSALM.

(Psalm 23.)

The Lord is my shepherd;
I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures:

He leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul:

He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death.

I will fear no evil: for thou art with me;

Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies:

Thou anointest my head with oil:
My cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life;

And I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

956

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

(Matt. 5: 3-16.)

Blessed are the poor in spirit:
For theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are they that mourn:

For they shall be comforted.

Blessed are the meek:

For they shall inherit the earth.

Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness.

For they shall be filled.

Blessed are the merciful:

For they shall obtain mercy.

Blessed are the pure in heart:

For they shall see God.

Blessed are the peacemakers:

For they shall be called the children of God.

Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake:

For theirs is the kingdom of heav'n
Blessed are ye, when men shall
revile you and persecute you,

And shall say all manner of evil
against you falsely for my sake.

Rejoice, and be exceeding glad:
for great is your reward in heaven.

For so persecuted they the prophets
which were before you.

Ye are the salt of the earth: but if
the salt have lost his savor, where-
with shall it be salted?

It is thenceforth good for nothing,
but to be cast out, and to be trodden
under foot of men.

Ye are the light of the world. A
city that is set on a hill cannot be
hid.

Neither do men light a candle, and
put it under a bushel, but on a can-
dle-stick.

And it giveth light unto all that
are in the house.

Let your light so shine before men,
that they may see your good works,
and glorify your Father which is in
heaven.

957

INVITATION.

(Isaiah 55: 1-13.)

Ho, every one that thirsteth, come
ye to the waters, and he that hath
no money;

Come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come,
buy wine and milk without money
and without price.

Wherefore do ye spend money for
that which is not bread?

And your labor for that which sat-
isfieth not?

Hearken diligently unto me, and
eat ye that which is good,

And let your soul delight itself in
fatness.

Incline your ear, and come unto
me: hear, and your soul shall live;

And I will make an everlasting
covenant with you, even the sure
mercies of David.

Behold I have given him for a
witness to the people,

A leader and commander to the
people.

Behold, thou shalt call a nation
that thou knowest not,

And nations that knew not thee
shall run unto thee

Because of the Lord thy God, and
for the Holy One of Israel;

For he hath glorified thee.

Seek ye the Lord while he may be
found,

Call ye upon him while he is near:
Let the wicked forsake his way,

and the unrighteous man his
thoughts:

And let him return unto the Lord,
and he will have mercy upon him;

And to our God, for he will abun-
dantly pardon.

For my thoughts are not your
thoughts,

Neither are your ways my ways,
saith the Lord.

For as the heavens are higher than
the earth,

So are my ways higher than your
ways,

And my thoughts than your
thoughts.

For as the rain cometh down, and
the snow from heaven, and return-
eth not thither, but watereth the
earth.

And maketh it bring forth and
bud, that it may give seed to the
sower, and bread to the eater:

So shall my word be that goeth
forth out of my mouth:

It shall not return unto me void,
but it shall accomplish that which I
please,

And it shall prosper in the thing
whereto I sent it.

For ye shall go out with joy, and
be led forth with peace:

The mountains and the hills shall
break forth before you into singing,

And all the trees of the field shall
clap their hands.

Instead of the thorn shall come up
the fir tree,

And instead of the brier shall come
up the myrtle tree:

And it shall be to the Lord for a
name.

For an everlasting sign that shall
not be cut off.

958

CALL TO YOUTH.

(Eccl. 12:1-7; Amos, 4:12; Eccl.
11: 8-10.)

Remember now thy creator in the
days of thy youth, while the evil
days come not, nor the years draw
nigh, when thou shalt say, I have
no pleasure in them;

While the sun, or the light, or the
moon, or the stars, be not darkened,
nor the clouds return after the rain;

In the days when the keepers of
the house shall tremble, and the
strong men shall bow themselves,
and the grinders cease because they
are few; and those that look out
of the windows be darkened.

And the doors shall be shut in the
streets, when the sound of the
grinding is low, and he shall rise up
at the voice of the bird, and all the
daughters of music shall be brought
low;

Also when they shall be afraid of
that which is high, and fears shall
be in the way, and the almond tree
shall flourish, and the grasshopper
shall be a burden, and desire shall
fail; because man goeth to his long
home, and the mourners go about
the streets;

Or ever the silver cord be loosed,
or the golden bowl be broken, or the
pitcher be broken at the fountain,
or the wheel broken at the cistern.

Then shalt the dust return to the
earth as it was; and the spirit shall
return unto God who gave it.

Prepare to meet thy God.

But if a man live many years, and
rejoice in them all: yet let him re-
member the days of darkness; for
they shall be many.

All that cometh is vanity.

Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes: but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment.

Therefore remove sorrow from thy heart, and put away evil from thy flesh: for childhood and youth are vanity.

My son, give me thine heart.

959 RETURNING TO GOD.

(Luke 15: 11-24; 15:7.)

And he said, A certain man had two sons:

And the younger of them said to his father,

Father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to me. And he divided unto them his living.

And not many days after the younger son gather all together, and took his journey into a far country, and there wasted his substance with riotous living.

And when he had spent all, there arose a mighty famine in that land; and he began to be in want.

And he went and joined himself to a citizen of that country; and he sent him into his fields to feed swine.

And he would fain have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat; and no man gave unto him.

And when he came to himself, he said, How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger!

I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee,

And am no more worthy to be called thy son: make me as one of thy hired servants.

And he arose, and came to his father

But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him.

And the son said unto him,

Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son.

But the father said to his servants, Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him; and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet:

And bring hither the fatted calf, and kill it; and let us eat, and be merry:

For this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found. And they began to be merry.

Likewise joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons, which need no repentance.

960 JOY OF FORGIVENESS.

(Psalm 32.)

Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven,

Whose sin is covered.

Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity,

And in whose spirit there is no guile.

When I kept silence, my bones waxed old

Through my roaring all the day long.

For day and night thy hand was heavy upon me:

My moisture is turned into the drought of summer.

I acknowledged my sin unto thee,

And mine iniquity have I not hid.

I said, I will confess my transgressions unto the Lord;

And thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin.

For this shall every one that is godly pray unto thee in a time when thou mayest be found:

Surely in the floods of great wat-

ers they shall not come nigh unto him.

Thou art my hiding place; thou shalt preserve me from trouble;

Thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance.

I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go:

I will guide thee with mine eye.

Be ye not as the horse, or as the mule, which have no understanding:

Whose mouth must be held in with bit and bridle, lest they come near unto thee.

Many sorrows shall be to the wicked:

But he that trusteth in the Lord, mercy shall compass him about.

Be glad in the Lord, and rejoice, ye righteous:

And shout for joy, all ye that are upright in heart.

961 THE SIN BEARER.

(Isaiah 53: 1-12.)

Who hath believed our report? and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?

For he shall grow up before him as a tender plant, and as a root out of a dry ground: he hath no form nor comeliness; and when we shall see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him.

He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief; and we hid as it were our faces from him; he was despised, and we esteemed him not.

Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows; yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God and afflicted.

But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed.

All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.

He was oppressed, and he was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth: he is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he openeth not his mouth.

He was taken from prison and from judgment: and who shall declare his generation? for he was cut off out of the land of the living: for the transgression of my people was he stricken.

And he made his grave with the wicked, and with the rich in his death; because he had done no violence, neither was any deceit in his mouth.

Yet it pleased the Lord to bruise him; he hath put him to grief; when thou shalt make his soul an offering for sin, he shall see his seed, he shall prolong his days, and the pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in his hand.

He shall see of the travail of his soul, and shall be satisfied; by his knowledge shall my righteous servant justify many; for he shall bear their iniquities.

Therefore will I divide him a portion with the great, and he shall divide the spoil with the strong; because he hath poured out his soul unto death; and he was numbered with the transgressors; and he bare the sin of many, and made intercession for the transgressors.

962 THE FLESH AND THE SPIRIT.

(Gal. 5: 16-26.)

This I say then, Walk in the Spirit, and ye shall not fulfill the lust of the flesh.

For the flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh; and these are contrary the one to the other; so that ye cannot do the things that ye would.

But if ye be led of the Spirit, ye are not under the law.

Now the works of the flesh are manifest, which are these, Adultery, fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness.

Idolatry, witchcraft, hatred, variance, emulations, wrath, strife, seditions, heresies,

Envyings, murders, drunkenness, revelings, and such like: of which I tell you before, as I have also told you in time past, that they which do such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God.

But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith,

Meekness, temperance: against such there is no law.

And they that are Christ's have crucified the flesh with the affections and lusts.

If we live in the Spirit, let us also walk in the Spirit.

Let us not be desirous of vain-glory, provoking one another, envying one another.

963 THE RIGHTEOUS AND THE UNGODLY.

(Psalm 1.)

Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly.

Nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

But his delight is in the law of the Lord.

And in his law doth he meditate day and night.

And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water,

That bringeth forth his fruit in his season;

His leaf also shall not wither;

And whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

The ungodly are not so:

But are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment,

Nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous:

But the way of the ungodly shall perish.

964 REGENERATION AND GROWTH.

(John 3: 1-8; and other selections.)

There was a man of the Pharisees, named Nicodemus, a ruler of the Jews:

The same came to Jesus by night, and said unto him, Rabbi, we know that thou art a teacher come from God: for no man can do these miracles that thou doest, except God be with him.

Jesus answered and said unto him, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.

Nicodemus saith unto him, How can a man be born when he is old?

Jesus answered, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God.

That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit.

The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit.

Of his own will begat he us with THE WORD OF TRUTH.

Whosoever believeth that Jesus is the Christ, is born of God.

As many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name:

Every one that loveth is born of God and knoweth God.

If any man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar.

Wherefore laying aside all malice,

and all guile, and hypocrisies, and envies, and all evil speaking.

As newborn babes, desire the sincere milk of the Word, that ye may grow thereby.

Grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

..If any man be in Christ he is a new creature; old thing have passed away; behold, all things are become new.

965 THE CHRISTIAN ARMOR. (Ephesians 6: 11-17.)

Put on the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil.

For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places.

Wherefore take unto you the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day; and having done all, to stand.

Stand therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness:

And your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace;

Above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked.

And take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God.

966 DO JUSTICE. LOVE MERCY. (Micah 6:6-8; 7:18-20.)

Wherewith shall I come before the Lord, and bow myself before the high God?

Shall I come before him with burnt offerings, with calves of a year old?

Will the Lord be pleased with thousands of rams, or with ten thousands of rivers of oil?

Shall I give my firstborn for my transgression, the fruit of my body for the sin of my soul?

He hath shewed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee,

But to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?

Who is a God like unto thee,

That pardoneth iniquity, and passeth by the transgression of the remnant of his heritage?

He retaineth not his anger for ever, because he delighteth in mercy.

He will turn again, he will have compassion upon us;

He will subdue our iniquities; And thou wilt cast all their sins into the depths of the sea.

Thou wilt perform the truth to Jacob, and the mercy to Abraham,

Which thou hast sworn unto our fathers from the days of old.

967 WISDOM. (Prov. 1:7-9; 3:1-7; 9:13; Job. 28:28.)

The fear of the Lord is the beginning of knowledge:

But fools despise wisdom and instruction.

My son, hear the instruction of thy father,

And forsake not the law of thy mother:

For they shall be an ornament of grace unto thy head,

And chains about thy neck.

My son, forget not my law: But let thine heart keep my commandments:

For length of days, and long life, And peace, shall they add to thee.

Let not mercy and truth forsake thee:

Bind them about thy neck;

Write them upon the table of thine heart:

So shalt thou find favor and good understanding

In the sight of God and man.

Trust in the Lord with all thine heart;

And lean not unto thine own understanding.

In all thy ways acknowledge him, And he shall direct thy paths.

Be not wise in thine own eyes:

Fear the Lord, and depart from evil.

Honor the Lord with thy substance,

And with the first fruits of all thine increase:

So shall thy barns be filled with plenty,

And thy presses shall burst out with new wine.

My son, despise not the chastening of the Lord;

Neither be weary of his correction:

For whom the Lord loveth he correcteth;

Even as a father the son in whom he delighteth.

Happy is the man that findeth wisdom,

And the man that getteth understanding.

For the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver,,

And the gain thereof than fine gold.

She is more precious than rubies:

And all the things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her.

Length of days is in her right hand;

And in her left hand riches and honor.

Her ways are ways of pleasantness,

And all her paths are peace.

She is a tree of life to them that lay hold upon her: and happy is every one that retaineth her.

Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains and have not charity, I am nothing.

And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

Charity suffereth long, and is kind: charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up.

Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil;

Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth;

Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

Charity never faileth; but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.

For we know in part, and we prophesy in part.

But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.

When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things.

For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.

And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.

Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me.

In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.

And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.

And whither I go ye know, and the way ye know.

Thomas saith unto him, Lord, we know not whither thou goest; and how can we know the way?

Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me.

If ye had known me, ye should have known my Father also: and from henceforth ye know him, and have seen him.

Philip saith unto him, Lord, shew us the Father, and it sufficeth us.

Jesus saith unto him, Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known me, Philip? he that hath seen me hath seen the Father, and how sayest thou then, Shew us the Father?

Believest thou not that I am in the Father, and the Father in me? the words that I speak unto you I speak not of myself: but the Father that dwelleth in me, he doeth the works.

Believe me that I am in the Father, and the Father in me; or else believe me for the very works' sake.

Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do; because I go unto my Father.

And whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son.

If ye shall ask any thing in my name, I will do it.

The heavens declare the glory of God;

And the firmament sheweth his handiwork.

Day unto day uttereth speech,

And night unto night sheweth knowledge.

There is no speech nor language, Where their voice is not heard.

Their line is gone out through all the earth.

And their words to the end of the world.

In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun,

Which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber,

And rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race.

His going forth is from the end of the heaven,

And his circuit unto the ends of it:

And there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.

The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul:

The testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple.

The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart:

The commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes.

The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring for ever:

The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.

More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold:

Sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.

Moreover by them is thy servant warned:

And in keeping of them there is great reward.

Who can understand his errors?

Cleanse thou me from secret faults.

Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins;

Let them not have dominion over me:

Then shall I be upright,
And I shall be innocent from the great transgression.

Let the words of my mouth,
And the meditation of my heart,
Be acceptable in thy sight,
O Lord, my strength, and my redeemer.

971 UNION WITH CHRIST.

(John 15: 1-15.)

I am the true vine, and my Father is the husbandman.

Every branch in me that beareth not fruit he taketh away: and every branch that beareth fruit, he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit.

Now ye are clean through the word which I have spoken unto you.

Abide in me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine; no more can ye, except ye abide in me.

I am the vine, ye are the branches. He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit; for without me ye can do nothing.

If a man abide not in me, he is cast forth as a branch, and is withered; and men gather them, and cast them into the fire, and they are burned.

If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you.

Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit; so shall ye be my disciples.

As the father hath loved me, so have I loved you: continue ye in my love.

If ye keep my commandments, ye shall abide in my love; even as I have kept my Father's commandments, and abide in his love.

These things have I spoken unto you, that my joy might remain in you and that your joy might be full.

This is my commandment, That ye love one another, as I have loved you.

Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.

Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you.

Henceforth I call you not servants, for the servant knoweth not what his lord doeth; but I have called you friends; for all things that I have heard of my Father I have made known unto you.

972 BLESS THE LORD.

(Psalm 103: 1-22.)

Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless his holy name.

Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits:

Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases;

Who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies;

Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things; so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.

The Lord executeth righteousness, and judgment for all that are oppressed.

He made known his ways unto Moses, his acts unto the children of Israel.

The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger and plenteous in mercy.

He will not always chide: neither will he keep his anger for ever.

He hath not dealt with us after our sins; nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.

For as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is his mercy toward them that fear him.

As far as the east is from the

west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us.

Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him.

For he knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust.

As for man, his days are as grass; as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth.

For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more.

But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him, and his righteousness unto children's children;

To such as keep his covenant, and to those that remember his commandments to do them.

The Lord hath prepared his throne in the heavens; and his kingdom ruleth over all.

Bless the Lord, ye his angels, that excel in strength, that do his commandments, hearkening unto the voice of his word.

Bless ye the Lord, all ye his hosts; ye ministers of his, that do his pleasure.

Bless the Lord, all his works in all places of his dominion; bless the Lord, O my soul.

973

PROTECTION.

(Psalm 91: 1-16.)

He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress: my God; in him will I trust.

Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence.

He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust: his truth shall be thy shield and buckler.

Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day;

Nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.

A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee.

Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold and see the reward of the wicked.

Because thou hast made the Lord, which is my refuge, even the Most High, thy habitation;

There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.

For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.

They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.

Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder; the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under feet.

Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him: I will set him on high, because he hath known my name.

He shall call upon me, and I will answer him: I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him, and honour him.

With long life will I satisfy him, and shew him my salvation.

974 THE HOUSE OF GOD. (Psalm 84: 1-12; 122: 1-9.)

How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts!

My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord: my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God.

Blessed are they that dwell in thy house: they will be still praising thee.

They go from strength to strength, every one of them in Zion appeareth before God.

For a day in thy courts is better

than a thousand. I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.

I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord.

For the Lord God is a sun and shield: the Lord will give grace and glory: no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.

O Lord of hosts, blessed is the man that trusteth in thee.

Pray for the peace of Jerusalem: they shall prosper that love thee.

Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces.

975 GIVING.

Honor the Lord with thy substance and with the first-fruits of all thine increase.—Prov. 3:9.

Will a man rob God? Yet ye have robbed me. But ye say, Wherein have we robbed thee? In tithes and offerings.—Mal. 3:8.

Bring ye all the tithes into the store house, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it.—Mal. 3:10.

For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich.—2 Cor. 8:9.

Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him.—1 Cor. 16:2.

Every man according as he purposeth in his heart, so let him give; not grudgingly, or of necessity: for God loveth a cheerful giver.—2 Cor. 9:7.

It is more blessed to give than to receive.—Acts 20:35.

Blessed is he that considereth the poor; the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble.—Ps. 4:1.

He that hath pity upon the poor, lendeth unto the Lord.—Prov. 19:17.

Take heed that ye do not your alms before men, to be seen of them: otherwise ye have no reward of your Father which is in heaven.

Therefore when thou doest thine alms, do not sound a trumpet before thee, as the hypocrites do in the synagogues and in the streets, that they may have glory of men. Verily I say unto you, They have their reward.

But when thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth:

That thine alms may be in secret: and thy Father which seeth in secret himself shall reward thee openly.—Matt. 6:1-4.

976 GOODNESS OF GOD. (Psalm 107: 1-15.)

Oh, give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good; for his mercy endureth for ever.

Let the redeemed of the Lord say so, whom he hath redeemed from the hand of the enemy;

And gathered them out of the lands, from the east, and from the west, and from the north and from the south.

They wandered in the wilderness, in a solitary way; they found no city to dwell in.

Hungry and thirsty, their soul fainted in them.

Then they cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and he delivered them out of their distresses.

And he led them forth by the right way, that they might go to a city of habitation.

Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!

For he satisfieth the longing soul.

and filleth the hungry soul with goodness.

Such as sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, being bound in affliction and iron.

Because they rebelled against the words of God, and contemned the counsel of the Most High:

Therefore he brought down their heart with labor; they fell down, and there was none to help.

Then they cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and he saved them out of their distresses.

He brought them out of darkness, and the shadow of death, and brake their bands in sunder.

Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!

977 THE KING OF GLORY.

(Psalm 24.)

The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof;

The world, and they that dwell therein.

For he hath founded it upon the seas.

And established it upon the floods. Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord?

Or who shall stand in his holy place?

He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart;

Who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.

He shall receive the blessing from the Lord.

And righteousness from the God of his salvation.

This is the generation of them that seek him.

That seek thy face, O Jacob.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates;

And be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors;

And the King of glory shall come in.

Who is this King of glory?

The Lord strong and mighty,

The Lord mighty in battle.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates;

Even lift them up, ye everlasting doors;

And the King of glory shall come in.

Who is this King of glory?

The Lord of hosts, he is the King of glory.

978 HELPER AND KEEPER.

(Psalm 121: 1-8.)

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.

My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth.

He will not suffer thy foot to be moved; he that keepeth thee will not slumber.

Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.

The Lord is thy keeper: the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand.

The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night.

The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: he shall preserve thy soul.

The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in, from this time forth, and even for evermore.

979 CONSECRATION.

(Romans 12: 1-8; Phil. 2:5-11.)

I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service.

And be not conformed to this world: but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God.

For I say, through the grace given unto me, to every man that is among you, not to think of himself more highly than he ought to think; but to think soberly, according as God hath dealt to every man the measure of faith.

For as we have many members in one body, and all members have not the same office:

So we, being many, are one body in Christ, and every one members one of another.

Having then gifts differing according to the grace that is given to us, whether prophecy, let us prophecy according to the proportion of faith;

Or ministry, let us wait on our ministering, or he that teacheth, on teaching.

Or he that exhorteth, on exhortation; he that giveth, let him do it with simplicity; he that ruleth, with diligence; he that sheweth mercy, with cheerfulness.

Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus:

Who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God:

But made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men:

And being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross.

Wherefore God also hath highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name:

That at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth;

And that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father.

980 TRUST IN ADVERSITY.

(Habbakuk 3: 17, 18; Job. 13: 15; Ps. 125.)

Although the fig tree shall not blossom.

Neither shall fruit be in the vines; The labor of the olive shall fail.

And the fields shall yield no meat; The flock shall be cut off from the fold,

And there shall be no herd in the stalls:

Yet I will rejoice in the Lord. I will joy in the God of my salvation. Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him.

They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion, which cannot be removed, but abideth for ever.

As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people from henceforth even for ever.

Do good, O Lord, unto those that be good, and to them that are up-right in their hearts.

As for such as turn aside unto their crooked ways, the Lord shall lead them forth with the workers of iniquity.

But peace shall be upon Israel.

981 GOD. (Various Scriptures.)

God is a Spirit: and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth.

The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handiwork.

God that made the world and all things therein, seeing that he is Lord of heaven and earth, dwelleth not in temples made with hands.

No man hath seen God at any time; the only begotten Son, which is in the bosom of the Father, he hath declared him.

God is love.

For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son that whosoever believeth on him might not perish but have everlasting life.

Thou art great, O Lord God: for there is none like thee, neither is there any God besides thee.

Clouds and darkness are round about him: righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne.

Holy, holy, holy. is the Lord of hosts: the whole earth is full of his glory.

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

How excellent is thy lovingkindness, O God! therefore the children of men put their trust under the shadow of thy wings.

Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins.

The grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men.

Teaching us that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world;

Looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ:

Who gave himself for us that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works.

982 SIN. (Various Scriptures.)

The way of the wicked is an abomination unto the Lord.

The thoughts of the wicked are an abomination to the Lord.

Are there not with you, even with you, sins against the Lord your God?

Fools make a mock at sin.

Whosoever committeth sin is the servant of sin.

The thought of foolishness is sin. The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked: who can know it?

Sin is the transgression of the law.

God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through him might be saved.

The wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.

To him give all the prophets witness, that through his name whosoever believeth on him shall receive remission of sins.

983 JUDGMENT DAY. (Rev. 22: 11-17.)

He that is unjust, let him be unjust still; and he that is righteous, let him be righteous still.

And behold, I come quickly; and my reward is with me, to give every man according as his work shall be.

Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city.

And the Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come.

And WHOSOEVER WILL, let him take the water of life freely.

984 BENEDICTION.

Now unto him who is able to do exceeding abundantly,

Above all that we ask or think, According to the power whereby he worketh in us.

Unto him, in Christ Jesus, be the glory in the Church

To all generations for ever and ever.

The Lord watch between me and thee when we are absent one from another.

The Lord bless thee, and keep thee: the Lord make his face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee: the Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace.

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